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THE INNER LIFE OF
SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND.

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ISABEL BURTON.

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND.

FROM MY PRIVATE JOURNAL, BY

ISABEL BURTON.

8543 &c

"Ellati Zaujuhá ma'ahá b'tadír el Kamar b'asbihà."

("The woman who has her husband with her (*i.e.* at her back) can turn the moon with her finger.")

"El Maraa min ghayr Zaujuhá mislahá tayarán maksús el Jenáhh."

("The woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.")

"He travels and expatriates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land,
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contributions to the store he gleans;
He seeks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return,—a rich repast for *me*!"

Y. C. 45

WITH MAP, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND COLOURED PLATES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

1875.

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WRITING for my own sex, my greatest ambition was to have offered this first attempt to the noblest and most beloved of our sex, our Nation's Idol, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. I visited Vienna in May, 1873, partly—I may say chiefly—with the object of obtaining the desired permission, but Her Royal Highness was not there.

At last a bright idea dawned upon me. I would embody my petition in a letter, and send it through the Embassy, and then—I was ashamed of pushing myself forward (a good old English feeling, I believe)—my petition and I disappeared together in the wild, struggling, unsympathizing crowd.

So my wish was never spoken; and I lay this work, the offering of the firstfruits of my pen, where I lay all the other events and actions of my life, great and small, on the Grave of the best and dearest of women—

MY MOTHER.

PREFACE.

THIS book contains little History, Geography, or Politics; no Science, Ethnography, Botany, Geology, Zoology, Mineralogy, or Antiquities.

Exploration and the harder travels, such as the Tullúl es Safá, the Haurán, the Lejá'a, the Aláh, and other wilder parts of Syria, have been described by Captain Burton and myself in "Unexplored Syria;" but for all that, this book contains things women will like to know.

I have followed my husband everywhere, gleaning only woman's lore, and I hope that the daily jottings of my private journal will yield a sketch of the inner life of the Holy Land in general, and of Damascus in particular. I wish to convey an idea of the life which an Englishwoman may make for herself in the East. In so doing I have found it difficult to avoid being too personal, or egotistical, or too frank, but I do not know how to tell my story in any other way, and I hope that in exchange for my experiences my readers will be indulgent. I have been often accused of writing as if it were intended as an address for the Royal Geographical Society, that is, in a *quasi*-professional way. I conclude that this happened because I always wrote with and for my husband, and under his direction. This is my first independent publication, and I try the experiment of writing as if

talking with friends. I hope not to err too much the other way, and, in throwing off the usual rules of authorship, to gain by amusing and interesting those who read me, what I may lose in style. The British reading public, nay, all the world, likes personal detail. I trust, therefore, that they will excuse the incessant *Ego* of one who was only allowed to take a part in the events which happened during our residence in Syria; and if this book proves to be the humble instrument that launches and prospers any one of my philanthropic projects for the Land of my heart, I shall have lived for some good purpose, and when I lie upon my death-bed I shall not be haunted by that nightmare thought—"I have never been of any use."

ISABEL BURTON.

14, *Montague Place,*
Montague Square, London.

April, 1875.

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THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON TO ALEXANDRIA.

"DID you like Damascus?"

Like it! My eyes fill, and my heart throbs even at the question—the question that has been asked me by every one who has shaken hands with me since October, 1871.

"Why are you so fond of it?"

"I don't know."

"But surely you must have some reason. Was the climate exquisite?"

"No."

"Were there great luxuries and comforts?"

"Oh no; quite an absence of them."

"Your marble palace?"

"No; I hadn't one."

"Was there much gaiety or society?"

"No; we were only thirty Europeans in all, hardly any English, and gaiety, as *we* understand it, unknown."

"Had you any especial attraction?"

"None."

"Perhaps you liked the power and influence which your husband's official position gave you?"

"No; I don't think I cared much for that, except when I saw

others unhappy, poor, or oppressed, and I cared for power then, because it enabled me to relieve them."

"Well, but—you are incomprehensible—do explain!"

(I am by this time dreamily seeking to say something that might be understood.)

"I can't tell you—if you had lived there you would know. I hated it at first; I saw the desert, it grew upon me. There are times, when I have sorrows, that I hunger and thirst for it; times when the goings on in the world make me miserable, and I have to despise myself that my heart can be touched or my happiness affected by what concerns my fellow-creatures. Then a horror of the common groove, of the cab-shafts of civilization, of the contamination of cities, of the vulgarities of life, takes its hold of me, and I yearn for the desert to recover the purity of my mind and the dignity of human nature—to be regenerated amongst the Arabs. You cannot understand me, but I can understand you, because I have lived both lives."

"What do you mean by both lives?"

"I mean the life that man has made, the life of London and Paris—the splendid school which rubs off the angles, which teaches us that we are nothing and nobody, which prevents us, by mixing with our equals and superiors, from becoming brutalized—that life so passionate, so intense, so struggling, and in which we ought all to pass one year out of four. The other life is what God made, the life in which nature and you have to understand each other and agree, and where there is no third person to interfere; where there is enough danger to prevent too much 'kayf' (*dolce far niente*), and where you are wrapt in the solemn, silent mystery, the romantic halo, of pure Oriental life. You have no idea how, the moment you recross the Lebanon towards the sea, the fumes of vulgarity begin to offend you, and increase until they culminate in now Liberal not liberal Europe. Tourists wend on beaten tracks, stay but a few months, and know nothing of this. That is what makes their books on the East so very *fade*. They skim the surface. Dragomans know what pleases their victims, and they have a jargon of their own. The victims rarely speak the language of the country, they have European minds, and they go home about as wise as they came out. The truth only

begins to dawn after the first six months, and becomes a conviction in a year; then you gradually improve yourself for Oriental life, and unfit yourself for that of Europe. When I go to a picture gallery and I find the desert, and the camels marching at sunset, like Lord Houghton's 'Palm leaves' at Frystone, for instance, or a good bivouac by moonlight, I sit opposite it, and gaze and gaze until my eyes are rested and my mind is at peace. I shall return to the East, Inshallah! to end my days there. Fortunately my husband has had the same mind from his youth. You cannot understand me, but I have met one or two people—Mr. Disraeli is one—who have felt the same feelings. I have been suffering from what the Brazilians call 'saudades,' which literally means, a yearning after places or persons, for the last three years, and I have sought relief in writing my experiences and reminiscences, now imagining that I am showing Damascus to a friend, and then relapsing into a form of journal. I have a long string of regrets. Firstly, I cannot give my writings to the public in their crude state; in the present day the press has settled into a certain groove: the English reading public have drawn four lines which represent the height, length, breadth, and depth of what they will read, and who wants to be read and to be welcomed must write within those lines. Add to this that my husband and I have already produced a book of Syrian travel, somewhat hard and dry, which speaks of Palmyra, Ba'albak, Hebron, the Haurán, the Lejá'a, Homs, Hamah, the Tullul es Safá, and the Alah, so that there is that much less exploration to record. Secondly, as the wife of a Consular officer, I avoid politics and official matter *en détail*—I only use what is public property, or our own affairs, to which I have a right, taking no advantage of any knowledge my position gives me—whereas all the *salt* of Turkish life consists of politics and official intrigue. Thirdly, where I have seen good I shall speak of it with pleasure, and where I have seen the reverse, I shall try to be silent; for a book is meant to give pleasure, and pain that is inflicted in black and white lasts for ever. Fourthly, every one of my friends has begged of me to describe the inner life of the harím; a minute detail of some parts of the domestic life of *all* classes of harím, which differ very much from ours, would not be suitable for English girls, and I wish to write a book

which may be read by everybody, and which may appear on every table *sans peur et sans reproche.* Besides which, *noblesse oblige.* I have been received with open arms in the greatest intimacy, I have eaten bread and salt with all classes, I have been admitted to prayer in the mosque tribune, and to all the *vie intime.* I cannot put them under a microscope to make my book entertaining, but there is much that I *can* say, and quite enough to give my readers a fair idea of Eastern life. Gratitude is not incumbent upon a tourist, but when one has been *l'amie de la maison,* and hopes to become so again, and perhaps to the end of one's life, one would rather keep that confidence than conquer a literary success. I will endeavour to make the best of the things that remain to me: I can warrant their genuineness, and if they are tinged with a little colour of rose, and with 'Holy Land on the brain,' I wrote at the time, and I write now, as I saw, felt, and thought."

Those who are in the habit of leaving their homes, families, and dearest ties in England without any definite chance of return, and who sally forth into the unknown, will fully understand the single line contained in my journal of this day.

16*th December*, 1869.—"Some wretched partings, a terrible wrench, and general break up at home." To a Frenchman I should only say, "*Je quittais ma mère.*" It was a wild night, and the express to Dover rattled through the driving winter storm. The sky was black as pitch. The wind soughed and surged in blasts which drove us from one side of the streets of Dover to the other. The sea ran "mountains high." The cockle-shell steamers danced up and down in the harbour as if they were playing at see-saw on an extensive scale; but what cared I? I had shaken the dust off my feet of what Mrs. Grundy is pleased to call respectability—the harness of European society. My destination was Damascus, the dream of my childhood and girlhood. I am to live amongst Bedouin Arab chiefs; I shall smell the desert air; I shall have tents, horses, weapons, and be free, like Lady Hester Stanhope. I would follow the footsteps of Tancred, and live in that marvellous country, the only land where the Creator has deigned to reveal himself to his creatures. I, too, shall kneel at "the Tomb," and relieve my burdened spirit. I, too,

shall see the masters of the old, as well as the new learning. I shall go to the fountain head of my religion, founded by my Hebrew Saviour, where the magnetic influence lingers still, and learn the theology of thousands of years gone by, so poorly understood in Europe. As Disraeli truly says, "the East is a career." I am ashamed to confess it to English people, who might think that I had a "bee in my bonnet," but I should speak of it as a natural thing to Easterns—I am subject to mesmeric influences. For instance, I dreamed a dream of such a wild night, and so vividly, that I could hear the wind moan, and could see the blackness: a voice said to me—"There are two steamers; if one goes and the other refuses, take it as a sign." Now I was most anxious to sail, and wished to travel day and night on the road, rail and steam permitting, without an hour's delay, for my husband was waiting for me at Damascus. And certainly, after so many long voyages to Brazil and other lands, I had never thought of our little channel as an obstacle. When I set out to embark, an old sailor stepped from the darkness as I stood on the quay, and said—

"Go home, Miss; I've not seen such a night this forty year!"

The advice sounded kindly in my desolation—perhaps I rather liked being called "Miss"—however, I asked him to be so kind as to ascertain what steamers were going.

He replied at once, "Two ought to go, but the captain of the Ostend boat refuses, and he is right. The Calais boat sails at midnight."

I remembered my dream and decided: after thanking him I turned into the nearest shelter, a small, uncomfortable inn opposite the boats (it was too dark to look about for the best hotel, though it was close to me), so as to be able to start at daylight. At 9.30 the following morning the weather was much the same, but we could at least see where we were going. The steamer of the night before came back thoroughly disabled: she had struggled in the darkness and the heavy sea, and after four hours she was bumped on the Calais pier, till she lost one paddle and her tiller, frightened her passengers, hurt somebody, lost some baggage, was towed out by rowing smacks, beat about all night in the trough of the waves, and was bringing her wretched

passengers back to Dover. She looked like a "lame duck" (consuls will understand me), and her passengers—poor things! —pitiable indeed.

What a wonderful "bear-garden" is the buffet at Calais. Some had to sit on the floor with plates in their laps, so great and so rude was the crowd. The reason was evident—people are not allowed time to eat. It must be a well paying establishment. Perhaps I may offer a useful hint, that they should keep half the provisions in painted wood, and carefully put back the portions of the other half until too stale even for that purpose. How uncomfortable and expensive foreigners make travelling. Firstly, you must take your tickets, have your baggage examined, then registered, then attend to the porter and all the sub-deputy-assistant-porters, buy your book or paper and refreshment under the surveillance of the police, and stand in a pen for an indefinite period—half-hours are of no consequence—laden with all your small baggage. Suddenly the door opens, and the people burst out of "quod" as if shot from a gun. The best places are at once filled. Then you must fee the guard to secure some little bit of comfort. The carriages are excellent, the pace is killing from slowness, the stoppages are long, and changes and examinations are continual, though smashes such as we have in England are rare. Your mind is kept in an unpleasantly suspended and irritated state, from the time of unhousing yourself in the morning, to housing yourself at the end of the journey. For instance, they will tell you that the train stops at such a place for half-an-hour, and starts a quarter-of-an-hour sooner, or that the halt is of ten minutes when they give you five.

This boat accident caused us to miss our proper train to Marseilles, whither I was bound; and as the P. and O. *Tanjore* was to sail out on the 19th, there was no time to sleep or eat in Paris, but only to catch the slow train. Every trouble came at once. On arriving at the Bureau des Baggages (Paris), to reclaim my luggage, registered from London, two trunks were missing, and as if an evil spirit had picked them out, one contained nearly all my money, and the other all my creature comforts for the journey. I had to decide at once between losing my passage or forsaking my missing baggage. I left my name and address,

took that of the superintendent, and registered my loss, without naming the money. By dint of writing eight letters twice a month, I received them, contents intact, through the P. and O. Company, within half a year. I have been less fortunate since.

I left Paris immediately, barely catching an 8·30 p.m. slow train; we "worried along" all night, and next day till four in the afternoon. However, after all these petty but disheartening annoyances I got through what work I had to do at Marseilles, I wrote letters for home, and I was on board the P. and O. *Tanjore*, Captain Brooks, at 8 a.m. on Sunday, 19th December, '69.

France was looking charming. The last time I saw her was on the Emperor Napoleon's *fête*, 1869. The scene was gorgeous; France appeared in her greatest pomp, luxury, and glory. The illuminations were unequalled, even in the eyes of those who were used to them. All night Paris was like the "Land of the Sun." One could have read or written a letter in the darkest corner. The Tuileries was one blaze: festoons of lamps, each terminating in a huge bunch of grapes, lined the way from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe. All the columns, the Place Vendôme, and the hundred squares, had serpents of gas-lamps, twining from top to bottom, and the *feux d'artifices* were wonderful to behold. Though not a Sybil, there are times when words will rush to my mouth, and I must say them. I was walking that night in the Champs Elysées with a friend, who will remember it, when I said suddenly, somewhat excitedly,—"In a year hence all this will be shattered, and the hand that created it will be humbled in the dust." My friend answered,—"You are like the raven to-night." And I replied,—"I love France, and I fear for her." A girl standing near me said to her companion,—"Voilà une dâme qui ne se gêne pas." So we moved on, I had spoken too loud. That day year France was fighting Prussia.

Marseilles was delicious; it was so pleasant to exchange the blowing, damp, cold, rainy, foggy winter of England, and our angry little channel, for a mother-of-pearl sea, and the balmy breath of the sweet South. We steamed out at 9·30 a.m.; we passed the Chateau d'If, Hyères, and Catalan of Montechristo. Towards night there was a heavy dew, and the unpleasant fog whistle was our lullaby. Our ship was one of the P. and O.'s

floating palaces, magnificently fitted; 2000 tons, 110 officers and men, and about 50 passengers, are the figures.

20*th.*—We passed through the Straits of S. Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia, close to Garibaldi's house at Caprera. It was lovely weather, and we were all deck-loungers, but at night it became rough.

21*st.*—We ran by Stromboli and the Lipari Isles; there was some excitement at the appearance of a small bird and a fishing smack, as we had, curiously enough, seen nothing for three days.

22*nd.*—We neared the coast of Sicily, and found a fleet of small sailing vessels that could not enter the Straits, owing to the wind. All flocked on deck to appreciate Scylla and Charybdis. The Italian and Sicilian coast seem to meet like a broken half moon, and you wonder where the entrance can be until you are actually in it, for it is only a mile and a quarter broad. The Straits of Messina were very reposing to the eye after our cruise. The mountains rising in tiers one above another, Etna smoking hard in the distance, with a beautiful sunset behind; the sea like glass, and a balmy air adding sensuous charm. Yet I, who had been spoiled by South American scenery, felt a sort of secret superiority over the other passengers: they went into ecstacies; I thought that beautiful as the Straits were, they were only a small, bad copy of Saõ Sebastiaõ, between Santos and Rio de Janeiro. We passed Reggio and Cape Spartivento before the sun's last rays had departed, and then we left the coast to make a clear run of 800 miles into Alexandria.

23*rd.*—We passed Candia and the Grecian Archipelago, and inhaled their perfumed and balmy breeze.

24*th. Christmas Eve.*—We all wrote home, and posted our letters in the ship's office. In the evening we managed holly and snap-dragon. At 10 p.m. we lay to, eighteen miles outside the entrance of Alexandria, the harbour being too dangerous to approach by night, although the lighthouse has a fine revolving light. We sent up a blue light and a rocket, which meant "Happy Christmas to you All."

Our six days' passage had been very pleasant. Every one connected with the ship had been most kind and obliging. We numbered five so called "grass widows," that "young person"

going out to be married, several newly married couples, officers about to join their regiments—all excepting myself were Anglo-Indians. They puzzled me often in conversation, and were amused at my ignorance concerning "tiffins" and "boys" and "griffins," and other regimentalisms, which reminded me of our convent school jargon. The new couples were evidently not used to steamers. They never will remember the ventilators over the doors, opening upon the saloon, and perhaps all passengers may not be so discreet as I am. I had the pleasure of hearing from more than one fellow passenger after their arrival in India,—travelling not only instructs, it also makes friends, sometimes.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO BEYROUT.

25*th. Christmas Day.*—An auspicious day to set foot on Eastern ground. At dawn we steamed in slowly. For eighteen miles the channel is so very narrow and winding as to require a pilot. When we anchored we passed a merry morning—I must confess it—laughing at the homeward-bound Anglo-Indians coming on board. They were such funny figures; but I can remember looking just as curious myself after a few years in Brazil, and saw in them a picture of what we should be like again after three years absence from Europe. All agreed that it was very well to laugh, but some of our party confessed that they would be very glad to exchange places with them. I was the last to leave the ship, and the P. and O. agent, kindly pitying my unprotectedness, took me in charge and attended to all my wants. It was my first view of Alexandria, and I cannot say that I was much struck—all was flat and low, even below sea-level. It looked better from the ship's deck, with the sun rising behind it. I had no wish to loiter there, and went to three offices immediately to see what steamer would most quickly land me at Beyrout. I found that a Russian steamer, the *Ceres*, was about to sail in twenty-four hours, and secured my passage. I then went to the telegraph office and paid 19s. 6d. for a telegram to Beyrout, which of course arrived after me. Nobody knew where Damascus was, and I had not been taught to call it Esh Shám. I went to High Mass on Christmas-day, and then called upon our Consul, Mr. S., who was very kind to me. I went to the Hôtel d'Europe, situated in the gayest part of Alexandria, but very second rate; however,

seeing in the balcony all my fellow passengers, who were to leave that night for Suez, I thought I should enjoy it more than solitary grandeur at Abbatt's, which is superior, but out of the way. At the "Europe" the rooms were uncomfortable and bad, the food worse, the attendance worst, and *vin ordinaire* was sold as good wine at six shillings a bottle. *En revanche*, the people were civil and obliging, and every other charge was moderate. We made parties to see Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the bazars. The only striking things at Alexandria to a person who has never seen Egypt, are the tiny donkeys, shaped like pigs or rats, ridden by huge Egyptians whose legs dangle on the ground, and who ought rather to dismount and carry the donkeys under arm. Except this one boulevart on which looks the Hôtel d'Europe, I thought Alexandria a jumble of rubbish and dirt. [N.B.—On my return it became quite a little Paris, but I despised it infinitely for its semi-civilized, semi-Christian habits. It was neither "fish nor fowl," like Beyrout, only much worse, and infinitely more offensive to one bitten by Orientalism.] An amusing detail took place: two dragomans made a quarrel as to who should take me to the bazars. When appealed to, I said, "You may both come, but I shall only pay one." Whereupon they fastened upon each other tooth and nail, tore each other's clothes and tarbushes, and bit each other's cheeks. These two (though I never suspected it) were, it appears, in the habit of dealing with ladies and philanthropic English, with here and there a missionary, and they always got up this farce. To avoid a street fight, the kind-hearted new arrival would employ and pay both, and, if ladies, perhaps give a pound out of fright to calm the heroes down. I innocently did the right thing without knowing it. I had so often seen negroes fighting with knives in South America, and been really frightened, that two dragomans biting each other's cheeks appeared to me more supremely ridiculous and time-wasting than sensational; but I waited patiently until one of the two affected to be very much hurt, and then, turning to the other, I said, "You are the best man of the two, so we will employ you;" they were very crest-fallen. We all dined together, and as my friends were going off by train to Suez, I accompanied them to the station. When I had seen them

depart it was quite dark. My carriage had been driven away by mistake; I had brought no servant; I could not speak one word of Arabic; I did not know the way, and I was on the outskirts of Alexandria, alone, foot-sore, tired, and a little puzzled. Some good people, vendors of tripe and other "eatables," kindly offered me a seat outside their stall, so I sat down very gratefully, and began to consider how I could get back to the hotel, which seemed a long way off. Kind Providence sent by the dragoman of the English consulate, who, on passing and seeing where I was sitting, threw up his eyes and arms, sprang on a minute donkey, soon came back with a carriage, and escorted me home. I had seen plenty of donkeys, but I could not hire one, as it would have necessitated riding *en cavalier*, which in English clothes would not have had a graceful appearance. It was a strange Christmas night, spent alone, in a small room at an Alexandrian hotel, passed in writing letters home, and in thinking of the merry family parties and festivities—and of my mother.

26*th*.—Next morning at 11 a. m., Mr. Stanley kindly came with his carriage and consular boat, and put me on board the Russian *Ceres*, to sail at mid-day. She was bound for Port Sa'íd, Jaffa, and Beyrout, which we were to reach on the third day. Though rather small after the P. and O., she was a good sea-boat, albeit she rolled almost round in the water. The first-class part of the vessel was clean, the food good, the wine drinkable, the caviare delicious. The deck was very dirty, being crowded with orientals from every part of the East, many nations, creeds, and tongues, but mostly pilgrims for the Haj. The captain and all the officials were most attentive: one or two spoke a little French, but unfortunately the stewardess could talk only Russian, which was embarrassing. The dirty, crowded deck was the most interesting part of the ship, to one who had been always dreaming of the East. Each family had their mattresses, and their prayer carpets. They never seemed to change place during the whole three days; no matter how rough, how sea-sick, they were always either in an attitude of devotion, or of devouring, or dozing, or lying on their backs, or sitting cross-legged. Occasionally they chanted devotions which were so nasal that I was obliged to laugh, and when I laughed they did the same—I do not notice this

peculiarity now. I used invariably to bring all the sweets out of the saloon after our meals for the children, so that I was always welcome. At first I could not tell what sex individuals belonged to, from their picturesque and gaudy dress, which struck me as more feminine than masculine. There were amongst them some splendid looking creatures, and women handsomely dressed. Steaming out of Alexandria was very fine, but that night we ran over a heavy sea. I was fortunate in having the ladies' saloon to myself. It was as good as a small, comfortable drawing-room, but the heavy rolling pitched me four times out of my berth, and the last time, thinking that it would save some trouble to stay there, I did.

27*th.*—Port Sa'íd was made in twenty-four hours. It looked like an old acquaintance, a West African station, low, flat, hot, and sandy. No one would suspect it of containing 12,000 inhabitants: to the ship's deck it presents one row of hovels down to the water's edge. We anchored at the entrance of the Suez Canal, so lately the centre of the world's attraction, a narrow channel with two tall lighthouses. Here we took on board seven first-class passengers, one English officer returning home from India, five Americans, and "that little Frenchman." The dinner table became animated with violent political discussions, good-humoured withal, chiefly upon the Alabama question, Northerner and Southerner both being represented, and both attacking *me.* Whereupon I gallantly held my own.

28*th.*—We had a better sea to Jaffa, which was made in twenty-four hours. From this town, Jerusalem lies a forty miles' ride inland. Jaffa is a tarbush, or fez, shaped green hill, covered with houses which look like a dirty pack of cards or well-rubbed dice. It has a garden-like suburb, the German quarter, seen to great advantage from a ship's deck. The Russian vice-consul came off and kindly called upon me. He took charge of another telegram for me to Damascus, which never reached its destination, but I am certain not through his fault. Here we lost our seven fellow travellers from Port Sa'íd, and picked up an Effendi and his harím, and two poor respectable Italians, who played concertina and guitar very prettily. They told me that they "came of decent people," and, having made a *mariage de cœur,* were dependant upon their talent. I obtained leave from

the captain for a "little music" after breakfast and dinner, and carried round a plate, which paid their passage and something more. This was my first sight of a real, veritable harím. Harím was carefully wrapt up in izár (sheet) and mandíl (face veil), and was confined to its cabin, with rare intervals on deck. Her Effendi jealously watched the cabin door, to see that nobody went in but the stewardess. However, it freely unveiled before me, and I thought what a fine chance the izár and mandíl would be for some of us.

We remained at Jaffa till the afternoon, and then hugged the land—a hill coast patched with shrubs. Towards 5 p.m. we passed the Convent of Mount Carmel on a tall bluff promontory, stretching out into the sea; then Khaifa, a pretty townlet, with gardens and palm trees. The night was dark, the weather rough, and the lights of the harbour looked pleasant. Khaifa is supposed to be the ancient Helba of the tribe of Aser (Judges i. 31). It is situated at the foot of Carmel in the bay of St. Jean d'Acre. The mountain on which stands Carmel is called Jebel Már Elias.

Carmel was a kingdom in the time of the Canaanites, but Joshua killed their king. On Carmel Lamech killed Cain. Elijah and Elisha had their school and lived here. St. Anne, mother of Mary, had flocks and a house for her shepherds, and often came here with Mary; and Mary, returning from Egypt, stood on Carmel with Jesus and Joseph. Some of the first anchorites here embraced the gospel and joined the apostles. The Pagans had their local gods before Christ, and after him several saints lived upon the mountain. In 1245, St. Simon Stock of Kent, to whom a little chapel has been dedicated, became founder and general of the order of Mount Carmel, and established at Rome the confraternity of the scapular, which united in a body, by rules and exercises of piety, all those who wished to honour Mary. Edward the First of England joined it, also Louis of France, who made a pilgrimage in 1252. Often and often all the religious of Carmel have been massacred at their devotions. This is the extreme northern point of the Holy Land.

It continued to blow hard, so we anchored at St. Jean d'Acre, and dined at anchor, leaving again at midnight. St. Jean d'Acre was the ancient Acco of the tribe of Aser, and St. Paul passed a day

in it (Acts xxi. 2-7). Its chief interest is its crusading history, and the acts of Richard Cœur de Lion. The siege, during which there were a hundred skirmishes and nine pitched battles, lasted three years; the besieged had to eat their own horses; and of 600,000 of the flower of the nobility of Christendom, but 100,000 lived to return. An English priest, it is said, alone shrived 100,000 warriors. In 1291, Khalil ibn Kala'ún laid siege to the town, and in thirty-three days took it by assault, when 25,000 Christians were massacred. The Clarissa nuns escaped outrage only by cutting off their noses. The buildings are mostly of the crusaders' date. There is a fine mosque, and two tombs in white marble—one containing Djezzar Pasha, and the other Selim Pasha.

We passed Sur, which means "rock" (Tyre), and Saida (Sidon), in the night. Tyre's grandeur is described in Ezekiel xxvi. and xxvii. Three times she flourished, and three times she was destroyed—by Nebuchadnezzar, by Alexander the Great, and lastly by Pompey. In her second fall, 6000 soldiers were killed, 2000 were crucified along the shore, and all perished save 15,000 saved by Sidon. Our Saviour here delivered a girl from a devil (Mark vii. 24—31), and again Tyre is mentioned in 3 or 1 Kings i. 13, 14, and Acts xxi. 3—6. Origen died and was buried here in 253. During the rule of Diocletian many Christians were put to death in the arena. The words of the prophets have been truly carried out more than once, and kings have risked their lives to destroy her. Earthquakes, fires, rising seas, and the winds have all contributed their help. It owns about 6000 inhabitants,* and they sell cotton, tobacco, corn, and its own débris for building purposes; and the opening of the Suez Canal has given them a large trade into Egypt. Sidon, which contains about 12,000 inhabitants, has delicious gardens of oranges, citrons, and figs. It was founded by the eldest son of Canaan, son of Ham, son of Noah, and was given by Joshua to the tribe of Aser. The inhabitants, I am told, were the inventors of navigation, of joinery and turning wood, of sculpture, glass and stone cutting, not to mention such a trifle as the alphabet. They

* Captain Burton, who visited Tyre twice, assures me that it is one of the most prosperous little places in Syria. Still it can only be a poor village in comparison to what it was when Ezekiel described it.

were the cleverest builders of the temple, according to Kings (iii. 5, 6). Some 405 years before Christ, they were treacherously sold by their own king to their enemies, and having set fire to their ships that no one might fly, they burnt, in their despair, themselves and their town. Sidon rose again from her ashes, but was never the same. Our Saviour touched here, according to Mark (vii. 31), and also St. Paul (Acts xxvii. 3).

On the morning of the 29th we anchored very early off Beyrout. We had fortunately a calm sea, for it is a difficult and an utterly exposed landing, an open roadstead in a bay formed by the Nahr el Kelb. Beyrout is charming as viewed from the ship. The town, which begins at the water's edge, and whose base is washed by the blue Mediterranean, straggles along a fair line of coast, and crawls up part of the lower hills. The yellow sand beyond the town, and the dark green pine forests which surround it, contrast well with the cobalt-coloured bay and the turquoise skies. It is backed and flanked on its right by the splendid range of Lebanon, upon whose steep sides the rising sun casts delicate lights and shades. They are dotted with villages, which in some places appear to overhang the sea. There are two domed ruins about half an hour out of the town eastwards, which look red like bricks, but they are, I am told, made of the common stone of the country. They mark where St. George killed the dragon—a feat which took place in more sites than one. The air is redolent with a smell of pine-wood: every town in the East has its peculiar odour, and when once you have been in one, you can tell where you are blindfold. That of Damascus is the chamomile (Za'azafán). I have recognized it twice in Trieste. The perfume of pinewood reached us even on board the ship, and it was deliciously refreshing; I no longer wonder that the wise men of the west have found vanilla in the bark.

My sea journey is now over. This is my future seaport, and it promises to be very pleasant, if the inhabitants are as nice as the place.

About 9 o'clock a.m. Mr. (Vice-Consul) Jago kindly came on board, and, offering me every assistance, took me ashore with my baggage. The landing consists of a few old steps, and a small, dirty, fish-bespattered quay. I was led to what appeared to me,

then, a small, but clean and comfortable hotel, facing the sea—"The Bellevue," kept by Andrea Paucopoulo, a Greek. This later on became to my eyes the centre, the very acme of civilization. During our two years' stay at Damascus, Beyrout was our Biarritz, and Andrea's the most luxurious house in Syria. Basool's, now, I believe, equally good, was not then regularly opened. Basool is a worthy, civil man, and speaks all languages. Beyrout, according to some historians, is the ancient Geris, founded by Gergeseus V., son of Canaan, son of Ham (Genesis x. 16); others say that it is Botrys, a Phœnician town, built 210 years before Christ by Itho-ba'al, King of Tyre and Sidon. There is no doubt of its being the Berytus of the Romans, and its coins are well known to Eastern collectors, especially to our friend M. Pérétié.

Mr. Jago breakfasted with me, and after settling all manner of business, I went with him to call on our Consul-General, Eldridge. His wife was ill in bed, but the former kindly asked me to remain to luncheon, and showed me how to smoke my first narghíleh. I wished to start at once for Damascus, but the diligence had gone. On the next day the *coupé* was partly taken by a Turk, and, as there had recently been a "disagreeable" between a Persian scamp and a nervous English girl, Mr. Eldridge wished me to hire a private carriage for the following morning. We again sent a telegram to Damascus—the third—which also arrived after I did.

Twenty-four hours suffices to see everything at Beyrout, which contains about 72,000 inhabitants. The houses are remarkably handsome; the bazars are very poor. We have six Catholic religious houses, but I do not wish to describe them until I know them better.

The best way of getting money is to have a Bank Post Bill made out in your own name, which you can present at the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Beyrout, where Mr. Charles Watkins is always to be found; and every European who goes to Beyrout has reason to be charmed with his kindness and attention. My travelling friends may thank me for this detail—it may save them abundant trouble.

That evening the Duchesse de ——— arrived from Damascus, and sent me word that she would come to *table d'hôte* if I would

wait a few minutes. She gave me some news of my husband, and enlivened our dinner exceedingly. She had enjoyed her visit to the interior, but had nearly caused a fracas, as she insisted on behaving in that grave Oriental city exactly as if she were in her own joyous Paris. In Damascus women do not visit *cafés*, but she *insisted* on going and seeing Moslem life in public, which so shocked all True Believers that the Kawwasses, who are anything but prudish, begged their Consul not to send them on guard—they were "losing their reputation." On another occasion she went up to the top of a minaret, and when prayer was called she refused to come down. The Shaykh made all kinds of entreaties, and failing, sent endless emissaries, to whom at last she replied, "Dites au Shaykh que je suis la Duchesse de ———, que je me trouve fort bien ici, et que je ne descendrai que quand cela me plaira."* Her pleasure did not take place for three-quarters of an hour after the call to prayer.

I spent that evening writing home letters, and forwarding some trifles from the bazars. On the morrow I was to leave everything connected with European life, civilization, comfort, luxury, society, and wend my way inland to the "Pearl of the East." The Lebanon range is the boundary line between European and purely Eastern and Mahometan life. This exciting thought quite preoccupied my mind.

Beyrout is a demi-civilized, semi-Christianized, demi-semi-Europeanized town, with a certain amount of comfort and European manners and customs: it enjoys perfect safety, being on the coast, with soldiers and policemen, and ships lying under its windows; it has free communication with Europe by post and telegraph—in fact, it is somewhat more European, or rather, Levantine, than Oriental. Yet it is several shades more Oriental than Alexandria. As soon as you cross the Lebanon range, just behind it, you quit an old life for a new life, you leave the new world to make acquaintance with the old world, you relapse into the days of the Jewish forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—a purely Oriental and primitive phase.

30*th.*—Early this morning a shabby little omnibus, drawn by

* Tell the Shaykh that I am the Duchess of———, that I am very comfortable here, and that I don't mean to come down till I choose.

three screws, made its appearance. My English maid, a large pet St. Bernard dog, my baggage and I, were squeezed into it or on it. Mr. Eldridge kindly sent his Kawwass as guard, and this official appeared a most gorgeous creature, with silver-mounted pistols, and all sorts of cartouche-boxes, and dangling things. He rejoiced in the name of Sakharaddín, which, of course, I pronounced "Sardine," and this greatly amused those who had congregated to see us off.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROAD FROM BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS.

THE road spans the plain of Beyrout, called Es Sahl, crosses the Lebanon range between the districts El Metn and El Jurd, touches that called Ez Zahleh, traverses the Bukâ'a or plain of Cœle-Syria. Thence it runs through the Anti-Lebanon, and the plainlet of Jedeideh, and after the bit of desert, Es Sáharâ, it dives into the ravines of the Salahíyyeh mountains. The latter are here known as the Jebel Kaysun: through them you pass by a mountain defile into the plain of Damascus, which is divided into the Merj and El Ghutah. The drive was charming, and lasted two days, as I had not a change of horses every hour, like the diligence.

Firstly, we drove over the plain of Beyrout, behind the town; its ornamentation consists of young pine forests in the sand, which extend for several miles. The roadside is lined with cactus hedges, and rude *cafés*, which are filled on Sundays and holidays by all classes; they go to smoke their narghílehs, to sip coffee or raki; and to watch the passers-by, either mounted or in carriage. The fashionable drive begins at the town, and ends at the foot of the Lebanon—an hour's distance, and it is wonderful to know how many have never wandered away much further from Beyrout. This French road is the only macadam in the country, and a splendid specimen it is, as smooth as a billiard table, crossing mountain, valley, and plain over a total distance of seventy-two miles. A diligence starts from each of the two termini at 4 a.m., both meet at the halfway house, Shtora, about 11.30, when travellers have half-an-hour to feed, and each reaches its destination at 5 and 6 p.m. Thus the drive is fourteen hours up, and thirteen

hours down. There is a small night diligence in summer for the Turkish mails, with six places for passengers: it is dearer than the day diligence, but it obviates the necessity of taking your place long beforehand, unless, indeed, there happens to be any local panic at Damascus, when Christians and Europeans usually fly. I have once been obliged to wait a fortnight for a place when I was not strong enough to ride. As I remarked, the passage from Damascus to Beyrout is one hour less, for—except ascending the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon ranges—it is a gradual descent all the way of 2500 feet. The French road is so called because it was organized by two brothers of the *ancienne noblesse*, devoted Orleanists, Counts Edmond and Léon de Perthuis, who left France and embarked in a speculation which has proved an exceedingly good one. The passage is tolerably dear, and the transport of baggage dearer still, but the service is right well done. The drivers change their teams every hour, push very fast, and have respectable *conducteurs* and guards. The baggage and merchandize are sent in *chariots*, which are really large, long, German covered carts, drawn by mules and horses, and the journey occupies about three days. Muleteers have to pay a heavy toll, and consequently they prefer the old road, which runs more or less close to the new one—it is desperately bad in winter, and it is pitiful to see the poor laden animals floundering in the mud holes. Indeed, the drive from Beyrout to Damascus when the snow is on the mountains is very trying, and foot passengers or horsemen sometimes lose their lives in the fierce winds and deep drifts, especially at one part of the mountain (Jebel el Khokheh). After reaching Damascus, there are no more roads and carriages, you must then depend upon goat tracks, mule paths, instinct and compass. Franco Pasha began a highway in the Lebanon, but that excellent governor, our very good friend, died before he was far advanced with his work. Just before I left they were making or mending a road from Damascus to our village —Salahíyyeh, about a quarter-of-an-hour's ride. I took out a very pretty pony carriage in the hopes of driving myself. But, firstly, I found no horses trained to harness except those for the diligence, and, had it been otherwise, it would have been dreadfully monotonous always to drive on the French road, and that one road I

could not have reached from my house without breaking all my springs. I was lucky enough to find a purchaser, and used to see it going at foots' pace with a small horse drawing it over the ruts and holes of the Damascus streets.

To return from this digression. Immediately on arriving at the foot of the Lebanon, we commenced a winding steep ascent, every turn giving charming views of the sea and of Beyrout, which we did not lose sight of for several hours. Mountain seemed to rise above mountain, each laid out in ledges and shelves of cultivated land, like steps. At intervals were dotted clumps of flat-roofed houses, much resembling mud boxes, and villages of larger dimensions lay at longer intervals. We ascended, and wound round and round, or ziz-zagged, till Beyrout and the sea became invisible. At last we reached the top, and the glorious red wintry sunset gave us a splendid view. It is hard to understand in December all that has been written about the fruitfulness of the Lebanon, and I was unprepared for the glorious fertility that burst upon my sight five months later. After the miracles of nature in South America, Syria looked to me like a wilderness of rock and sand, treeless and barren—her very mountains were hills. I did not forget, however, that South America, endowed with nature in perfection, with luxuriant vegetable and rank animal life, possesses no history. All is new, progressive, and intelligent, but vulgar and parvenu. Whereas Syria, in her "abomination of desolation," is the old land—her every stone has its story, each ruin is a treasure; she teems with relics of departed glory, and monuments of her Great Crime. I would rather abide with her, and mourn the past and hope for the future amidst her barren rocks and sandy deserts, than rush into progression with the newly-born world. It is, perhaps, everybody's duty to recommend a railway for Syria; but oh! how I shall weep at the desecration of the land, and the introduction of European manners and customs.

We descended at a full canter, and then crossed the plain of Cœle-Syria, called the Buká'a, a fruitful and cultivated plain of great extent, containing over a thousand villages, and separating the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges. On the ascent I had tempted poor Sakharaddín to break his Ramazan fast; good tobacco, bread, and hard eggs had made him frail, which was very

excusable considering the cold. On the road I met three strangers, who offered me a little civility, seeing me searching for a glass of water at a khan. As I was better mounted than they were, I offered in event of our reaching our night halt the first, to order supper and beds for them, and they then informed me that every house and every accommodation on the road had been "retenue" for me, so that they were quite at my mercy. I sent on a message to secure their comforts, and I was able to keep my promise. The halt was Shtora, the half-way house. It is kept by a respectable Greek, married to a little Italian, a retired and merry danseuse, rejoicing in the name of Marietta. She is much on the same terms with the world there, as our "Punch" of the Preston Station used to be in Lancashire. The other travellers soon came up; we supped together, and everything was very good except the wine. My companions proved to be a French employé of the Foreign Office, a Bavarian minister on his travels, and a Swedish officer on leave. We had a very cheerful evening. By the kindness of the director (Count de Perthuis) rooms usually kept sacred were put at my disposal, so that in that out of the way place my maid and I had each a charming bed, and the other travellers found the best of the usual accommodation. Early the next morning my new acquaintances set out for Ba'albak, and I for Damascus. We crossed the rest of Buká'a plain, and then commenced the ascent of the Anti-Lebanon. Some would say that this range is neither so fine nor so interesting as the Lebanon, and perhaps actually upon the carriage road this is true, but the Anti-Lebanon off the beaten tracks is wilder, and I afterwards learned to think it quite as picturesque.

The dreariest and ugliest part of the journey is the Sahlet el Jedeideh, a flat, tiresome, monotonous bit of plateau, still in the the Anti-Lebanon, between Wady el Karn and Wady el Kharir. The descent of the Anti-Lebanon is done at a good pace; it seems long until you reach the plain Es Sáhará, after which, compensation begins by entering a beautiful mountain defile, about two hours from Damascus. The mountains rise high and abrupt on each side of the road, which is lined with trees and brushwood; and the Barada—the ancient Abana, they say—rushes in a winding bounding torrent through the mountains, and by the road-side to

water the gardens of Damascus. The mountains are called by two names—on our side, to the left of the river, Jebel Kaysun: and on the other, the right side, Kalabát Mizzeh.

My private carriage, with only occasional relays, occupied two days, and drove eight hours each day. The journey may be fairly divided thus, by diligence time: six hours of extreme beauty after leaving Beyrout, followed by six hours of rough highland and swampy lowland, and these succeeded again by two hours of loveliness before reaching Damascus. During my first day's drive I saw nothing that I might not have seen elsewhere; but on the second day, I remember being immensely struck by an Arab sleeping against a bit of rock, with his carbine slung to his back, and his horse, as in a picture, grazing near him; six months later, the same thing affected me so little, from seeing it every day, that I wondered why I had noted it down. Perhaps we do well to write our first impressions, but chiefly for future correction. We also met laden camels, mules, muleteers, picturesque peasants, well-bred horses and donkeys, all travelling in troops—then, indeed, I began to feel that I was on new ground.

I reached Damascus at sunset on the last day of 1869, but I was unfortunate in my arrival. Were I to return, my horses should be ordered to meet me at El Hameh, the last station, or else almost two hours from Damascus, and I should ride across the Salahíyyeh mountains, as *we* call them. After a toilsome scramble over a barren, rocky range, I should come into a winding tunnel in the white rocks, near a little Wely, as we English call a prophet's tomb, about five hundred feet above the glorious plain, with the gorge of the Abana at my feet, and the river foaming between its cliffs. Suddenly, when least prepared, I should gaze, as it were out of a window, upon * the poet's dream, the abrupt descent of the mountain,—at its roots a Moslem burial-ground, almost adjoining a larger Kurdish village, containing about 15,000 of the "roughs" of Syria, and upon the plain the city of Damascus, lying in the desert at my feet. I should behold my Pearl, the

* I was about to write "Mohammed's Paradise," but my husband assures me that the "Last of the Prophets" was never nearer to Damascus than Bosra. The latter is still called by the Turks Eskì Shám (old Damascus), and hence probably arose the legend.

Garden of Eden, the Promised Land, my beautiful white City with her swelling domes and tapering minarets, her glittering golden crescents set in green of every shade, sparkling with her fountains and streams, the Abana rushing through and watering the oasis. The river valley spreads its green carpet almost thirty miles around the city, and is dotted with tiny white villages. All around that again, like another or outside frame, and as if nature had drawn the line between green and yellow with a ruler, are the reeking sands of the sunburnt Desert. In the far horizon to the east are the distant hills and ghostly, misty cones, backed by the red and purple of the setting sun.

Between Salahíyyeh and Damascus is a quarter-of-an-hour's ride through cool gardens and orchards. I should gaze once more upon the most ancient, the most Oriental, and the most picturesque city in the world; and if alone, I should dismount and kneel down, and thank God with tears for granting me to see that most blessed sight again. I did not know or feel all this *then*.

And this is how *I* entered. I went along the carriage-road perpetually asking, "Where are the beautiful gardens of Damascus?" "Here," they said, pointing to what, in winter time and to English eyes, appeared mere ugly shrubberies, wood-clumps, and orchards, which extended over the two hours' drive. In fact, I saw merely woods bordered with green—a contrast to the utter sterility of the Sáhará! We passed Dummar, a village with the river rushing through it. It contains several summer villas or palaces of the Wali, Abd el Kadir, and other personages. We entered by the road, with the Abana on our right, and finally broadening out into the green Merj,* which looked to me like a village common. Travellers are foolish enough to encamp here; they find it as damp as can be, and run the risk of fever, neuralgia, ague, and dysentery. The first building we passed was imposing—the Tekíyeh, founded in 1516 by Sultan Salím I. for the accommodation of Meccan pilgrims. It has on its southern side a beautiful mosque, and the dome is flanked by two tall, slender minarets, like knitting-needles. The Tekíyeh now serves

* There are also two Merj's—a small one as you enter Damascus, and a large tract of oasis east of Damascus; and certainly it must be the larger and not the smaller Merj, if either was, as Mr. Porter says, "celebrated in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

as a "refuge for the destitute." The next building is the French diligence office, or *gare*, where travellers descend and hasten as they can to their homes—in my time mostly on donkeys. I drove in my vehicle straight to the only hotel—Demetri's. It is a good house, with a fine Junanat, or court-yard, and a splendid Buhaireh, or fountain, full of gold fish and little springs, plenty of orange and lemon trees, with stairs and covered gallery all round the interior, looking below into the "Patio." There is a good Líwán, or raised platform, near the fountain, with a divan and carpets, and tables for visitors to recline, drink coffee, and smoke narghílehs or chibouques. The reception-room, or Sala, was in the pure Damascus style—a picturesque, oblong, high-roofed hall, the middle of which is like a marble passage, with a fountain in the centre; a Ká'ah, or raised open room, stands on each side of it. The Locanda is cool and pleasant in summer; dark, damp, and neuralgic, and inexpressibly sad in winter. The food and wine were detestable, the cold intense. Demetri, the owner, *can* be civil, obliging, and attentive, and was always so to me after our first meeting. He is honest, intelligent, and most reasonable in his charges. He can afford to be a little independent in his manner, because he has no opposition, and if you object to his hotel you must sit upon your boxes in the street, or wend your way as a pilgrim to a khan.

Damascus in the cold season, as I entered it, does not produce a favourable impression. The streets are rarely repaired and never cleaned, and they regularly become deep furrows of dark mud and puddles of dirty water. With all my love for it I know that it is not the cleanest city in the world; but there is such a thing as being so much in love as to wish the object unchangeable —virtues and faults alike—whilst you are painfully aware of the latter. Viewed from a height, and in good weather, like Stamboul, its domes and minarets impose upon you; but driving in, cold and tired, the shaky trap heaving and pitching heavily through the thick mire and slush, the narrow streets, nearly meeting at the top, filled with dirt and wild dogs, is, to speak mildly, not pleasant. The thoroughfares, indeed, are all so paved with awful stones, that if you walk they ruin your feet, and wear out a pair of boots a week; and if riding, you must think all the time

whether your horse can possibly get over the next heap, or if he will slide, fall, and break your leg. The large slabs are like ice, and the small ones are like the "pilgrim's peas" of the old tale. With all this, although you may grow to love even the faults of Damascus, so that you would not have them otherwise, you do not appreciate the picturesque the first evening of your arrival.

My husband came in about an hour after my arrival. The only telegram which had reached him was one from London, and that one could not be deciphered. He had been there three months; the climate had had such an effect upon him, he was looking so ill from neuralgia, that until he came quite close to me I did not know him. We dined, warmed ourselves over a Mangal —a large brass dish on a stand, full of live charcoal embers, of which it takes two to heat a large room—and then we began to discuss our future plans for our new home.

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLING DOWN AT DAMASCUS.

1*st of January*, 1870.—My first thought, before seeing anything, was to get out of the damp hotel, and to make a little paradise somewhere amongst the hills. I thought that we should probably stay here ten years, and have plenty of time to become familiar with Syria. After a general inspection we found that life in the city had great disadvantages; the lanes, called streets, were like the hotel—exceedingly damp, dark, and sad; and we were told that in summer it was very highly flavoured. Horses must be ridden a long way over these horrid pavements before you reach the open country. There is no liberty, as you must be always attended by Kawwasses, a sort of body-guard, of which every consulate has from two to six. They are picked Moslems, dressed in some glaring coloured cloth and gold, big trowsers, embroidered gaiters, sash, and slashed jacket; all are gorgeous with silver-mounted pistols, daggers, cartouche-boxes, and similar martial paraphernalia.

Moreover, there is a certain sense of imprisonment about Damascus, as the gates of the city are shut at sunset; the windows of the harims are also barred and latticed, to hide the beauty of Esh Shám from the insulting gaze of the Giaour. On the other hand, the interiors are so grand, so picturesque, and Oriental looking, that they make one long to possess "a marble palace." Ride out of Damascus by the Bab es Salahíyyeh for about a quarter of an hour, up through the gardens and orchards, upon what, at the time of my writing, did not deserve to be called a road, and you arrive at Salahíyyeh, the Kurdish village of which

I spoke as containing 15,000 inhabitants. It overlooks Damascus, and is situated on the roots of Jebel Kaysún, the hill of yellow chamomile, which abounds here, and by which the whole district is perfumed. El Salihíyyeh means "of the saints," but more probably from the Kurdish Sultan Sáláh el Dín (English Saladin), it is facetiously changed on account of the Kurdish population into El Tálíhíyyáh, "of the sinners." Here, at about 2500 feet above sea level, you have good air and light, beautiful views, fresh water, dry soil, health, tranquility, and liberty: for in five minutes you can gallop over the mountain without a Kawwass, and there is no locking up at sunset. On the other hand, the houses are all second rate. The village had the reputation of being the most lawless and unscrupulous part of Damascus, the road between it and the city at night was so unsafe that the servants would only go in twos and threes, and armed, so that we should not be able to dine out, nor expect any one to be with us after sunset. Indeed, during our time there, Mr. F———, a missionary, told an English lady who was on a visit to us, that he did not care to go there even in the day time without a guard. This was its reputation in '69–70.

However, our search ended by our fixing ourselves in the head-quarters of our after faithful Kurdish friend and ally, Bedr Beg, in spite of all wonderment and protestations. Resigning the palace one might have had in Damascus, was like choosing between a *mariage de convenance* and a *mariage d'affection*, between the false good and the real good. Reader, will you assist at our installation, or, if it bore you, will you kindly skip over the remainder of this chapter?

Our house overhung the road and opposite gardens with projecting latticed windows, and was bounded on the right by a Mosque, on the left by a Hammám (Turkish bath), and at the back by gardens. On the other side of the road, among the apricot orchards, I had a splendid stable for twelve horses, with a good room for any number of *Saises* (grooms), and a little garden with the river running through it. I want to take you through my house, which was quite of the second class, and I will call things by their English names. Firstly, you enter a square court-yard, vulgarly painted in broad stripes of red, white, and blue, planted

all around with orange, lemon, and jessamine trees, and in the middle plays the inevitable fountain. The most conspicuous object is the Líwán, a raised room with one side taken out of it, that is, the front opens on to the court: it is spread with carpets and divans for "kayf" in hot weather, and the niches in the walls are filled with plants. It is the custom to receive here on hot days, and to offer coffee, lemonade, or sherbet, chibouques, narghílehs, cigarettes. On one side is our dining-room, and on the other a cool sitting-room, when it is too hot to live upstairs. All the rest below is left to servants and offices. Upstairs the rooms are six, and run round two sides of the courtyard; a long terrace occupies the other two sides, joining and opening into the rooms at either end. This forms a pleasant house-top in the cool evenings, to spread mats and divans, and to sit amongst the flowers under the trees and the minaret, and to look towards our sand-coloured background, Jebel Kaysún. "Chamomile Hill," rises like a wall above our houses, surmounted by Kubbet en Nasr, a small ruin 1500 feet above the plain. Here, too, we look over Damascus and the gardens, and taste the desert air from afar.

We were, however, terribly taken in, as strangers must expect to be. The house consisted once of ours and another far better, adjoining it. The two would have made a first-class residence. Monsignor Ya'akúb, the Syrian Bishop, had it so, and then it was cut into two, and sold separately. We could hire only the worse half, the harím, while we were charged more than the whole price of the house. We were, however, quite unconscious of having neighbours, as their house and entrance straggled away in another direction. In furnishing and buying we were equally unfortunate. Carpenters hung on for nearly three months, knocking up a few pegs and shelves, putting on locks, and inducing windows and doors to shut—in short, what in England would have occupied a week. This is not to be wondered at. Wherever I have been I have rarely found anybody helping a new arrival out of their difficulties. We of wandering professions have to buy our experience pretty dearly in every new country, until we know the language and prices; when we do, the kites and crows leave us to look for new pigeons.

The Consulate was in the town, close to the Serai, or Govern-

ment-house. My first act after making the cottage ready was to tear off all the lattice-work, which was like a convent grille, from the windows, and convert it into a hen-house, in a railed off part of the garden or orchard, which contained chiefly roses and jessamine. We also made a beautiful arbour by lifting up the over-laden vines and citrons, and branches of the lemon and orange trees, and supporting them on a framework. No sun could penetrate their luxuriance. We had a divan made under them, to sit in the cool summer evenings near the rushing river; and many happy hours of "kayf" we passed there. I was rewarded on the fifth or sixth day after my arrival by seeing that my husband was quite restored to health. Forty-eight hours of the good Salahíyyeh air had effected this change.

But I must destroy one of your illusions concerning the land of roses and "hanging gardens." An orchard, with grass, fruit trees, and a stream, cultivated on a rising ground in ridges or ledges, becomes a "hanging garden," and the roses are like our commonest April monthly-fading roses, and last but that time. In olden times they used, I am told, to cultivate whole plantations of this flower, like a vineyard or coffee plantation, for the rose-water trade, but this has ceased to pay, as better is made elsewhere.

After this I was allowed to indulge in my hobby of collecting a menagerie. You who love animals as much I do will not laugh at me. How well they know who loves them, how well they love us in return, and how little we suppose, until we live in solitude, how companionable they can be! I know everything they say, and think, and feel; they know also what I say to them. Firstly, we bought some horses—three-quarter-breds, and half-breds; for thoroughbreds, and especially mares, were too dear for our stable, and would only have made us an object of suspicion, in a country where there are official hands not clean of bribes. Moreover, not being able to afford long prices, I am obliged to put up with bad tempers, or some slight defect curable by us, but not by the natives. My husband always gives me the entire command of the stable. I bought a camel, and a snow-white donkey, which is the most honourable mount for grand visiting. I also found in the bazars a splendid snow-white Persian cat, which I bought for a

franc. The boy must have stolen it, or sold it because it ate too much. I had brought over with me a young pet St. Bernard, two brindled bull-terriers, and two of the Yarborough breed, and I eventually added a Kurdish pup of a very good race. I bought three milk goats for the house, and I received two presents, a pet lamb and a Nimr (leopard), which became the idol of the house. The domestic hen-yard was duly stocked with all kinds of fowls, turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls, and the garden and terrace in the housetop were cultivated and planted with English seeds—there I kept my pigeons. When I had got all these things together, my greatest difficulty was to prevent them from eating one another. It would not be a "happy family." Captain Burton declares that it was like "the house that Jack built"—the pigeons and domestic fowls picked up the seeds and ate the flowers, the cat ate the pigeons and the fowls, the dogs worried the cat, the leopard killed the lamb, and harried the goats, till one sprang into the river out of sheer despair, and was drowned. It also frightened the horses, camel, and donkey to death by jumping on their backs, and uttering those shrieks which leopards indulge in if annoyed. Though things were really not quite so bad, my difficulties were great. What I suffered most from was the Nims (ichneumon). I never could shoot or catch one, but it used to make very free with my pigeons and fowls, and when it could not reach far enough to eat them, it used to mangle them. The natives told me that it mesmerized the pigeons to the bars of the gate, and then sucked their blood. I cannot disbelieve them, because I often found a live pigeon or fowl with the breast half eaten away.

And now—if you, my reader, are not already fatigued with my installation—I will tell you what kind of position our British Consul holds, or should hold, at Damascus, and how we portioned out our time.

A Consul in the East, as envoyé of a great Power, is a great man. It is a diplomatic post, and he ranks as high as a Minister would in Europe. Nearer home, a Consul, unless distinguished by some personal merit that cannot be quashed or ignored, is not considered gentleman, or Hof-fähig, enough to go to Court. How witty Mr. Charles Lever, my husband's respected and talented

predecessor at Trieste, was on that subject. He makes "Lady Augusta" ask (in "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly"), "Isn't a Consul a horrid creature that lives in a seaport, and worries merchant-seamen, and imprisons people who have no passports? Papa always wrote to the Consul about getting our heavy baggage through the Custom-house, and when our servants quarrelled with the porters or hotel people, it was the Consul sent some of them to jail: but you are aware, darling, he isn't a creature one knows. They are simply impossible, dear, impossible! Let a man be what he may, once he derogates there is an end of him. It sounds beautifully, I know, to say that he will remain a gentleman and man of station through all the accidents of life; so he might, as long as he did nothing—absolutely nothing. The moment, however, he touches an *emploi* it's all over; from that hour he becomes the Custom's creature, or the Consul, or the Factor, or whatever it be, irrevocably. Do you know that it is the only way to keep men of family out of small official life? We should see them keeping lighthouses if it were not for the obloquy."

Far be it from me to laugh at a lighthouse. I wish we were always *sure*, even of a lighthouse. As times go at present, gentlemen must not laugh at any *emploi;* but our talented predecessor served in the grand Tory days of Old England, which are passed, I fear, never to return. In the East, however, the consular service is still a gentlemanly profession; and the *Envoyés* of great Powers are expected to keep up a little state, especially the English and the French. They have a certain number of Consular Dragomans, or gentlemen Secretaries, in distinction to the Travelling Dragoman, who bears the same relation as the courier in Europe. They must have a certain number of Kawwasses, who look like cavalry soldiers. If the Consul cares about keeping up the respect of his Country and Government, he can throw a great deal of tact into all these arrangements; and it is all so much incense offered up to his Chiefs. The larger the staff, the more important the English name. He should also keep a house full of well-drilled servants, a large stable and a fair *chef;* besides all these minor matters, he can command an enormous amount of respect by his own character and qualities. In Damascus, a Consul enjoys free life, Eastern life,

and political life; and my husband was, therefore, quite *dans son assiette.* His beat extends from Baghdad on the east to Náblus on the south, and as far north as the Aleppo district. Upon him devolves the responsibility of the post for Baghdad through the Desert, as well as the safety of commerce and protection of travellers, and the few English residents, missions, schools, and protected subjects. Consequently, he must have a good understanding with the Bedawin tribes of the desert; and our relations with the Druzes of the Hauran and the Lejá'a, which are in the wilds, have to be well cemented.

At the same time, the Consul who occupies this post at Damascus is put in a difficult position. I speak of places and positions, not of persons, and I will show the reason. Damascus is the heart and capital of Syria, the residence of the Wali and all the chief government authorities, the head-quarters of the army and police, the chief majlises, or tribunals, which represent our courts of law, chambers, and judges, and all business institutions and transactions, besides the religious head-quarters and focus of Mahometanism. Damascus, therefore, where all the real hard work has to be done, ought evidently to be the head-quarters of the Consulate-General; the reasons for the Consul-General being made to reside at Beyrout are long since obsolete. It is exactly as if the Russian Government were to send, let us say, General Ignatieff, to London, and subject him to some small man at Brighton, who should alone have the right to report to the Foreign-office at St. Petersburg. Now the Consul of Damascus is immediately subject to the Consul-General at Beyrout, whereas he ought to be responsible to the Ambassador at Constantinople. Damascus and Beyrout are two totally different worlds. Damascus requires prompt and decided action, and no loss of time; moreover, any order which might apply to Beyrout would be totally inapplicable at Damascus. Supposing—of course, it is only a supposition—that the immediate superior did not know Arabic, or any Eastern language, or had never visited Damascus, the order might, in nine cases out of ten, proceed from the advice of a Dragoman interested in the case. Therefore, it is a galling and chafing position for the man at Damascus, and one in which he could never be fairly appreciated at home. He must do all the

work, but he must never be heard of. His brains must swell and ornament Beyrout reports; and if his superior like him, he may refrain from injuring his career. But supposing he were under a superior who happened to be weak or unhealthy, or a little selfish, or ill-tempered, or otherwise ill-disposed, those reports might be tinged with a little bile, or a little wounded vanity, or a little jealousy, and the poor Damascus man would gain a bad name as a firebrand at the Foreign-office. No one would know how it happened except the Damascus man himself, but it would be so, and he could not clear himself, as in a court-martial, and so "put the saddle upon the right horse." The man at Damascus—no matter what his knowledge or superiority may be—is in a position, if desired, perpetually to "obey orders and do wrong," for the sake of keeping his place. All this would be obviated by the Consul-General being situated at the Capital, instead of the Consul. The Foreign-office have, I have been told, at last become aware of this defect, and directed that the Consulate-General shall be located at the capital (1874).

Whoever lives in Damascus must have good health and nerves, must be charmed with Oriental life, and must not care for society, comforts, or luxuries, but be totally occupied with some serious pursuit. Should he be a Consul—an old soldier is best—he must be accustomed to command with a strong hand. The natives must be impressed by him, and know that, if attacked, he can fight. He must be able to ride hard, and to rough it in mountain or desert, in order to attend to his own work instead of sending a Dragoman or a Kawwass, who probably would not really go, or, if he did, might be bribed. He must have the honour and dignity of England truly at heart, and he should be a gentleman to understand fully what this means; not a man risen from the ranks, and liable to be "bullied or bribed." He should speak Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, as well as English, French, and Italian, so as not to take the hearsay of his Dragomans. He must be able to converse freely with Arabs, Turks, Bedawin, Druzes, Kurds, Jews, Maronites, Afghans, and Persians, and understand their religions and prejudices. He must have his reliable men everywhere, and know everything that goes on throughout the length and breadth of the country. He

should have a thorough knowledge of Eastern character. He must keep a hospitable house. He should be cool, firm, and incorruptible. He must not be afraid to do his duty, however unpleasant and risky, and having done it, if his Chiefs do not back him up, *i.e.*, his Consul-General, his Ambassador, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Turkish local authorities know that he has done his duty at his own risk, and they admire and fear the individual, but spare no pains to get rid of him. Such a man is Captain Burton, and such a man is necessarily like a loadstone to the natives. Were he in no authority the country would flock to him and obey him of their own accord from his own personal influence amongst them. Respect and influence come to him unsought out of his own nature.

I have seen a Consul almost cry the moment he arrived here, and exclaim, "Is this Damascus? Great heavens! I must go back to-morrow! I shall break my heart in three days." The place does indeed require great animal spirits and plenty of work. It has all the sadness of Venice—as many ruins of departed glory, and no society for relief when the day is over.

Having explained the position of a Consul at Damascus, I will now tell you how our time was passed. His day was divided into reading, writing, studying, and attending to his official work. It was one kind of duty within the town and another without the town, which is more difficult and dangerous—to scour mountain and desert, to ride hard, and to know everything *personally* as it actually is going on in the country. For instance, if he heard of a case that concerned his consular duty, he went personally to ascertain his facts. All his talents are Eastern, and of a political and diplomatic kind—his knowledge of Eastern character perfect, and he speaks all the languages here known. He was often as much needed out of the town as in it; and, generally, when they thought he was far away he was amongst them, and they wondered at his knowledge.

You will say, "This was all very well for him, but how did you get on?" I did the best thing I think a woman can do. I interested myself in all his pursuits, and he allowed me to be his companion, his private secretary, and his aide-de-camp; thus I saw and learnt much. I can only say that twenty-four

hours was too short a day, and I wished they had been six hours longer.

The lamented Mr. Deutsch said to me before I left England, "*Poor* Mrs. Burton, how I pity you! There is no society or gaiety in Damascus—only thirty Europeans, and scarcely any English." I suppose it never occurs to anybody that a woman who enjoys society can do without it, but indeed we can. Our lives were so wild, romantic, and solemn, that I could not even bear to sing; to dance would have seemed a profanation.

We rose at dawn—my husband walked every day to the consulate at twelve, and remained there till four or five. We ate twice—at 11 a.m., and at dusk. At 11 a.m., anybody who liked of our friends or acquaintances dropped in and joined us, or sat and talked to us while we ate. Immediately after the latter meal, my husband read himself to sleep.

My work consisted of looking after my house, servants, stables, and animals; of doing a little gardening, of helping my husband, reading, writing, and studying; trying to pick up a little Arabic, receiving visits and returning them, seeing and learning Damascus thoroughly, looking after the poor and sick of my village and its environs. There is also galloping over the mountains and plains, and shooting,* either on foot or on horseback. The only time I ever felt lonely was in the long winter nights, for I do not like going to bed when the chickens roost, and companions were impossible; it was too dangerous after dark (in summer one can occasionally smoke a narghíleh with the women at the water's side in a neighbour's garden). So I used to occupy myself with literature, and at first with music, which I grew to dislike. I often sat and listened to the stillness, and counted the only sounds—the last call to prayer on the minaret top, which was adjoining my study window, the howling of the wild dogs, the cries of the jackals in the burial-ground on the mountain, the bubbling of the fountains, the hooting of the owls in the garden, the soughing of the wind in the mountain gorges, the groaning of a huge water-wheel in a neighbour's orchard. These sounds were occasionally broken by

* One may find red-legged partridges, woodcocks, quails, snipes, wild ducks, and hares, at an hour's distance round about Damascus, but the game is very wild.

a free fight in the road below, to steal a mare or to wreak an old vendetta. Twice I have been called down to the door to take in some poor wretch and bind up his sabre cuts. These hubbubs are varied in the day time by the whacks of sticks and the cries of pain from various wretched animals—dogs, or what not, and the wrangling of women in the hammám or in the gardens.

I have done with myself and my domestic concerns. I thought it would amuse you to hear how an Englishwoman would get to Damascus, instal herself, and live. I am now going to describe Syria generally and Damascus particularly, *en vie intime*. As a woman writing plain facts for women, I beg your indulgence for my thousand and one nothings, even if my sheafs and gleanings are a curious bundle.

CHAPTER V.

A GENERAL VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

"Though old as history itself, thou art fresh as the breath of spring, blooming as thine own rosebud, as fragrant as thine own orange flower, O Damascus, Pearl of the East!"

READER, I am going to ask you to suppose that you have come to Damascus to pay me a visit, and that I am now your hostess and cicerone. * * * *

I have already described the first panorama of Damascus as viewed from the descent of Jebel Kaysun. Damascus is the largest town in Syria, and lies upon a plain seventy-two miles inland, and 2500 feet above sea level. The city is shaped like a boy's kite, with a very long tail. The broad part is the old town, girt by the ancient walls. It contains only three big buildings, the Great Mosque, El Jámi'a el Amáwi; the Castle, which projects at her north-west corner; and the barracks and palace, or Serai. One other building is remarkable at a distance, because it is the only coloured one—this is the new Greek church, built of red brick. The tail of the kite is the Maydán, the poorest and most fanatical part of Damascus. It is full of most picturesque ruined mosques and hammáms; and it runs southwards for two miles, terminating in the Buwwabet Allah, the Gate of God, out of which winds the Haj, *en route* for Mecca. The Maydán is larger than the city itself, extending westward one mile and southward two; it is a broad street, with houses apparently in decay; but as your guide-book truly tells you, marble courts, inlaid chambers, and arabesque ceilings often lie behind the mud. The whole of the city, as you look down upon it, presents the

appearance of a compact mass of claret cases, out of which rise innumerable domes and minarets. When you enter the streets it presents quite another aspect. It is divided into three quarters—the Jewish in the southern part, the Moslems in the northern and western, and the Christians in the eastern. The Moslem quarter is clean; the Christian quarter is rather dirty; and the Jewish so offensive, that I have frequently had to gallop through the narrow, passage-like streets, over broken pavement, over heaps of dirt, holding my handkerchief to my mouth, and the Kawwasses running as if they were pursued by wild beasts. Everywhere throughout the city, but especially in this quarter, the streets, which are like a labyrinth, are choked with heaps of offal, and wild dogs, gorged with carrion, lying—some asleep, others dead and decomposed. The best streets are those occupied by the Serai, the other Government offices, and the British Consulate; the horse-market, where is also the hotel, and the line which leads off to the Maydán. The houses are so irregular as to beat description. They look inside into a half-court, half-garden, but outside all is barred and covered with lattice-work; on the same principle that the gates are closed at sunset, when the Jews are locked into their quarter, and the Christians into theirs. The bazars are a network —another labyrinth—and like all the streets and quarters they are connected by little dark, narrow passages, barely broad enough for two people to pass abreast. I can only compare them with a rabbit warren. Even now I could not find my way about alone, nor would I remain in a bazar alone at night, for fear of the dogs.

Some of the streets are dark, mysterious, and picturesque looking. Each has one or two fountains, some beautiful and some stagnant: with this generous supply of water there is no excuse for dirt. Another peculiarity is that every house has a mean entrance and approach. This is done purposely to deceive the Government, and not to betray what may be within, especially in time of looting and confiscation. You approach an entrance choked with rubbish, with the meanest doorway, and perhaps winding passage, or outer circle of courtyard, and you think with horror, "What people I must be going to visit!" You then enter a second court, and are charmed and dazzled. The house is

thoroughly clean and perfumed. You are suddenly conducted through a spacious court paved with marble, with marble fountains, gold fish, and with a wealth of orange, lemon, and jessamine trees. The Líwán and the Ká'ah, are all inlaid with gold and ebony, with sandal wood and with mother-of-pearl, in old Arabesque patterns, and stained glass windows.

All about the streets of the city you are charmed with picturesque khans, with beautiful mosques, with bits of old architecture and sculpturing peeping out of the bazars or the houses. Damascus in her best days must have been something glorious. She is now only a beautiful wreck of Oriental splendour.

The "Street called Straight," runs from west to east, where it ends in Bab Sharki. It is an English mile long, but it is so crooked and intersected with bazars, that I should defy anybody to guess that it was meant to be one continuous line, without a Kawwass to pilot them through. I must disagree, however, with Mark Twain, before whose "Pilgrim's Progress" I salaam with hilarious worship, that it is the *only* bit of irony in the Bible. I maintain, and I am afraid I shall give offence by so doing, that nobody understands the Bible except those who have lived in Syria, with the Scriptures in their hand to study on the spot. Nobody —putting the Divine nature aside—ever knew the Syrians so well as our Saviour: he was born, lived, and died amongst them, and nobody who has lived amongst them can be blind to the fact that there are several bits of irony in the Bible.

I cannot say enough on the subject of the bazars, and the picturesque figures to be met with in Damascus. The strings of laden camels, and the delûl, or dromedary, with gaudy trappings; the Circassians and Anatolians, the wild Bedawin Shaykhs, the fat, oily, cunning, money-making Jew, the warlike-looking Druze, the rough Kurd, the sleek, fawning, frightened Christian, the grave, sinister Moslem, the Persian, the waddling Turk, the quiet, deep-looking Afghan, the dark and trusty Algerine—every costume of Asia, every sect of religion, all talking different tongues, all bringing their wares to sell or coming to buy; every tongue, every race, jostling one another, and struggling through the strings of mules, camels, donkeys, and thoroughbred mares, with gaudy trappings, led by their Saises. The Kawwasses swaggering

before and behind their Consul, calling out "Zahrak" and "Darb," or "make way"—two or three good humoured Englishmen in shooting jackets trying to race their small donkeys through the mass, to the amusement and wonder of the grave, dignified Orientals.

Truly there is only one Damascus, and her bazars, I believe, are the most characteristic in the East. They consist of long ranges of open stalls with slight divisions, on each side of narrow, covered lanes, like long wooden tents with raftered ceilings. They are deliciously cool, especially when the mud flooring is well watered. The shopowner, I cannot call him a shopman, is a robed and turbaned figure with a long beard, who squats in a corner, and might be wax-work, except that he twirls his beads and reads his Korán. Though his goods are piled up behind and each side of and all around him, as if he meant business, he is quite indifferent to customers, at least *externally*. I would willingly stay in these romantic and mysterious looking places, and watch those quaint and picturesque scenes and forms all the day long, if I had nothing else to do. The Súks (bazars) are all divided into different trades and merchandize. There is the saddlers' bazar (Súk es Suruje), brilliant with holsters, bridles, saddle-cloths and trappings of every colour and blazing with gold; the shoemakers' (Súk es Sikefi), with those bright toe-pointed, lemon-coloured slippers; the seed bazar (Súk el Bizuriyyeh); the tailors' bazar (Súk el Khayyatin); the tobacco bazar (Súk el Tétun); and the silk and thread bazar. The gold and silver smiths' bazar (Súk el Syagheh) is the most curious place in the world, more like covered shambles than anything else; all are hammering upon their tiny anvils, working as hard as possible at what looks like barbarous rubbish after European jewellery—every now and then you may buy a good stone for little money. The marqueterie bazar is very pretty; there you buy clogs or pattens, tables and chests, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A bride is obliged to have her *trousseau* packed in one of these monster lockers, and a pair of clogs at least a foot high, all similarly inlaid, is part of the *trousseau*. She walks about the courtyard on these Oriental stilts very gracefully, and drops them before ascending the Ká'ah, when she appears in her yellow slippers. There are also the book bazar, the Greek bazar (Súk el

Arwám), full of divan stuffs and embroidered jackets; the sweet bazar (Súk el Halawiyyát), of which some few are very tasty and pleasant; the mercers', the spice bazar, the box or trunk bazar, and last, but not least, the old clo', which is exceedingly artistic. There is a great difference between the true Eastern bazars, and those where they sell Manchester prints and the refuse of Europe.

At first every one used to take me to these stalls to show off what they thought splendid goods, and were much astonished at my saying that I would not give sixpence for all they contained. They are the sort of things you would see on a penny stall in any English fair. All were equally surprised at the admiration I showed for their own beautiful things, to which they were used, and which consequently they undervalued. As I wish now to describe Damascus, I will keep a day's shopping for a separate chapter.

On the north-west side is a suburb with gardens, which is more or less the quarter of the Turkish officers and their families. On the north-east side is a Moslem cemetery; on the south-east, beyond the walls, lie the Protestant, the Jewish, and the native Christian or Catholic cemeteries; and beyond these are gardens and olive groves. On the south-west corner are another Moslem graveyard and another suburb. The old walls surrounding Damascus, sometimes double like the portals, are wonderfully interesting. They are built with those large stones which are the wonder of the present age. In some parts there are houses on the top, which makes one understand how Rahab dwelt on the town wall, and let down the spies by a cord through the window, and how St. Paul descended in a basket. Damascus has thirteen gates, all closed at sunset, and other inner doors, dividing the religious quarters; by these Christians, Moslems, and Jews are locked into their respective quarters. The city gates are the Báb Sharki (the eastern gate); the Báb es Saghir (little gate), to the south; the Báb el Jábyah, called so from a village; the Báb el Hadíd (iron gate); the Báb Faraj (gate of joy); the Báb Faradîs (gate of Paradise), so called from the gardens; the Báb es Saláam (gate of peace), to the north; the Báb Túma (Thomas's gate) is a north-eastern gate; and the Báb Kisán, so called after its founder. Near the latter St. Paul escaped; it was pierced in the old wall to the

south-east, and has now been closed some 700 years. Then come the Báb es Salahíyyeh, and the Buwwabát Allah, closing the Maydán, these two being outposts of the city; the Báb el Berîd and the Báb Jeirún belonging to the great mosque; they are called so after the two sons of Ad.

We will begin our walk at the Báb es Saghír, the little or southern gate, a Roman portal patched by the Saracens. There is a double gate, one belonging to each wall, for both ancient *enceintes* remain in this part. Outside lies a Moslem cemetery, a curious spot filled with little oblong, roof-shaped tombs, of brick and mud and whitewash; fanciful wooden green-painted cupolas, with gilded crescents at their tops. At every headstone is an inscription, and a niche for a pot of water and a green branch of myrtle; these are renewed every Friday, when the Moslems come to pray, to cry, to gossip, and to intone the Korán. They certainly do not forget their dead. These mourners are chiefly women, each looking like a walking white sugar-loaf, in their white linen Izárs, with their faces shrouded with the Mandíl or coloured kerchief. Here lie the warriors and statesmen of Moslem history. The chief are the great Moawiyeh, the founder of the Ommiad dynasty; three of Mohammed's wives, and the younger Fatima, his grandchild, daughter of Ali, by the elder Fatima; Ibn Asákir, the historian of Damascus, and Bilâl el Habashi, Mohammed's brazen-lunged crier. We must mount a heap of rubbish in the centre of this cemetery, to see a splendid view of the city, the Salahíyyeh, and the wild cleft of the Baradá, with Hermon in the distance. We will then keep along the wall to the south-east till we reach Báb Kisán, the walled-up gate near which St. Paul left the city. "And through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped" (2 Cor. xxi. 33). The window was shown till lately. I have heard scoffers say that he chose a spot two yards from the sentry, but I conclude, if his escape was protected by our Lord, that this might have been permitted, to make it more manifest. In front, amongst the walnut trees, is a little cupola'd tomb containing the remains of one Jiryus, a porter who befriended St. Paul, and was on that account killed; he is now honoured as a saint and martyr. There is a rickety minaret, and a white-domed tomb, which contains the remains of Sidi Bilâl.

I shall lead you outside the walls till we reach Báb Tuma, and then ride back to the Báb Sharki, as it is a most picturesque bit of Damascus. It is a Saracen gate, and has an inscription on the lintel concerning Sultan Kala'ún, dated A.H. 634. There is a queer old bridge near it, crossing the Barada. We will ride outside again to look at a white-domed building, where Shaykh Arslán is buried; here a Cufic inscription tells us that Khalêd, "the Sword of God," during the six years' conquest of Syria, had his head-quarters. We can now ride back to and through Báb Sharki, the eastern gate, around which is the Christian quarter and all the holy places. It is a portal with a central and two side arches. The central and the southern have been walled up 800 years: the northern arch is now the city gate, and the eastern entrance of Straight Street. There is, on the opposite side of the city, an ancient western gate exactly corresponding to it: we find this Báb el Jábyah near the Mosque es Sunanniyyeh. The central and northern arches have long been shut up, and the southern only is open: an inscription on the lintel shows it was repaired by Nur ed Din; between the two the old Roman street ran straight as a knitting-needle from east to west.

We must now ascend the minaret, for it owns one of the best views of Damascus. There is also much to see about Báb Sharki. For instance, close to it lies a small underground chapel, in a cave, which is said to be the house of Ananias, and where St. Paul was hid. When any English Catholics come, I send for a priest, and petition that we may have mass and communion, a petition which is always granted. The site of the ancient Church of the Cross is supposed to have covered this ground, but it is now no more. You descend by steps to the cavern, which requires to be lighted for that purpose. The house of Na'aman the leper, close outside this gate, is now covered by a leper hospital—not a pleasant place to visit, even for charitable purposes. The house of Judas, where Paul lodged, is in a lane off Straight Street. One sees but a scrap peeping out from among bazar stalls, and near it is an old tomb covered with rags, said to be that of Ananias. The holy places are thus but a stone's throw from the eastern gate. Two remarkable places seem to be but little known—old houses, which, like all other ancient places of Damascus, have a very underground

look, as if "Shám" had been built over and over again, in a fresh layer with every new master: the deeper you go, the more solid becomes the masonry. These are the houses of SS. John and Thomas of Damascus. The former was the mediæval Arab theologian and poet, the only great name produced by the "Pearl of the East." The latter, as Oakley and Gibbon tell us, was a Christian knight; he is always represented in black armour fighting against the Saracens, and after him Báb Tuma is called.

The only other holy place I have not spoken of is the site of St. Paul's conversion. It is connected with three or four different localities. The only one that realizes the scene to my mind is that panorama of Damascus descending Jebel Kaysún, because it is the only approach that takes one's breath away. Yet Mohammed's apochryphal visit is placed at Buwwabát Allah, and St. Paul's on the road from Jerusalem.

The whole of the Christian churches are, I have said, gathered about Báb Sharki, which is still the Christian quarter, as I suppose it has ever been, and will ever be.

There is the Armenian Church and convent (Catholic), very poor. The Greek Catholic Church of Bishop Macarius is rich enough; it has a beautiful marble altar, and a school of 150 children.

The Syrian Catholic Church and convent are poor, under Bishop Ya'akúb, and keep a school of 180 children. These two are on the right side of Straight Street. The Lazarist monastery, and the good Sisters of Charity attached to it, are both French Catholic, and instruct about 600 girls and 400 boys of all creeds and races. I went not long ago with the Wali to attend their annual examination. They acted plays, sang, and recited, in Arabic, Turkish, French, and other languages. They get the most Moslem pupils, because a convent is like a harím. There is no danger of their seeing the other sex, or of their learning boarding-school manners and miscellaneous information, so they have no prejudice against sending their children there. The Pasha was very liberal, and gave the nuns a present of £25. Their hospital likewise treats all nations, and more Moslems than any other creed; 65,000 cases passed through their hands in 1869.

The monastery of Terra Santa (Spanish Franciscans) is poor. The Maronite Catholic, although not wealthy, has a new school of 20 children, and is under Padre Músa, acting for the Patriarch, who lives in the Lebanon.

Still in the Christian quarter, but nearer the middle of it, is the Greek Orthodox Cathedral, a large, conspicuous red building, safe under the wing of Russian influence, and full of riches—marbles and paintings and silver plate; it is worth looking at, though modern. Attached to it is the Patriarchate, and school of 500 children. All this quarter was burnt and the Christians massacred in 1860, of which there are still black and charred reminders. There is nothing splendid to show you, but we will just peep into each of them, that you may feel satisfied you have left nothing undone. We will, then, take a cup of coffee with dear Mère Bigod, the Reverend Mother of the Sisters of Charity, also with my confessor, Fray Emmanuel Förner, superior of the Franciscan monks, a venerable man, who looks as if he had been carved out of an old oak-tree. We will also see the two bishops—Matrán Macarius, of the Greek Catholic Church, a holy, mild, benignant ecclesiastic, a true Eastern gentleman, with the sweetest manners and voice, and speaking the purest Arabic; thence we will visit Bishop Ya'akúb of the Syrian Catholic Church, and with two bishops' blessings we should go home content.

I have asked you to imagine that you are paying me, your cicerone, a visit at Damascus. I also write for those who really know nothing about the city, for those who will not read heavy literature. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the Crusaders, but when we remember that Damascus was founded by Uz, son of Aram, son of Shem, son of Noah, and that it was already existing, perhaps flourishing, in the time of Abraham, who lived round about the city, and that Abraham was born in the year 2008 A.M., it does seem to make the Crusaders rather modern. Her history should be divided into six periods, for six times she has changed masters, six times she has been sacked, looted, and burnt, and six times she has risen Phœnix-like out of her own ashes. She is the only real Eternal City. We know she was independent for 1450 years, but how much longer before that we cannot trace. Then the Babylonian and Persian monarchs held

her for 417 years, the Greeks for 248, the Romans for 699, the Saracens for 441 years, and the Turks, who possess her now, have ruled for 374 years.

Let me quote my American friend:—

"The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the mists of a hoary antiquity. Leave the matters written of in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the world but Damascus was in existence to receive the news of it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every century for nearly 400 years its name has been mentioned and its praises sung. To Damascus years are only moments, decades are only flitting trifles of time. She measures time not by days, months, and years, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper and crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundations of Ba'albec, and Thebes, and Ephesus laid."

[He might have added Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra and Jerusalem.]

"She saw these villages grow into mighty cities and amaze the world with their grandeur, and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given over to the owls and bats. She saw the Israelitish Empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built, she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundreds of years of Genoese and Venetian splendour and might were to grave old Damascus only a trifling scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that ever occurred upon earth, and still she lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and will see the tombs of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the Eternal City."

Mark Twain is the only tourist in Syria who has spoken the plain truth about the country, good when it deserves and bad when necessary. There is no glamour over those sharp Yankee eyes. Three books always rode in my saddle pocket wherever I went—the Bible for the ancient history, for the truth of our Saviour's life and doings, and the manners and customs of the people; Tancred for the sublime; and the "New Pilgrim's Progress" for the ridiculous.

Mr. Porter believes that the earliest wanderers after the dis-

persion of Babel would be brought to the banks of the Abana; that such a site once found would be occupied, and that once occupied it would never be deserted. He also says that "not only can no city lay claim to such high antiquity, but that few can vie with it in the importance of the events which have happened within its walls. Twice it has been the capital of great emperors. At one time its monarch ruled from the shores of the Atlantic to the Himalayas and the banks of the Indus. This was in the time of Moawiyah, the first Khalif of the Omiades, who adorned the city gorgeously; he also appropriated the great mosque, which the Khalif el Walíd refitted at a vast expense. Next come the Crusades under Baldwin and Conrad and Louis VII., and then Nur ed Din and Saláh ed Din (Saladin). Her riches must have been royally splendid until Tamerlane, whom the citizens still call El Wahsh, the wild beast, in 1401 ordered a hideous massacre, which was copied in 1860. Of that magnificence, you see, there are only a few decayed remains, which are more attractive than the new grandeur of any other city. But they make one sad—oh! so very sad. The writings of the fathers of the Eastern Church, antiquities, MSS., silk divans ornamented with gold and jewels, rich fabrics, libraries filled with rare literature, Arabesqued walls and ceilings, palaces with marble halls and inlaid fountains, all disappeared under the horse-hoofs of "El Wahsh." It is said that only one Christian family escaped, and their descendants have handed down for five centuries the story of this reign of terror. In 1500, Sultan Salím took the city, and the Turks have held it ever since. In 1830, Ibrahim Pasha entered the gates in triumph, and they were then for the first time opened to Europeans and Christians; before his day it was as inaccessible as Mecca. The first British Consul, Mr. Farren, rode through it in full uniform, protected by Egyptian soldiers and a band of Jannissaries, amid curses loud and deep, only suppressed through fear. He must have been a brave man. Its station among the capitals of the world has been so uniform, that the presence of the throne never seems to have advanced its internal welfare, nor did royal removals cause decay. It has existed and prospered alike under Persian despotism, Grecian anarchy, Roman patronage, and it exists and prospers still under Turkish oppression

and misrule. Though it has never rivalled Nineveh, Babylon, nor Thebes, it has not resembled them in the greatness of their fall. In short, Damascus is an excellent monument of the Italian proverb, "Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano."

Now we have arrived at the castle near Báb el Hadíd (Gate of Iron). The ramparts, towering above everything, are 280 yards long, and 200 broad, and the old broken down building occupies the whole of the north-west corner of the city. It is partly fronted by a moat, which can be filled from the river. The stones are very large, and probably purloined from the old walls; the walls are of great height, and the heavy, massive flanking towers are somewhat imposing—but it is nothing but a mere shell.

In the middle of the seed bazar, where we now stand, there is a magnificent Moorish gateway, the spacious interior lighted by nine lofty domes, and supported by massive piers. This is the Khan As'ad Pasha. At the end of this Súk is one of the most splendid houses in Damascus, with seven courts and saloons, gorgeously decorated; it still belongs to his descendants. You want to know what a Khan is. It is a large covered courtyard, with rooms, often double-storied, opening on to a balcony running all around, and looking into the hollow square. A poor Khan may be a mere shed, but this is the use of all, great and little: it is the native form of the hotel, where caravans and individuals put up, as in an inn. The baggage is stowed away, the animals are picketted in the court, the owners lie on their rugs, and if a higher class man comes, he may have a room. Some of the grand Khans, like this, for instance, when built in the cities, contain counting-houses, stores, and business-rooms. There were only Khans half a century ago, and Damascus is still full of them. You never see a native, unless he be thoroughly Europeanized, at Demetri's. They all go to their own Caravanserais. Close by this Khan is the school established by Nur ed Din, and his tomb is in the tailors' bazar hard by. Not far from the Mosque runs a narrow street, containing two very fine buildings opposite each other. On our left is the Mausoleum of Melek ed Záhir Bibars, built by his son, Melek es Saíd, in A.D. 1277. Opposite is a mosque, school, and his own mausoleum, all erected by himself. The little mosque is very beautiful, covered with mosaic, a gold

ground, and green palm-trees. Such was the whole of the Great Mosque before it was despoiled.

Come and see the interior of the Moslem school. Here are rows of boys sitting cross-legged, learning to write. Notice the long brass inkstands in every girdle, and the reed pens in their right hands; how they take the paper in the left hand, crumple it, and write as fast from right to left as we do in our way. The master is explaining to me their studies—Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic, and the Korán, but not our fourth R—Revolution. He is now expounding the Book, and they are learning to write sentences correctly, to understand their import, and to learn them by heart. This is considered an ample education, and it is not every one who can do so much. The tomb of Melek es Saíd's father adjoins the school, a very ancient and picturesque house, with a green, cemetery-like, melancholy court, containing a large fountain full of gold-fish. The tomb, in another adjoining court, is in a terrible state of decay. All these buildings belong to the mosque. When furnished with slippers we enter and see the prettiest Mosque in the city, the Jámi'a es Sunaníyyeh, so called after Senán Pasha. He built it in 1581, whilst he was Wali, and he has left his mark upon the city. Its minaret is covered with green glazed tiles, which flash gaily in the sun. The interior is full of antique columns of porphyry and marble, a really splendid sight, showing what the Turk could do three centuries ago. We now pass the somewhat dilapidated mausoleum of Abu Obeidah ibn Aljerah, who commanded the Moslems at the capture of the city. He died at fifty-eight years of age, in the pestilence following the Six Years' War, during which he was Commander-in-Chief. Hence the eighteenth year of the Hegira (A.D. 1640) is known in history as "the year of the mortality."

We now pass the armourers' and narghíleh stalls, and here we see Bedawin buying up old guns which, barring accidents, can do little harm either to neighbours or travellers. Then we come to a square block, the Serai, or palace, adjoining which are the prison, the offices of the Commander-in-Chief, the new large barracks built by Ibrahim Pasha, the courts of justice, the Diwan, or municipal chambers, the Government offices, and the British Consulate. All these will not much interest you or me.

That little street (it is only big enough to admit one horse at a time), opposite the British Consulate, will lead us to the horse-market, and it is very lively early on Friday morning. You will there see every kind of kaddísh (*i. e.*, underbred beasts), all sizes, shapes, colours, and prices; also mules, donkeys, and camels. As in the bazars, every costume appears, the wearers sitting on little stools, drinking coffee, buying and selling, haggling and discussing the merits of their property. I do not say that you cannot pick up for a trifle a useful beast that would carry baggage or serve as a mount for your cook, but certainly none show race or blood. I often come down to look on, put my horses up at the Khan opposite, and breakfast at the hotel, which you see is but a stone's throw distant.

The group of patient, small donkeys for hire lead a curious life. They live at Salahíyyeh; in the morning, at daylight, you hear a tremendous whooping and rushing, and shortly past your windows fly about fifty of these four-legged slaves quite merrily, with their heels in the air. They have been browsing all night on Allah knows what. This is their stand—they are hired during the day for a very small sum. They never look tired, the boys never own the truth, but they must often be worked off their legs. They are unshod, so as not to slip on the stones. At dusk they come back as they went, but not so jauntily. I always quarrel with the donkey lads. They point a stick and drive it in, so that every poor beast has two raws on each side of his crupper. As I always take the stick, break it, and throw it away, they all know me so well now that, as you may notice, all hide or drop their implements of torture when they see me coming.

We can now visit the Tekíyyeh and its beautiful Mosque, which I mentioned on my entrance to Damascus. We cross the Barada by a wooden bridge, and ride up the bank of the river. This is the little Merj, and the Abana (?) or Barada winds through it like a serpent. Can you see any reason why it should be celebrated—and will you not agree with me, that if it were not for the domes and needles of the Tekíyyeh, and the picturesque mosques and mausoleums peeping out of the green, that it would greatly resemble a marshy English common?

I will not take you now to the Maydán; we will go there in a

day or two. I am trying for to-day only, to show you Damascus on Murray's plan, and to make it as light as heavy work can be. But this will be your dullest ride; after which I mean to go upon my own plan, and I have saved all the best things for that purpose. You have already gone over some ground, though you think that I have shown you but little. But we must not tire ourselves, as we shall escort the "Haj" to-morrow. One advantage is, that, no matter where you are, you are seeing Oriental life in its purest and most unadulterated form.

NOTE.—The Bible references wanted in Damascus are:—Genesis xv. 2; 2 Kings or 2 Samuel viii. 5, 6, ix. 9, 10; 3 Kings or 1 Kings xiii. 18, xx. 34; 4 Kings or 2 Kings ix. 7—16; 1 Paralipomenon or Chronicles xvi. 2, 3, xviii. 5, 6; Ezekiel xxvii. 16; Isaiah vii. 8; Amos i. 5; 4 Kings or 2 Kings v.; 2 Cor. xxi. 32, 33; Acts ix. and xxii.

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HAJ, AND WHAT WE SAW.

Of the great religious fêtes, preparatory to, and the departure of, the Meccan caravan from Damascus through the desert to Mecca.

The pilgrims have been collecting here from all parts of the East this month past, and have swelled to several thousands. They will go to Mecca and Medinah, and return in about four months. This is the great religious event of the year. The pilgrims, Persian, Kurds, Turkmans, and other travellers from Central Asia, began to enter Damascus in early Ramazan. They lodge in the city, and are mostly traders. All sell their horses here, and purchase camels for the desert march; and therefore horses are cheap, and this is the time to buy useful beasts, as the market is overflowing with them. Their next move is to a village about two days' distance ride to the south, where a great bazar will be held. The caravan will then be joined by scattered pilgrims who have delayed at Damascus till the last moment, and thence they will march in a compact body, with escort and artillery, upon El Medinah, in seventy-four marches.

The ceremonies which I am about to describe are termed in Moslem theology Bida'a, or religious innovations, unknown to the Prophet's day, novelties to be tolerated, but, *per se*, unpraiseworthy. Huge tapers, for instance, are, strictly speaking, not admissible in the mosque, which during night prayers should never be lighted with fire. The only artificial illumination should be just enough to show the floor. The Markab, or procession of the Shumūa (waxen tapers) and the Zayt (oil) for the mosques of Mecca and El Medinah, took place the first day. The former articles were

carried, not from the mosque, as strangers suppose, but from the place of manufacture in the Zukak el Muballat, which during the last three years has been that of Darwaysh Agha Tarazi Bashi (the head tailor). Tenders are made for so many kantars (five hundred-weights) of pure wax, and the expense is defrayed by the Wakf el Haramayn (foundation money of the sacred places), instituted by the Sultan Salím, conqueror of Egypt, in A.D. 1517. The oil is made at the Ma'asarat el Suk, in the village of Kafr Susi, and it must be Zayt Baladi Mazit (pure country oil). The Ratl (four and a half pounds) this year cost thirteen and a half piastres (2s. 2½d.). The procession of the Yaum el Shama, or the Day of the Candles, began with a military band of regulars (Nizam), and the total instruments numbered about forty—we counted ten brass, nine flutes, two drums, cymbals, and others; then came a green flag, fringed with dark red, and inscribed with religious sentiments in the same colour. This is intended for the escort, which of late years consisted of regulars only, the Sepahîyeh and the Bashi Bazouks having become obsolete. Followed a troop of Muezzins, prayer callers of the great Amâwi Mosque, led by a Shaykh in a brown cloak with a black hood. These men, who are the most fanatical, smiled at my husband as he looked out of the Consulate windows, and some who were near enough to speak, said, "How is it you are not with us?" Both sides of the Tarîk el Serayeh, or paved street leading to the Wali's Serai (the Governor-General's palace), formerly called Konak, were guarded by Zabtîyeh, or policemen, with fixed bayonets, and dressed in brown cloaks and hoods. Each line was led by an officer with drawn sword. The Muezzins were followed by seven men bearing incense burners (Mabkhar); of these, one was silver and the others silver-gilt.

Then came the tapers. The nine first were carried like hammocks by two men: about a foot in diameter, they were covered with shawls and variegated chintz. The rest were two bouquets of tapers, and borne before the bosom like a baby, and eighteen smaller candles, for which one porter apiece sufficed. The wicks were about equal to a one-inch rope. Behind them marched another guard of Zabtîyehs, and lastly came a gathering of the people. The tapers were carried past the Serai of the Mushir to the Kilar Khaneh, or the commissariat department of

the Haj: then they are put into cases, and on the third day, Yaum el Mahmal, they will be sent on to Mazarib.

On the second day the sun shone bright, and the air was cold and clear. All was propitious for the Yaum el Sanjak, or the day of the procession of the Sanjak Sherîf, the Holy Standard. The Mahmal and the Sanjak, Holy Banner, were carried from their usual place, the Kilar Khaneh, or commissariat, to the mosque of the Sanjakdar, when the afternoon prayers were recited. After being displayed to the faithful in the audience hall of the military Serai, both were escorted back with the usual ceremonies. The Sanjak Sherîf is the flag used by the Caliph Omar, of conquering fame, and it is deposited in a huge gold *étui* (cordiform), which is borne upon the banner-pole. The relic is carefully preserved in the Kilar or the military Serai, and never appears save on this day. This is what they say at Damascus, but it appears to be confounded with the Sanjak Sherîf of Constantinople, which is described as Ayesha's tent-curtain, and also as the turban of the Sahib (disciple) Sahhm. This holy banner, after belonging to the Ommeiade and Abbaside dynasties of Damascus and Baghdad, was carried to Cairo by the Fatimites, and was brought back to Damascus by Salím I., and thence conveyed to Constantinople by the well-known Grand-Vizier Senān Pasha, who left in this city many traces of his munificence. It annually performed the pilgrimage, and now it is one of the relics deposited under the charge of the Kiz Aghasi, Head Eunuch in the upper Serai, Constantinople, in the chamber known as Khirkai Sherîf Odasi, of the holy mantle. No Christians, and few Moslems, are allowed to see it. The other banners, viz., the Sanjak Sherîf of Damascus and of Cairo, are mere emblems of military power—the cordiform gold *étui* contains papers on religious subjects. A gun sounded at 2·30 p.m., and the Sanjak issued from the fort upon Súk Surreyyah, or saddlers' bazar, with military band and escort. The windows were occupied by women of all ranks and ages, and the streets whence the procession could be viewed were covered with motley sight-seers. After the band came ten flags of various colours, one white, two green, and the rest red; all of them were worked with gold, four were small banners, with staves stuck in the musket barrels; the other six were of larger dimensions,

gradually increasing in size as they were nearer the holy banner, and were borne in banner-holders at the soldiers' right side. The incense burners and the muezzins preceded the Sanjak, which was in charge of three men, one holding the staff, and the other two the stays of gold and green stuff. The *étui* of the holy banner is sent from Constantinople when the old flag is worn out, also on special occasions, as when a Sultan succeeds to the throne. It was worked over with the usual citations from the Korán, and sundry talismans of gilt metal were attached to the lower apex. The flag itself was in a stiff covering, and all the material was kasab (brocade) of green and gold. It was duly lowered when being carried into the Masjid el Sanjakdar. When the holy banner accompanies the Sultan and the Grand-Vizier to the field it has an especial guard of the stoutest and bravest slaves of the palace, and these bear the title of "Sanjakdars." As the holy banner entered the passage a gun fired, and the Wali and Mushir recited the afternoon prayers (el Asr). At 3 p.m. another gun directed the procession to be resumed, and it passed up the Súk Surujiyeh in the order before mentioned, band, thurifer-bearers, Muezzins chanting hymns, and flags. Amongst them appeared a diminutive dervish in a ragged and patched red coat and a worked fool's-cap with fur fringe, and carrying a symbol of his craft, which resembled a double bladed battle-axe or a javelin, six feet long. The Sanjak was followed by a guard and a crowd of people, and for that night it was deposited in the Serai of the Mushir.

Accompanied by the Kawwasses, we attended the ceremony throughout, and the officer commanding the escort kindly placed us in a conspicuous position whence the procession could be viewed. The spectators did not show a trace of ill-feeling, but quite the reverse.

The third day was the grand day of the fêtes, and it opened with fine clear weather, ice appearing on the pavement. My husband and I and one friend drove in Abd el Kadir's carriage, then nearly the only one in the town, to the new Kishlet el Maydán (Maydán barracks), where we met the Wali, or Governor-General, and the Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief, of the Wilayet of Syria. These barracks are in the heart of the Maydán, or southern suburb of Damascus, which is peopled by the most fanatical of the

middle and the lower classes, and where religious and political outbreaks generally begin; but we were received with all possible civility—the soldiers presented arms to us; not a taunting word was said, nor did any one spit—a few years ago we should have been stoned. The people smiled and seemed to take it as a compliment—the presence of strangers, who were anxious to witness their festivities. The streets were crowded all day with pilgrims and sight-seers: their behaviour was perfect. This procession is for the departure of the "Mahmal" which represents the State Litter, in which Ayesha, the Prophet's wife, rode from Damascus, and the joining of the Haj, or pilgrimage caravan. All Damascus, men, women and children, were in best attire. The harims of the wealthy driving, others riding horses, asses, and camels, and crowds on foot, repaired at 8 a.m. towards the suburb El Maydán. The narrow bazars were in places blockaded, and the house-tops were variegated with many-coloured dresses—not a few were there. It was a true *carnivaletta delle donne*, and all seemed greatly to enjoy their holiday. Amongst the multitude the Persians and Turkmans were distinguished by their caps and huge cloaks of sheepskin; the dark Hindostan, the Afghans with large white turbans, and the Moghrabis and West Africans in the normal white burnous were plentiful. There were Samarkand and Bokhara Moslems, with flat faces, flat noses, pigs' eyes, vacant stare, hair pale brown, or yellow, like Russians; hardly any, or very scanty beards, huge ragged turbans, no colour, wound round shaggy fur caps.

Turkish soldiers in zouave uniforms, Persian pilgrims in felt and purple beards (dyed with henna). They used to wear lambskin I was told, but it was out of fashion. They were fine stalwart fellows, and wore close-fitting long-skirted coats, of a shawl pattern, or coloured broad-cloth—mostly green, and richly braided. There were pale-faced Jews, with the peculiar expression, lips, and features of their race.

Dervishes go to knots of women, sing or recite for their benefit blessings on the Prophet, or verses in praise of charity. Dishevelled hair and flowing matted beard fall over shoulders and chest. Felt cap, or Taj, on head; leopard or deer or gazelle skin hang about their shoulders; huge wooden beads hang down from

neck to girdle. He carries either a real calabash, or *coco de mer* Kaj Kul, or tin imitation of one. Women drop into it small coins or bits of bread. Dervishes wander about with tom-toms and fifes, to collect alms. There was one at the Serai, at the Mushir's feet. His face was very interesting. Damascus Moslems wear fur pelisses, and have a peculiar face, with a sinister expression, bleached skins, black hands, and look bilious.

The Druzes wear huge white peculiar turbans wound round the tarbush, which has no tassel (this is a sign of Government employment). Black or green cloaks—blue garments—here and there a fine mare. They despise all, but do not show it; are inwardly sneering, but outwardly exchange many a gossip.

I record these, my first impressions, as we passed through the Dervishíyeh quarter, the Sunaníyyeh bazar, and Báb Musalla, to Maydán.

There were guides and guards with matchlocks and swords. I saw swarthy skins, wild faces, fierce eyes; incongruous variety of costume—some flowing, some scanty, some new and bright, others old and grimy. Mules and camels were laden with merchandize for the annual fair at Mazarib. Children out for a holiday riding on the tops of bales. Some merchants on ambling ponies, asses, dromedaries, and on foot. Kalachjés, stout young Damascenes, wore a dress which was a cross between town and desert costume. They took short runs, jumps, and skips, playing antics; every two or three hundred yards they would stop, form a ring, and dance sword dances; others made sham fights, and would skip about, brandish and twirl long guns, point muskets to earth, and fire and load, as they do in Dahome, said Captain Burton.

Detachments of foot-soldiers piled their muskets on both sides of the Maydán street (almost a mile), and all presented arms to us as we passed. Our rendezvous was at the Maydán barracks, built like those of the Christian quarter, Kishlat Báb el Sharki, since the massacre of 1860, in order to control the disorders of the population. We were received by the officer in command; and were shown into an upper room, which had been prepared for us. Nothing could exceed the civility of those on duty. The procession began at 9.30 a.m. with the appearance of three Tabl (kettle drums) preceding twelve camels, that bore well-worn tents

of green and yellow cotton, boxes of carpets for the mosques of Mecca and Medinah, cash, and presents. These are the property of the Surrat Amini (Confidant of the Purse). Representing the Sultan, he is charged with remitting to the holy cities the legacies and annuities which belong to them (Murattibat). Each box is padlocked and tied up in calico, sealed with the Pasha's seal. Then came four kettle drums, preceding thirty horsemen, who were escort to the baggage of the Emir el Haj—the Pasha in charge of the caravan. The Wali is the Sultan Emir el Haj, but the actual work is done by deputy, and the Pasha in charge of the caravan this year is Mohammed Bozo Pasha, a Damascus Kurd, who succeeded Mohammed Pasha, also a Kurd of Damascus, and is in charge of the Government presents to the holy cities. Irregular troops have been supplanted by regulars. There are four battalions (Ballat), each of 112 men. There is no Bashat el Askar now, as there used to be, and the troops are under the command of a simple Bimbashi. These horsemen will pass the night at the Masjid el Kadám. The foot-print outside the Buwwabet Allah (the Gate of God), called in Turkish Misr Kapusi, the Egyptian gate of the southern suburb. The tradition of the foot-print is that Mohammed, the apostle of God, halted here, but refused to enter the city, saying, "Man could only enter one paradise, and he preferred to wait for the eternal one." However, as I have said more than once, there is only one situation which would provoke that speech according to my idea, and that is from Jebel Kaysún. Here, however, is shown the foot-print of his camel—which he must besides have sent in to the Great Mosque, as there is another foot-print shown there, if this legend be true. The horsemen were followed by camels carrying the baggage of the Emir el Haj. They were fancifully decorated, and had garters formed of mirrors set in tinsel. These were followed by the pilgrims' baggage and litters—Mukaffat or Maheri, in the Hejaz called Shugduf. The latter were two substantial cradles slung on each side of the camel, like donkeys' panniers, and covered with a small green and blue awning, like a tent, upon which floated a red pennon. Among the camels were horsemen and a few women. The latter, in izár and veil, looked like extinguishers, and rode spirited horses, of course, *en cavalier*

(astride like a man), and caracoled over a pavement as slippery as glass.

There was a pause which enabled me to take notes. Tents of three poles, eight or ten feet long, like piled muskets, supporting ragged canvas extempore tents, under which sat a vendor on a carpet, surrounded by wooden boxes, trays of sweetmeats, parched grain, dates, etc. Here baskets of pickled turnips and beetroot, khamio eaten as kitchen with dry bread; there sherbet and water men, with their peculiar cry, tinkling their brass cups, sellers of liquorice-water (it grows everywhere here in the plains). The skin is slung on the back; he carries it under the right arm, brass spout in right hand, and clattering his bright brass saucers, chaunts, "O Bountiful one! cool and refleshing, purify thy blood." Sellers of bread, cakes, fruit, and other eatables, hawk about goods in crowds. Each has a peculiar street cry, and all try to outvie each other as to who shall cry the loudest. Women of doubtful character, only seen on such days, veils drawn aside, go into shops and drink drams, and show painted cherry cheeks and eyes black-rimmed with kohl, looking like a washed sweep or a half-cleaned collier.

Presently a band struck up; it was composed of fifes, horns, cymbals, cornets, and pagoda-like instruments in brass, hung around with bells. It was wild and wailing music, more conducive to melancholy than to fighting. A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the cavalry escort, which preceded the carriage of their excellencies the Wali and the Mushir. The soldiers ran to unpile and present arms. The chief civil and military authorities came up to the room which they had prepared for us, and we were presented with coffee and cigarettes. The Wali was most kind, and explained everything to me. I learnt that the escort were Bedawin Anazeh, enrolled expressly for protecting the caravan; not regulars in point of discipline, and ignorant of regular drills, nor irregulars, because they wear a uniform, have their own horses, and are supplied by Government with short rifles, revolvers, and carbines. They ride in double file; the four foremost (Sultan's jesters) have tomtoms one each side of the saddle bow, and strike them with short pieces of thick, strong leather, and are heard from afar. They hold their

reins with their teeth whilst playing. The Bashi Bazouks are, however (of course), irregular. The great display of Staff Engineers, of Arab thoroughbreds, of casty dromedaries, and of wild Bedawin matchlockmen was interesting in the extreme.

Now the formal procession began. Then came two lines of Zabtîyeh, policemen, led by Mustafa Bey, Mir Alai, or Colonel, a very fanatical man. They were followed by the mounted band of the 1st Cavalry Regiment and some 200 troopers—these were dressed in scarlet tunics and dark knickerbockers, with white cap covers: a new uniform and very effective. All had spring carbines, and they were bound to Mazarib. Then came the artillery, two brass guns on green carriages, with gunners on foot. They are proceeding to Mecca, whilst a saluting battery awaits the procession outside the gate. The next conspicuous object was the empty Takhtarawān, or the litter of the Emir el Haj. It was a gilt thing, like the lord-mayor's coach, with carved strong poles, half looking-glass, so that one could see all around, curtains and carpets, and a lamp attached in front. It was borne by two mules fore and aft, and four extra mules were led in front of it to change, with red caparisons, pointed peaked saddles of red cloth, and embroidered with yellow braid. The necessary expenses of a comparatively rich man's pilgrimage in a Takhtarawān from Damascus may average, I am told, 50,000 piastres, 500 napoleons (£400).

The hire of a camel, 1800 piastres (a piastre is 2d.); Takhtarawān, 18,000 piastres; and for a simple litter, 6400. The caravan carries with it sums which can be ill spared from Syria. Formerly Constantinople bore the onus, but now it is shifted to Damascus. The Treasurer of the great Haj claims 35,000 napoleons (7000 purses of 500 piastres each). About two months after the main body, starts the Jardeh, or reinforcement, a camel Cáfilah numbering 700, including 200 soldiers, who follow with a supply of provisions, and who act as escort as far as Hediyyah, three days north of El Medinah. This Jardeh also absorbs about 1500 purses. The total, therefore, would be about 42,500 napoleons, which in Syria would be equal to a quarter of a million in England.

Now followed officers of local, civil, and military staffs, glitter-

ing uniforms, and brilliant decorations, sables, flowing robes, bright coloured cloths lined with fur; field officers in full dress uniform, with rich housings of gold, epaulettes, and military orders. They were mounted upon the finest mares in Damascus, probably from Nejd, only seen on such days, and one flea-bitten grey made me almost unhappy for the day with envy. A blood horse seldom costs here less than 200 or 300 napoleons, but a mare has no price—she is too precious. She might be £40,000 in shares, if one of the three real old races, and her pedigree beyond dispute. After the military came the Ulemá, riding, with broad gold bands and green scarves wrapped round their red fezzes, over coats of peach blossom, and several were decorated. The first was the Alim Mohammed Effendi Munayyer, and Mullah Effendi, Supreme Judge; he wore over a white turban a strip or band of plain gold lace. Secondly came the Naib (Assistant Kadi), Saíd Effendi Istawani, and lastly the Muffetish (Inspector) and Kadi of the city, Mohammed Izzat Effendi, wearing all his orders. The students came with the Ulemá, wearing turbans and bands of various widths and colours, showing their respective offices or college degrees. The Mufti (legal adviser and expounder of the law) was not present. All were preternaturally grave, and desperately official.

The Ulemá immediately preceded the Mahmal or royal litter, which was full dressed in green and gold, with silver finials at each corner and at the summit. Massive gold fringes hung down to the camel's knees, with inscriptions embroidered in gold thread. It is vulgarly supposed to represent the tent of Ayesha, and afterwards of Zubaydah Khatum, wife of the Caliph Haroun el Raschîd. The camel has been dressed at the military Serai, head stall and trappings to match the Mahmal. She is laden, and consigned to the Pasha of the Haj, who gives a written receipt for her, to be returned when he has led back the caravan. The camel goes to Mecca as often as she can, and is never put to servile work or drudgery. The Cairene Mahmal dates from the days of the Egyptian Sultan Salih Nejm ed Din, whose slave wife, Shajarat el Durr, made herself Queen of Egypt, and performed her pilgrimage in a litter of this kind. The custom was continued after her death by the Mameluke Sultan Zâhir in A.H. 670 (A.D. 1272). Out of the Mahmal gazed a man of the

people; he looked like a majnūn, or madman, and probably was one. They are much respected, as their souls are supposed to be already with God. The crowd kiss and cling to the Mahmal.

It was followed by the Sanjak, before alluded to, and in rear of this were two Shaykhs, Darwayshes, or Santons, riding camels. They were naked to the waist, and very dirty; their bare heads were nearly bald, and they swayed from side to side like men possessed. And they have to do this all throughout the journey. They are supposed to be in an ecstacy of devotion, and to be dead to this world.

These Santons were followed by the Emir el Haj, Mohammed Bozo Pasha (a son of Ahmed Agha, chief of the Bashi Bazouks), chosen this year for the tenth time. His *cortége* was brought up by two lines of irregulars. Then the troop of kettledrums preceded a troop of nearly 100 Agayl Arabs from the vicinity of Baghdad, Hamah, Sukneh, and other places. They ride Hijins, dromedaries of tolerable blood, many with metal pommels, worked saddle bags, and tassels, and the odour of the pitch with which they had been treated was very strong. Nothing could be more picturesque than these men in the ragged dress of the desert. They guided their beasts with a little crook of almond wood called mashab; some had Arab swords, and others long-barrelled guns, in fringed and tasselled bags of leather, termed in El Hejaz Gushat. They are brave, but they tell me they avail nothing against regular infantry. Behind this last item of the *cortége* came camels bearing hide-bound sahhárahs, or seamens' chests, which contain the pilgrims' luggage and merchandize.

Crowds were pressing to and from the city gates. The whole passed with silent tread on the hard paved macadam road. It seemed liked a vision of the past floating before or defiling past us.

The Wali and the Mushir then descended to receive the Amir el Haj outside the gates, who, with the Mahmal and Sanjak, was proceeding to the Masjid el Kadam, and we followed in Abd el Kadir's carriage. We drove through the Maydán suburb about a mile. It has a good pavement, and gutters on the sides, not in the centre. It was made by the present Wali. It is comparatively straight, and is from forty to one hundred feet wide. There is a

raised causeway in the centre. All are in best clothes and gaudiest colours. Here great men ride in gilt saddles upon mares or white asses; some stand and lounge, smoke, and drink coffee. The women occupy cleared-out shops filled with raised benches, children on shelves, also the walls and roofs, to see over the heads of the crowd. The windows are all full. Every inch is occupied with women, perched up in white or blue izár, carrying children.

We passed through the southern gate leading to Mecca, about which is the tradition of Mohammed. Going along, on each side we see shops and stalls, bales of goods, French liqueurs, Manchester cottons, Swiss handkerchiefs, Baghdad abbas, Persian carpets, tombak for smoking in narghílehs. At the gate itself is the custom-house, officers, and guards.

The mosque, where is the sacred camel, at the end of the Maydán, contains the tomb of Shaykh Saad el Din, Jebbawi, of Jebbah village, founder of Saadiyeh Dervishes. The camel is led up to the window, and the Shaykh in charge of the mosque has the special privilege of giving it balls of kneaded dough, almonds, and sugar. Sometimes it eats all, and sometimes drops all, but the crowd eagerly scramble for the sacred crumbs. There is another Saad in the gardens near the Maydán, and also a Shaykh Saad, a black slave, in a plain of the same name, one hour from N'áwá, in the Hauran. After about a mile and a half we found a tent pitched upon a musalla, or praying platform, at a spot called the Bab el Kaabah, gate of the Kaabah. To the east is the now ruinous dome and mosque El Isáli. On the west is the little village Karriyet el Kadam, containing the Masjid el Kadam, mosque of the footprint. Here, on the sill of the southern windows, a polished mark like a man's sole seven and a half inches long, and apparently lacking toes, raised on the white limestone by courtesy called marble, is shown as the footprint of the Prophet when he made the Miraj, or nocturnal journey to heaven. The footprint of the accompanying archangel used also to be shown in the adjoining window-sill, till it was removed to Constantinople by the mother of the late Sultan. Some Moslems say that this night journey was made from Jerusalem, but this is supposed to be the spot where the Prophet turned away from

Damascus and made the famous speech about "Man being able only to enter one paradise." I maintain again that nobody entering by that way could suppose that Damascus was a paradise, nor indeed by any other, save the one by which I have advised all travellers to enter, riding from El Hamah across Jebel Kaysún. About the mosque Isáli we noticed quite a gipsy village and encampment. Men with long pipes, jardeh, and tambourines made an exhibition of a small but learned donkey, like our educated dogs and monkeys. His master asked him what he would do if he got no more food, and he fell down and pretended to die, and was dragged about by his tail, ears, and legs; in fact, pretended to be stone dead, &c.

At the tent we were very kindly received by the Wali, His Excellency Mohammed Izzat Pasha, the Mushir, or Field-Marshal commanding the 5th Corps d'Armée, and by Ibrahim Pasha, the Mutaserrif, or Governor of Damascus. We were now placed upon the divan by the side of the former, and witnessed the close of the ceremony.

The *mise-en-scène* was perfect. Snow covered the Hermon ridge and capped the higher peaks of Anti-Lebanon, sharply cutting the blue air and contrasting with the brilliant sun of the Ager-Damascenus—the groves of patriarchal olives wore the perennial green, and the clear, bright atmosphere lent beauty to the ruined domes and minarets that distinguish the gate of the holy city. The road to the north was lined with Nizam (regular cavalry), that kept off the crowd to preserve the passage clear for the *cortége*. A troop of Melawiyeh Dervishes of the twirling order, in sugar-loaf caps of drab felt, attended with their Shaykh to do honour to the occasion. As soon as the Mahmal appeared, it was stripped of its gold-embroidered canopy, and it displayed only a frame-work of wood, painted green, with glass about the lower part, the whole shaped like a modern Mahari, or litter. The dress-toilette was packed in boxes, and its place was supplied by a cotton cloth of bluish green with plain silver knobs. The Ulemá, preceded by incense bearers, then came before the Mushir and recited a prayer for the Sultan and Moslems generally. A *levée* of officers proceeding to Mazarib, headed by Ahmed Bozo, Pasha commanding the caravan, was then held.

The Nizam, amounting to one short buluk (battalion), 350 sniders, and a squadron of 69 sabres, presently set out for the south, and the rest of the troops galloped past in a somewhat loose close order. The people began to disperse. The Sanjak was carried back into Damascus, and the Mahmal, after an hour's delay, started at the sound of a gun for the first station, the Khan Denur. The Meccan pilgrims usually loiter in the city as long as possible; many, however, march by instalments. First official troops and a few pilgrims, then those who flock to the ten days' fair at Mazarib, and lastly all remaining pilgrims and guards.

Our horses were then brought near the tent for us to mount, and my husband in semi-uniform proceeded to join the Haj. We were both pleasantly affected by the courtesy of the pilgrims, and the cordiality of the chief officers, especially of the Kilar Amini, or "Lord of the Pilgrimage," entitled in the Hejaz (the Moslem Holy Land) the Amir El Haj, Ahmed Bozo Pasha, the Kurd who has been chosen ten times for this delicate duty. The Surreh Amini, or treasurer, Mustafa Effendi, a man of high consideration in Brussa, invited us to become his guests, and the officer commanding the escort, Omar Beg, supplied us with a small party of troopers. This courtesy of demeanour has ever distinguished Damascenes despite their fanaticism, and they do what Christians would do well to imitate—they receive us with open arms, trusting that our hearts may be touched and turned by the spectacle towards the "saving faith" El Islám. I must say that the Haj is by far the most interesting ceremony or spectacle I have ever witnessed, and by far the grandest in a wild picturesque point of view. It is a gorgeous pageant. The subject is most interesting, for those time-honoured observances are threatened with extinction from the effect of steam communication, and especially of the Lesseps Canal. It is a sight interesting to students of ancient usages. It embraces people of all classes, nations, and tongues, and their characteristics are prominently developed on such occasions; and, moreover, these ceremonies are the remnants of local colouring that linger still in the ancient city of the Caliphs.

The marches to Mazarib are three, viz.—Damascus to Khan

Denur, 2½ hours by horse, and 5 by camel; to El Kutaybah, 5 by horse, and 12 by camel; to Mazarib, 5 by horse, and 12 by camel. Thus by camel it is 29 hours from Damascus, and by horse, say 13.

The Derb Sultani, or southern highway, which at other times of the year is utterly deserted, owing to want of water and Arab raids, now appears gay with litters, horsemen, camel riders, and a host of travellers proceeding on religious business or pleasure. This year, also, the attacks of the half-starved Bedawin, from the Jebel el Duruz, who lately swept away 23,000 head of sheep and goats from near Jayrud, distant one long day's ride from Damascus, had caused parties of Sayyareh (Bashi Bazouks) to be stationed all along the line. At Mazarib, sixty miles from Damascus, we found a most picturesque spot, perhaps the only one in the Auranites, or Hauran plain, a quadrangular and bastioned castle, built by Sultan Salim, A.D. 1518, the Ottoman conqueror of Syria; a perennial lakelet of almost tepid water, which surrounds a squalid settlement of Fellah Arabs, and a barrack which, though completed only three years ago, at an expense of 469,000 piastres, by Zia Pasha, is already going to ruin.

Since the removal in A.H. 1282 (A.D. 1866), of the Markaz, or seat of the Hauran Government, from Mazarib to Bosra (ancient Bostra), the occupation of these buildings, except at the Haj seasons, is well nigh gone. At periods, however, the two local majlises, or assemblies, make rendezvous at Mazarib, and the Shaykhs of the Bedawin, together with the village chiefs, troop in from all directions. Amongst the former the chief is Shaykh Mohammed Dukhi (although a Bedawi, a black Tallyrand, and delightful to know), of the Wuld Ali tribe, a large and powerful clan of the great Anazeh family. He receives the annual sum of 200,000 piastres, nominally to supply 650 camels and men for carrying barley, but really for permit to pass, a blackmail which the citizens facetiously call the Gumrah, or octroi—Sultan's black mail, politely called voluntary contributions. This year he (M.D.) had been arrested for refusing to keep his contract, but we saw him released on the same day. The second was Fâris el Mezziad, an honest man of the Hussayneh or Adwân tribe, who for 180,000 piastres brings 150 baggage camels. He also was

seized for complicity in the Jayrud raid, and he is still in confinement at the time I write. The less important are Shaykh Adeh Sulaymān of the Sulut, Kaaybir ibn Munâkid of the Sirhân, Sulaymān ibn Mulhem of the Saidiyyeh, and Shaykhs Ali el Hunaz and Findi el Fâiz, of the Beni Sakka. These "princes of the desert" are a rugged looking lot. When I was a child and used to read about all the kings and princes in the Bible, I used to suppose, like all children, that they sat upon golden thrones, with gold and ermine robes, and crowns of gold and diamonds upon their heads; and I thought what grand old days they must have been, and how could it be that kings and princes were so few and far between now a-days, and grown so plain in their attire. But I think I know now that the kings of the east were just like these wild men who surround us now, with their gaudy and barbarous garments, and eat with their fingers, and sit upon the ground, and whose grandest thrones are their well-bred mares. The Sayyareh or irregulars, a total of 240 men, with their Yuzbashis (captains), are immediately under the order of the Kilar Amini, or Pasha-commanding, and do not appear till the next station. The same may be said of the Agayl Bedawin, 200 men under Shaykh Mohammed Ayyásh and his three brothers, who, in addition to rations, receive 86 piastres per head for the journey between Baghdad and Damascus, and 150 piastres between Damascus and Mecca. They form the rear-guard of the caravan, and they are supposed to pick up stragglers, the sick and the sleeping, and to restore dropped or forgotten goods. The former they may do; the valuables, however, are said rarely, if ever, to return to their owners' hands.

The camp was badly pitched east of the castle, upon a ploughed field, which the two days' rain had converted into a mass of slush. The best site is the stony ground between the new barracks and the lake. Ancient Mazarib was built by the Greeks, as finely cut basaltic stones lying *in sitû* still show, upon the southern exposure of the little valley that drains to the lakelet. The Ottomans, however, for convenience of watering, and in order to command that necessary, placed their castle almost upon the muddy borders, and it is rendered uninhabitable by malaria. No Turk can keep in good health at Mazarib. To

the north were the white bell tents of the Nizam or regulars, under their Mir Alai; Brigadier-General Omar Beg, a Hungarian officer who has seen much service in Turkey, and who has adopted the faith and mode of living of El Islám. Eastward rose the large green tents of the Persian pilgrims, who are generally known by their mighty Kalpaks, or fur caps, which they wear in the hottest weather. They were escorted by Ahmed Bey, then Consul-General for Persia. South of these stood the fine pavilions of the Pasha-commanding, and the Treasurer; whilst farther to the south the Char'su, or bazar, formed a long, wide street, extending from east to west, with stalls in the centre for eatables. Here were exposed for sale large heterogeneous supplies, embracing even composition candles, gold watches, cooking pots, ardent spirits, and barter with the Bedawín. This formed the "fair of Mazarib." This bazar is struck the day after the caravan marches southwards, and escorted by the regulars, who no longer accompany the Haj, it returns to Damascus through the usual stations. It was guarded by the Nizams, who have during these few days uncommonly severe work, 80 out of 419 being always upon sentinel and patrol duty. At Mazarib we called upon all the authorities, including Mohammed Bey el Yusuf, the Governor of the Hauran, who was lodged in the castle with rheumatic fever, brought on by his exertions. Our reception was more than cordial. The Mahmal was before the Pasha's tent, also a light wooden cross to hang lamps upon, and cressets were also hung before it.

The first gun sounded at 10.30 a.m., when the tents were struck, and the greater part of the caravan began its march. The second fired at noon, and saw all *en route* for Ramthal, the fourth station on the Mecca road, and distant twenty-four marches from El Medinah. Thence the country is of limestone and chalky formation, a great relief to the eye after the gloomy basaltic plains, ruins, and villages of the ancient Bashan. This day there was no attempt at regular formation. The mob of footmen and horsemen, armed and unarmed; of pilgrims, soldiers, and merchants, and dervishes, jostling each other; and the riders of asses, dromedaries, and mules and camels laden with huge Sahharehs, like seamen's chests, with treasure and ammunition, with grain and straw;

litters of various shapes; the Tahktarawān flashing in the sun, with gilding, and brass work, and mirrors and scarlet housings; and the Máharehs, some shaped like a small tent, others like two sedan chairs, each with its own barrel roof; whilst the jingling of brass bells in tiers of three and four clashed aloud above the hum of the mixed multitude—the blessings exchanged betweeen the religious, and the fiery invectives of the Bedawin drivers—all combined to produce a scene unique in this world.

The marshalling of the caravan is made at the halt as well as on the march, and no one is allowed to change the place at first assigned to him, but they will be joined by stragglers from all parts of the Hauran and elsewhere.

This was the order of the present year, and I suppose the usual one:—

RAS EL HAJ,

(Head of the Caravan.)

1. Chief Délil, or guide—Hadji Mohammed.
2. Jubbeh Khanah, or artillery, two brass guns, and one chamber for salutes, with a dozen trunks containing cartridges.
3. The tents of the officials, pilgrims, soldiers, merchants, and camp-followers.
4. The Bazar.
5. The Sunni Pilgrims.
6. The litter of the Pasha-commanding, who during the day rides his Rahwán, or ambling nag, with the Agayl Bedawin in the rear.
7. A troop of irregular cavalry.
8. The Mahmal.
9. The litter of the Treasurer, who has the twenty-four boxes of specie.
10. A second troop of cavalry.
11. The Shieh and Persian pilgrims.
12. The Dindar, or Agayl, dromedary riders, bringing up the rear.

The caravan is also flanked on both sides by a line of irregular horsemen in Indian file, and when camped these men do sentinel's work in small outlying tents. About fifty of these are called Kalachjés, or castlemen, because they form, as it were, a wall around the camp.

At Mazarib there were two days of rain and discomfort. When they reach Ma'an, the eleventh station, they will hope for wet weather. Even at Ramthal, distant fifteen hours' ride to the

south, there were mosquitoes and yellow locusts. It is a peculiar year, Friday and the Arafat day coincide, and there is a superstition that when this happens there will be misfortune, and that they will suffer from plagues or famine, enemies, hunger or thirst; and this year it will be thirst, and hygienic precautions ought to be taken.

At dawn on the 20th of January we bade a formal adieu to the chief authorities in the caravan, in the usual phrases used on such occasions, and no little merriment was caused by the white-bearded guide mistaking my husband for the Pasha-commanding. And when the mistake was explained they only laughed and said, "Why don't you come along again with us to Mecca, as you did before." He was looked upon by all as a friend to the Moslem, and consequently to the Sultan, and no opposition would have been made to him had he also made another pilgrimage to the jealously-guarded Haramayn, or the Holy Cities of the Moslems.

NOTE.—I sent this account to the Editor of the *Times* in January, 1870, but it was stopped on the road, and never reached Printing-House Square.

CHAPTER VII.

A DAY'S SHOPPING IN THE BAZARS.

AFTER a long residence in Damascus, I always say to my friends, "If you have two or three days to spare, follow the guide books; but if you are pressed for time come with me, and you shall see what you will best like to remember, and you shall buy the things that are the most curious. We will make our purchases first, visiting on the way everything of interest. We will ride our white donkeys with their gaudy trappings, firstly, because the horses slip over the stones, and secondly, because, just as you are examining an abba or an izár, my horses will probably lash their heels into the middle of the stall, and playfully send everything flying; perhaps they may pick up a child in their mouths, and give it a shake for pure fun, or, as we move along in the crowd, devour an old man's tray of cabbages from the top of his head. It is a state of funny familiarity into which all my animals grow in a very short time—amusing, but sometimes tiresome. Whilst our donkeys are preparing, let us go and sit for a little while in a myrtle wood in Abu Dib's garden, next to my house, and which is just as open to me as if it were my own. It gives a delightful shade, and will be a refuge from the heat and sun until we are obliged to face them. The cool stream is very pleasant as it gurgles by.

Do you hear that strange noise like a rustling in the air, and the shouts of the people? and do you see how darkness comes on? Do not be frightened, it is a flight of locusts coming. In ten minutes they will be here. Down they fall like a hail storm. It is very unpleasant to be covered with them; they will not bite us,

but they will strip every garden in an hour. If you do not fear a few nestling in your hair and hat, and running about your throat, you may watch that tree covered with blossom; it is already alive with locusts, and you will see them strip branch after branch, as if somebody were using a knife. Poor people! no wonder they shout. These dreadful insects will destroy all their crops, produce a kind of famine by raising the price of provisions, and often in the hot season announce cholera.

Before we enter the bazars, look at that Afghan sitting under yonder tree. If you like to invest in a little brass or silver seal, he will, for a few piastres, engrave your name upon it in Arabic. We will then enter the sadlery bazar, where you can buy magnificent trappings for a pony or donkey for the children at home. This is a pretty Súk. There are saddle-cloths of every colour in cloth, embossed with gold, holsters, bridles of scarlet silk, with a silken cord—a single rein, which makes you look as if you were managing a fiery horse by a thread, and the bridle is effectively covered with dangling silver and ivory ornaments. There are mule and donkey trappings of every colour in the rainbow, mounted with little shells. As we leave this bazar I must call your attention to a venerable plane tree; its girth is forty feet.

We should do wisely to go into the shoemakers' bazar. You see how gaudy the stalls look. I want you to buy a pair of lemon-coloured slippers, pointed at the toe, and as soft as a kid glove. The stiff red slippers and shoes are not so nice, and the red boots with tops and tassals and hangings, are part of the Bedawi dress, and that of the Shaykhs generally. Why must you buy a pair of slippers? Because you must never forget at Damascus that you are only a "dog of a Christian," that your unclean boots must not tread upon sacred ground, and that if you wish to see anything you must be prepared at any moment to take off the impure Giaour things, put on these slippers, and enter reverently; all around you will do the same for that matter. Here we cover our heads and bare our feet to show respect; you Franks cover your feet and uncover your heads. Do not forget always to have your slippers in your pocket, as naturally as your handkerchief and your purse, until you return to the other side of Lebanon, or you will often be hindered by the want of them.

We will now inspect the marqueterie bazar, where we shall find several pretty things inlaid with choice woods, mother-of-pearl, or steel; the former are the best, if finely worked. These are the large chests which form part of the bride's *trousseau.* Those ready made are generally coarse, but you can order a beautifully fine and very large one for about five napoleons. There are tables, and the clogs used by the harím in marble courts. You will likewise find toilette hand-glasses, but they are far better at Jerusalem or Bethlehem. Now we will go to the smithy-like gold and silver bazar, where they sit round in little pens, hammering at their anvils. Each seems to have a strong-box for his treasures. All this is the greatest possible rubbish for a European to wear, but you will pick up many barbarous and antique ornaments, real gold and real stones, though unattractive. You may buy all sorts of spangling things as ornaments for your horse; you will find very beautiful Zarfs, or filigree coffee-cup-holders; you may order, on seeing the pattern, some very pretty raki cups of silver, inlaid with gold, very minute, with a gold or silver fish trembling on a spring, as if swimming in the liqueur.

Whilst we are here, I will take you up a ladder on to the roof, not to lose time. The men will give me the key of the door for a little bakshísh. By this way we shall reach the southern side of the great mosque, and after scrambling over several roofs, and venturing a few awkward jumps, we shall arrive at the top of a richly ornamented triple gateway; it is outside the mosque, and hardly peers above the mud and *débris* and bazar roofs, which cover up what is not already buried. Over the central arch is a cross, and Greek inscription: "Thy kingdom, O Christ! is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." It is a serious reflection that this bit of truth should have remained upon a mosque, perhaps for 1762 years. It doubtless belonged to the stupendous Temple of the Sun, befitting the capital. After the birth of our Saviour it became a Christian Cathedral, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whose head is said to lie under a little railed off cupola'd tomb, and is still venerated by the Moslems. The Christian Cathedral was divided at the conquest between Christians and Moslems, but it has long since become wholly and exclusively Moslem. Yet this

inscription testifying to the truth has lived down every change of masters.

We will now pass down a narrow lane joining two bazars. A wretched wooden stall with shelves, filled with dirty bottles, and odds and ends of old china, here attracts your eye, and squatting on the counter a shrivelled little old man sits under his turban, with his palsied chin shaking like the aspen leaves. You see how smilingly he salutes me: out of those unwashed bottles he is looking for his finest atr (ottar) and his best sandalwood-oil. Being fond of ladies' society, he will saturate our handkerchiefs and clothes with his perfumes, and we shall be traceable for a week to come—it is not easy to divest yourself of ottar when it has once touched clothes. He has long ago given me all his confidence. He is not so poor as he looks. He has sold ottar and sandalwood-oil all his life, some 95 years; he has 15 wives and 102 children, and he would still like, he says, to marry again. I reprove him for having married eleven more than allowed by the Korán.

Now we will repair to another bazar, and likewise to a khan. You must see both before choosing an abba—a large, loose, square robe worn by Shaykhs, of the richest silk, powdered with gold. The ground may be black, scarlet, sky-blue, rose-coloured, or what you please. It will make a fine smoking dress for your husband, or a *sortie de bal* for yourself. The other articles are Damascus silks, and carpets—a kufíyeh, which is a large coloured and tasselled handkerchief of pure silk, or more generally of mixed silk and cotton, also gold-powdered. The Bedawin wears it on his head, falling about the shoulders, and fastened by a fillet (aghal) of camel's hair. How anybody can travel in any other head-dress I don't know. It keeps the sun off the head and the nape of the neck, which are the dangerous places—it takes the place of umbrella, hat, pagri, veil, and spectacles; in one word, you have not to make a "guy" of yourself, not encumber yourself with what you would like to throw away on a restive horse. It keeps out wind, cold, and rain. I used to wonder how I should be able to bear Europe without one. The best are those from Mecca or Baghdad, sold at Damascus, and the usual aghal is chocolate dyed, with gold knobs and tassels.

You can also buy an izár, to walk about the bazars *incognita*,

like a native. It covers all, except your face, from head to foot, like a shroud. It is pure silk, and you can choose your own colours; they are mostly brilliant, but I care only for black. Some are worked beautifully in gold. If you wish to pass for a Christian, you may expose your face, or wear an apology for a covering; but as Moslemahs we must buy mandíls, white handkerchiefs, or coloured, with flowers and figures so thickly laid on that no one can recognize our features. If you have one of the black and gold or coloured izárs, you will be a great personage. If you want to pass unobtrusively, you must wear a plain white linen sheet, with a thick mandíl, and in that costume you might walk all day with your own father and not be known except by the voice.

We will now have our donkeys saddled with ordinary native saddles and trappings, and ride. You need not be ashamed of appearing *en cavalier*, for the Syrian women know no other way of riding. There are only three of us here who really do ride, and we attract immense attention by our funny seats. The people gape, and wonder how we manage "to hang on that peg," and they are satisfied, until our horses have done something unusual, that we shall fall off. Think that nobody knows you are a European in this dress. I remind you of this, because I remember how ashamed and miserable I felt the first time I dressed and rode like a native, forgetting that I looked like the myriads of white, ghost-like looking women who passed us.

I will also recommend you to invest in an embroidered jacket (damr), of gold-embroidered cloth, with long flying open sleeves, to be worn over a white muslin bodice; it will be very effective in red, blue, or black. You must not forget to buy a few pure silk towels; they are very pleasant—likewise an embroidered towel or two, worked with gold. The latter is slung over the shoulder of the servant who hands you the sherbet, and you wipe your mouth with it.

In a broad street outside the saddlers' bazar are all the brass carvers. You will see in most shops, plates, pans, chargers, and basins covered with Arabesque ornaments, and carved with ancient inscriptions. Some are 700 or 800 years old, and bear the names of kings or famous personages. Figures, such as the lion and the sun, or the spies of the Promised Land bearing on a pole bunches

of grapes—the grapes of Eshcol—bigger than themselves, are the commonest kind. We will try to pick up a handsomely carved brass basin and ewer of antique shape, which are here used for washing the fingers before and after meals. Incense-burners, carved trays for cigarette ashes, large carved coffee-trays, both of Arab and Persian work, the former with far broader and grander lines, the latter incomparably more delicate, seduce almost every traveller. I never see them out of Damascus, and some are real antiques. Is it not strange that we English are the only people who have no original idea of form. If I were to visit the commonest potteries above our house—mere holes in the mountain side—every lad would say, "May I make you a vase, lady?" He will then twirl a bit of soft, muddy clay upon a common wheel with his finger and thumb, and from his own device in five minutes he turns me out something exquisitely graceful.

You want a divan. Now, as I know that the European houses will not admit of seats all round the room, I will recommend you to have two in each chamber. Order your carpenter to make two common deal settles, ten feet long, four broad, and one high. On them put comfortable mattresses, and six long narrow cushions or pillows upon each. At the Greek bazar (Súk el Arwám) we can buy divan covers, which you will take to England. The Damascenes of the higher classes use gay silks, stiff with cotton backs, for this purpose. I greatly prefer the peasants' woollen stuff with a black or dark-blue ground, and a thunder-and-lightning pattern, or the ordinary blue and white prayer-carpet. Here you can also purchase gaudy Persian rugs. No traveller should miss the Súk el Arwám: it is full o fcuriosities. You ask what is that Moslem eating for supper? That is Leben, and the other dish is a peculiar salad—two of the most delicious things that he knows. Leben is soured goats' milk, an admirable drink when you halt after a long, scorching ride, dying of thirst, and almost afraid of water. You will call to the first goat-herd, "Have you Leben?" and he will hand you an earthenware basin, something like the saucer of a large flower-pot. I have drunk three bowls, almost without drawing breath, when entering the tent. This is how it is made: take the milk and boil it, let it become lukewarm, and then add a handful of sour yeast, or leaven. A little of the boiling

milk must be mixed till it becomes a thin gruel, then strain it into the rest, and throw away the dregs. Cover up your bowl with flannel or blanket, in a warm place, and leave it to stand all night; next morning it will be cold, thick, and sour. To continue it, you must take a cup full of it, boil some milk, and when luke-warm mix the old Leben with a little milk, pour it in and stir it, and leave it to stand as usual; do this every day. In England I should use rennet instead of leaven. You may not succeed in getting Leben the first four or five times, but when you do you can always make the new with a cup-full of the sour. The other dish, the salad, is made by chopping garlic, thyme, mint, water-cress, sage, or any other sweet herbs, putting in a piece of salt about the size of a nut, mixing it all, and then burying the whole in leben, sprinkling the top with chopped herbs; then dip your bread in it, and eat.

What is that brown powder?

No; it is not snuff. That is henna; it is mixed with lime-juice, spices, burnt nuts, and other things, and it stains the hands, feet, and finger nails. Brides, and especially Moslem brides, are ornamented with moons, and all sorts of devices in henna. They will dye a pet lamb. My servants stain, for ornament, my white donkey and my white Persian cat, but it is mostly used for the human hair. Mix about two teaspoonfuls with half a small tea-cup-full of water, boil it till it bubbles, and take it off once or twice as soon as ebullition begins; strain it through a coarse muslin, and drop it into the water with which you wash your hair; or you may comb it through your hair: it cleans and strengthens it, and makes it glossy and bright. There is black henna from Baghdad, and red from Mecca. The former is the powdered leaf of indigo.

That dish of what you think are lumps of mud or clay is incense. You see it is arranged in heaps and in various sections. There are many different qualities. That black-looking stuff is very dear—a sovereign would not buy you much. It has a delicious aroma, and realizes the idea of "all the perfumes of Araby the blest." That small, gummy looking quality is cheap enough—you can buy a great deal for a few piastres. The best comes from Somali-land, and all the country round about

Guardafui; it is imported by the Arabs to Jeddah, thence to Mecca, and the Haj, or Meccan pilgrimage caravan, brings it here.

This reminds me that I have not yet taken you to the pipe and narghíleh bazar. The incense is somewhat connected with them. The usual use, however, is to take your brass incense-burner, put into it a little live braise, and drop a lump or two of this incense upon it. When you receive a visitor in Oriental fashion, a servant precedes her into the house, so that coming out of the fresh air she may find nothing but what is agreeable. But by no means the worst use is to take a small speck of the very best incense, and place it on your narghíleh, or chibouque; it would not answer with a cigar, this sprinkling meat with sugar or eau de cologne. All my European visitors wonder why my narghílehs are so much better than others, and I feel sure that the reason is a little trick of this kind. I am very fond of Oriental luxury. Most people leave it behind, but as far as narghílehs, coffee, incense, and divan goes, I shall always take mine with me.

Now we come to the pipe and narghíleh bazar. Firstly, we will look for some amber mouthpieces. We shall see thousands of fantastic shapes and different sorts, and if we do not suit ourselves in the bazar, we shall at Shaykh Bandar's. This worthy will try to sell his worst at his best price, but let me choose for you. We will make one up. Firstly, I will take the stick of the mouthpiece, and will choose three or four fantastic-shaped lumps and knobs of the purest lemon-coloured gum, without streaks or flaws. I will then separate the first and second pieces by a gaudily enamelled Persian ring—if you were a Rothschild I should prefer a hoop of diamonds. The third and fourth pieces we will divide by a cylinder of black amber, two inches long, with inlaid gold figures. When we have fastened these all upon this little stick, you will have a mouthpiece twelve inches long, and fit for Harún el Rashid, had he smoked. The next thing is to look for a good straight pipe-stick, about two yards long. Jessamine and myrtle are the best, cherry is the common use, and the green stick of the rose is not in the market. A good Moslem will not smoke the latter, because it is one of the trees of Paradise. Moreover, it is troublesome, and you must have fresh ones—the old are fit only for burning. You can have an assortment of earthenware bowls,

adorned with gilt figures. I will also have some fancy things made for you in the potteries above our house. My husband's held nearly an ounce of tobacco, to the wonder and astonishment of the natives, who suggested small flower-pots.

Now we reach the narghíleh stalls. Firstly we choose a shíshah, a prettily carved and fanciful looking water-bottle, of graceful shape, and a saucer or tray of the same material for it to stand on. In another stall we find the Ras, or head: you may be as fanciful or as simple as you please in your narghílehs. You may have one for fifteen francs, or one for £50 sterling. The Ras—supposing it to be of brass and pink china—looks almost like a little Chinese pagoda, or a series of cups and balls, terminating in a metal cup, to hold the tombak; it is hung also with bells and dangling things, in fact, with any *fantasia* you may choose. In another part of the bazar you choose the narbísh, or tube made of kid-skin, and twined around with gilt wire. One end of this snake fastens into the side of the Ras, and the other is a wooden mouthpiece, through which you draw as if you were discussing a sherry cobbler. I always use wooden mouthpieces, as they retain a single drop of ottar, or any other perfume, and they are always clean; many, however, prefer metal. If you are going to travel, I recommend to you the short, common, strong, plain red narbísh. For the house and for guests, you must have the gaudiest, several yards in length: the longer the narbísh the higher your rank, and the greater compliment you pay your guest. I always order mine to be of dark chocolate colour and gold, and measuring from four to six yards. It is not safe to have less than twelve narghílehs in your house. Preserve one for your own smoking, and a silver mouthpiece in your pocket for visiting. Keep a dozen for guests, and a servant on purpose to look after them, and to clean them every day. Constantly change your narbíshes, and also have two or three in the kitchen for your servants, and your servants' friends, to save your own.

I must explain to you how to use these things, or you will buy them to no purpose. Firstly, you wash out your glass with a brush like that used to clean lamp chimneys, and fill your bottle three-quarters full of either plain water, or you may drop some perfume (rose-water, for instance) into the water. For *fantasia*

a red berry or two, or a flower, may be placed to dance and bubble on the surface. Then you take a handful of tombak (not tobacco), break it into small pieces, and wash it, squeezing it in a bag to lessen its strength. Some require it to be wetted seven times; if this be not properly done, the nicotine will affect the strongest head. Then ball it in the hand and put it in the Ras; inhale for a moment through the hole into which you are going to put the narbísh; if the water rise up too high pour a little out, if it only bubbles all is right, and you may put on the Ras. Then take a K'rás, or lump of prepared charcoal, with a hole in the middle; it is shaped like a little pincushion, almost the size of a halfpenny, and sold in strings about the market. Make it red-hot, and with the pincers set it on the top of the tombak, screw on your narbísh, and draw. You may also put flowers in the saucer, or stick them in the little dangling chains. It is very amusing to see people smoking a narghíleh for the first time. Firstly, they blow down instead of up, and puff the K'rás and the tombak over the carpet, and there is a scrambling of servants to pick it up. They are afraid to inhale too hard, for fear tobacco water should rise to their mouths, and they look very red and foolish because they can't make the water bubble. Then they use so much exertion that the smoke goes the "wrong way," they swell their cheeks, and they get purple and exhausted, till you are obliged to stop them, for fear of apoplexy. All the early struggles would cease if young smokers would only remember the sherry cobbler and the straw, and work away calmly without fear. Some gain a violent headache or dizziness by their exertions, and never touch a narghíleh again.

There is also a narghíleh pipe much used among the peasants —a cocoa-nut, which is often encased or ornamented with brass or silver, for a bowl, and two tubes protruding from it, forming a triangular-shaped pipe. It is picturesque and pleasant to smoke, but you must be sitting low and balance it on your knee. The best of these pipes are the kalyúns sold in the Persian bazar. Tombak is a peculiar growth of tobacco that comes in large dried leaves, and is bought by the bag, as big as a coal sack. It reaches us with the Haj, and we can get excellent qualities at Damascus at 25 piastres (50 pence) the oke (2½lbs.).

To make your chibouque pleasant, invest in some Jebayl

tobacco. It is Syrian, and the best and most delicate. Always blow through your pipe stick, in case anything might have got into it; the servant fills your bowl and puts, with the pincers, a bit of braise in the middle. A little carved Persian brass tray on the ground holds the bowl, and catches the fire if it falls.

I must tell you—and try not to conceive an insular prejudice against me for saying so—that you had better learn to smoke if you can. You will find yourself rather an alien in the harims without it, and be a wet blanket to other women. They will always be flattered at your visit, and like to receive you as a visitor, but *en intime* never. They will respect your prejudice if you tell them that it is not the custom of your country, but they cannot feel that you wish to be as one of them, unless you adopt theirs. They would suffer greatly if they had to pass a whole day without tombak or tobacco. Besides, to confess the truth, do you not think there is something vulgar in attaching any idea of respectability to not smoking? Of course, if the fumes really hurt you it is quite another thing, but as to holding smoking "fast," when it depends solely on country and climate, it is no more so than siesta or snowshoes. I am glad to see that some of the *haute volée* of England are throwing off that insular prejudice, and I hope soon that it need not be done *en cachette*. I cannot conceive why this idea should exist only in England, where I am told that the middle classes imagine that if a woman smokes she must have all the other vices. This is certainly not so. In Russia, Spain, South America, Austria, nay, in almost every country, the best of society smoke. In many lands where I have lived and travelled, all our festivities have ended in a supper and cigarettes. In Brazil we used to have them handed round between the courses. I confess I do not think that a big cigar looks pretty in a woman's mouth, nor would a short meerschaum, but what can be more graceful than a cigarette. Still more so the narghíleh, or even the chibouque, which is, however, quite a man's pipe.

At the same time I sympathize with those who have small rooms, stuffy with curtains and carpets, where the smell of stale smoke would be intolerable. I speak to those who can have a proper smoking divan in the house.

Women who dislike, or affect to dislike, smoke, because they think it is the correct thing, can have no idea how they drive their husbands away from home. If a man may not smoke in his own house he will smoke in some other house, in preference to a lonely puff in the street: and that is worth a thought.

Allow me to end this long tirade about smoking with the charming old French sonnet:—

"Doux charme de ma solitude,
Fumante pipe, ardente fourneau,
Qui purge d'humeur mon cerveau,
Et mon esprit d'inquiétude.

"Tabac dont mon âme est ravie,
Lorsque je te vois perdre en l'air,
Aussi promptement qu'un éclair,
Je vois l'image de ma vie.

"Je remets dans mon souvenir,
Ce qu'un jour je dois devenir,
N'étant qu'une cendre animée.

"Et tout d'un coup je m'aperçois,
Que courant après ta fumée,
Je me perds aussi bien que toi."

I think you would regret missing the roof of the book bazar, which leads to the west gate of the Mosque. On its left is a curious flight of steps through private houses. Arriving at the head of these stairs you can see four massive columns in a line, and at each end a square pier of masonry with a semi-column on the inner side. The shafts alone are visible from the bazar, as the capitals rise over the domed roof. The people will not mind our scrambling over their roofs, as we are "harim," and then we can examine both capitals and superstructure. These pillars formerly formed part of the magnificent pagan temple, which must have extended some 600 yards square, for there are columns here and there *in situ*, all in four straight lines. They are unnoticed, because the bazars, houses, and mud walls cling to them like wasps' nests. They support a rich and beautiful arch, of which only a fragment remains above the roofs; but if you examine this

remnant you will say that it is one of the finest of ancient art in Syria. This noble gateway must have been at least 80 feet long and 70 feet high.

Now we will come down, and in the first friend's house I pass we will borrow izárs and veils, so as not to be known, and get a Moslem woman to accompany us, and to speak for us. I want to show you something to amuse you, and if they know what we are we shall see nothing. We will go to an old Shaykh who sells charms, spells, and potions. You see his reception place is full of women with their faces well veiled. I will not speak to any one but our Moslem friend, and that in a whisper. Not long ago a native said to me, "Would you like A to hate B?" speaking of a bad man who had a very evil influence over a good, honest man. Without thinking, I replied, "Yes; it would be the best thing that ever happened." He only answered me by a gesture of the hand, which literally means, "leave it to me." The next day he secured a bit of the bad man's hair, and sewed it into the coat of the good man. Strange enough, as chance fell out, that day an event happened which opened the eyes of the latter to his friend's character, and they parted company; of course nothing would persuade the native that it was not the effect of his charm. The ingredients they use are wonderful. The hair of a pig, the tooth of a monkey, the poison of a snake, and goodness only knows what else. That young-looking woman, and I know her by her voice, is asking for a drug to make her husband love her. That other, with the dark mandíl, wants something to make her spouse hate all his other wives. That client, who is aged enough to be our grandmother, pays the Shaykh to write her a paper that she may become the happy mother of a son. You cannot imagine the intrigues which are hatched here, and the extraordinary charms and spells that are manufactured and given, the honest faith which the people have in them, and how readily they pay. I must pretend to want a charm, or else we have no business here, and may be suspected of being spies. I will therefore ask for a paper, through the interpreter, to make my husband put away his fourth wife, of whom I will feign to be jealous. My case is to be dealt with by an old crone who is partially mad. She makes me put money in a basin of water, and

predicts. She can only hear when spoken to in a whisper. This corresponds with fortune telling at home.

Let us retire now—a little of this goes a very long way, and I never come except to amuse English friends—to the sweetmeat bazar. Some of the "goodies" are not bad, and here we can hand over the izárs and veils to our Moslem friend. We will finish our afternoon at Shaykh Bandar's, the venerable, white-bearded Abú Antíká (father of antiquities), as he is nicknamed. We must ride, for it is far away from the bazars.

That hole in the wall is his door, opening upon a poor court-yard. He is a venerable, white-bearded, turbaned Turk, with an eye full of cunning, the manners of a gentleman: at least so you think. Wait a little, until I excite him by bargaining over his prices; you shall see him tear off his turban, rend his beard, and fling a few solid brass and head-breaking pots across the room. The blood will rush to his face, as if he were going to have a fit; he will disappear, and after a short absence he will come back and beg pardon most humbly. He is the only Oriental I ever saw so moved about money. It makes me suspect Jewish blood somewhere, or else it is a splendid piece of acting to frighten women—he never does it when the Kawwasses are there. I always tell him he will play this trick once too often, and some day he will end in an apoplectic accident—an unpleasant bourne to all his pecuniary prospects. He smiles grimly when told where his faith consigns the usurer and the miser; it is a long way off; but when I add that another will have all his goods and money, the smile vanishes with an expression of ghastly dismay. One day, the first time, I was frightened and sorry, and followed him to see if anything did happen to him, and found behind all this apparent poverty that the old Harpagon had a magnificent court-yard, marble fountains and gold fish, orange and lemon trees, a very fair harím, and a house full of riches; splendid old china, too, of which I bought a quantity for my friends. We will go in there as soon as we have finished our greetings.

"Good evening, O Shaykh! Peace be with thee."

"Good evening, O lady! and blessed with good luck. May Allah be praised for the sunshine of thy honourable visit!"

He unlocks a mysterious door, and introduces us into a small

temple of treasures. Yes! you may well ask where you are to sit down. There are specimens of every curiosity and antiquity on the face of the Syrian earth, in incongruous piles and heaps on the floor, the divan, and the tables, hung to the ceiling and to the walls, and crowding all the shelves. The next difficulty after sitting is to find anything you want, or to distinguish one article from another. He will clear a space on the divan, where we may sit and rest. We shall have a cup of coffee in five minutes, and meanwhile we will chat with the old man and look about us. Presently he will offer us some sweetmeat, which he fancies, poor soul! is slightly intoxicating. It is not so in the least, but it is delicious, and he always imagines that people buy more after eating it. So I favour the delusion, and in order to extract it I bid low till he produces it, and rise a few piastres with every mouthful.

As you justly observe, divans and narghílehs require Turkish coffee, and whilst the old man is looking for his sweetmeat I will explain to you how coffee is made. The little gold or silver thing (Zarf) which you hold in one hand guards a china egg-cup (Finján), and the latter contains the coffee. You can buy both here, but antiques chiefly. I have a very handsome silver-gilt set, studded with turquoise—coffee-pot, sugar-basin, and rose-water stoup to match—from this collection. The coffee is delicious, thick, and oily, with a sort of bubbly cream (kaymak) at the top. Pick your beans, carefully clean, roast on an iron plate until *brown*—not black, as in England—grind them, have a small pot of boiling water, put in two tablespoonfuls of coffee, stir it, and hold it on the fire a second or two till it is ready to bubble over. Take it off, and repeat this, say, three times. Set your cups in a row—first put in your sugar, if you mean to have sweet coffee—fill up, disperse the bubbly cream equally into all the cups with a small teaspoon, and serve it hot. Your cup must not be bigger than a doll's, because you are obliged to take it perhaps fifteen times a day—you must drink coffee with every visitor—and it is as strong and refreshing as champagne. Many eat the dregs with a spoon! When I first came I brought English coffee-cups with me, which greatly amazed the servants. I had also a stable-mill to grind Indian corn, as that was what our horses lived upon in Brazil.

The groom came to me one day, and asked if that was an English coffee mill.

"No," I said; "why do you ask?"

"Because I thought, O lady! that if those were the cups, this must be the coffee-grinder to fit them."

As coffee was made an unkind use of in our nursery, I grew up to the age of twenty-two without tasting it, and did not even know what it was like, unadulterated. I was once twenty-four hours on a journey without even a crumb of bread or a drop of water, and at the end of that time a kind soul brought me a cup, with a little cognac in it. I thought it was the most delicious thing I had ever tasted: it broke the ice, and I have liked it ever since. I could not, however, drink English coffee which is bought ready ground, and mixed with all sorts of things, and kept perhaps a week in a paper; two teaspoonfuls to a pint of water finally boiled, instead of a table-spoonful to six doll's cups!

I see the sweetmeat coming, and I am going to bid low. When I have collected upon the floor a heap of things you want to buy, I will say, "How much for that heap, O Shaykh?" He will ask a fabulous price, and swear that under Allah's protection he is losing an enormous sum to gain my friendship, and the patronage of my friends. That suit of armour he recently refused to my cousin Lord B—— for £100 sterling; he repented when it was too late, and has never had a higher bid than £30. Don't fancy that those are Damascus blades, or that that one belonged to Harún el Rashid; there is not a Damascus blade left in the city, at least for sale. They come from Sheffield, Doncaster, Berlin, and Munich, and are set up in antique handles and sheaths.

You see there is every kind of *bric-à-brac*. Persian enamel, coffee-cups, jewellery, bits of jade, eastern inkstands, incense burners, rose-water stoups, brass trays, china, and what not. Those little bottles of silver, with crescents and chains, contain the kohl for the toilette. It is finely powdered antimony, and is put into these little bottles. They take a long pin, bodkin, or stick of silver or ivory, wet it if much is to be put on, dip into this powder, close the eyelids upon it, and draw it through from end to end. For an instant the eye is filled with the powder, smarts

and waters. They then wipe away the superfluous black under the lids. Men use it as well as women; the latter prefer a mixture of the mineral with lamp-black, oil, and spices, and men prefer simple powder, without any addition. It is a pity European oculists do not order it to their patients. The object is to strengthen and cool the organ, and to keep off ophthalmia. With the eye well kohl'd, you can bear the reflection of heat from the desert, and look at objects without being affected by that wavy, quivering glare so painful to the sight. Thus I would undertake to stare without blinking at an English sun, and perhaps for this reason I never had ophthalmia, and scarcely ever wore spectacles in our long desert rides. In Europe it seems out of place, and would be considered as painting; here, also, the chief drawback is writing and studying so many hours under gas, in which case it is not so beneficial. The haríms apply it for ornament, but it is openly and coarsely put on. If they would learn to use it as English and French actresses apply their paint, it would be very effective; but they smear it like an unwashed sweep, and only partly wipe away the surplus.

Now I see you have chosen your things, a Persian brass tray, an incense burner, a rose-water stoup, an inkstand for the belt, some ash-trays, a little amber and gold cigarette mouthpiece, a brass saucer for chibouque bowl, a gold inlaid dagger, a silver-backed hand mirror for toilette, a brass carved drinking cup, coffee-cups and holders, coffee-pot, brass jug and basin for washing the hands, and a silver-mounted narghíleh.

"Now, O Shaykh! what do you want for all this?"

"O lady! Allah knows that if his servant gives them to thee for 1,000 francs it will be like a gift, and may they bring thee a blessing!"

"Thou art mad, O Shaykh! I will give thee one hundred francs." (I know they are worth between three and four hundred.)

The blood is rising in his face, but he struggles to keep it down, and to cool his temper walks away for a little, as if it were not worth his while to do any business with *me*. Whilst he again fetches the sweetmeat, I will tell you a story about him. The Comte de B—, an Italian, who was travelling for pleasure and adventure, paid

a visit to Abú Antíká, and on seeing the treasures he went quite beside himself. He suddenly looked up from choosing items, and asked how much he would take for the whole room full, offering at the same time 15,000 francs. The Shaykh was struck almost dumb with joy; but seeing the Italian so excited, he was "too clever by half" as they say, and thought that he could get more; so showing no emotion, he replied—

"Not so, khawaja (mister); but I will take 20,000."

So they parted. The Italian come to the hotel, and raved up and down the room, saying to a friend, "Do you think the Shaykh will relent and take my offer?" and he was very nearly running back to offer the 20,000. "Yes," said his friend, who had lived at Damascus for some time; "he will come, but not till he has removed all the most valuable things into the harím, which you will never miss nor remember." The Italian was cured, and thanked his friend. Abú Antíká went to his harím, and raved as the Count had done, occasionally lifting up his turban to cool his head, and exclaiming—

"15,000 francs! why I could start doubly and trebly again with that. What a fool I have been! I wonder if I am too late, if that mad Frank will be gone. If Allah only protects me through this act of avarice, I will be an honester man for the future." Accordingly, Abú Antíká appeared and said, "O Dowlatak (your Highness), I have been considering the matter, and in my anxiety that your Highness should go away satisfied from Esh Shám, and pleased with your humble servant, I have resolved to forego the 5,000 francs, and to content myself with the poor little sum of 15,000 francs, though the goods are worth double the money, and I must begin life all over again." The Count replied—

"I am very sorry, O Shaykh! that thou hast had this trouble. The sight of the things drove me mad, but the fever that I had to possess them when I offered thee the 15,000 francs has passed away, and I now see how rash I was to do so. I would rather have my money, were they worth double the sum." Abú Antíká has been mentally tearing—not his hair, because he is shaved, but his beard, ever since that affair, still it has not cured him.

Now you see he has returned quite coolly, and offers us more sweetmeat as a peace offering. We will now go up 50 francs at every mouthful, because it is near sunset; we have three quarters of an hour's ride to Salahíyyeh, and the gates will be shut. If you give me *carte blanche,* I will stop at 500 francs. I have made a mental calculation whilst I have been talking. They will be well paid for at 460 francs, and 500 will give him something over. He will have every reason to be satisfied, and so will you, for they are really worth the money, and in Europe they would fetch a much higher price—at the same time, none but English would give him that sum here, and their travelling dragoman would cheat him of half of it. So now I have told him, and also that we wish him a cordial good day, and blessings upon his house. We will mount our donkeys, leaving a Kawwass to pick up the goods and load a boy with them; the Shaykh attends us to his gate, swearing that we have ruined his prospects for ever.

You ask me if it is always necessary to go out with so much state, with one or more Kawwasses, and I must answer this—it is necessary, unless you go out in native dress, veiled. I mean, of course, at this side of the Lebanon. I thought the honours of my position, never being allowed out without an escort, a very great bore at first. It used to distress me to be made so much fuss with, and to have the road cleared for me as if I were a sacred object. I used to beg of the Kawwasses not to show their zeal by doing more than was needful for the customs of the country and the honour of the Consulate; but after I saw one group get a pail of dirty water thrown over them with insolent gestures, after hearing of a minister's wife being kissed in the bazar, and a clergyman's wife being struck by a soldier because her dress touched him *en passant,* rendering him unclean, I learnt that my meekness was quite misplaced, and that it takes some time to know how to behave in a manner which will gain respect in the East, which is the very opposite of that in the West. What would be considered conciliating, high-minded, delicate, and well-bred in certain cases, would here be only mistaken for cowardice, meanness, and half-wittedness. The person who is most loved and respected *per se* in the East, man or woman, is who is most brave, most just, most strict with them, most generous with

money, and whom they cannot deceive with little intrigues. To punish an Eastern you have but two holds over him: to hurt his person or his pocket; but he much prefers the former. Hence it is that frequently an official sent out from England, without any previous knowledge of the East, a gentlemanly, quiet man, who would have been a great success in Paris or Berlin, is despised beyond measure in the East.

I dare say you feel quite tired. We will go home, and you shall go to your room and wash your hands for dinner at once; I will go round to the stables and see that the animals are all right, and be with you in ten minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.

SALAHIYYEH—BREAKFAST ON JEBEL KAYSUN, AND FAMILIAR CONVERSATION ABOUT SYRIA.

I AM glad we have such splendid weather, for I have planned out a charming day. We will now have some tea and bread and butter, and a little fruit; but we will breakfast out. Do you see the sand-coloured mountain which rises like a huge wall at the back of the house? This is Jebel Kaysun, and we will go up it. That little Wely in ruins at the top is called Kubbet en Nasr (dome of victory). The view from it is less fascinating, and not more extended; the objects are too indistinct, on account of the height. You may see two other white buildings like deserted convents—one lies a quarter of the way up, the other a third higher. I will send on Haji Ahmad with the basket. Old as he is he climbs like a goat, and he will be there in half-an-hour. We will mount our donkeys, and ride up till they begin to lose breath, then we will dismount, turn them loose under the shade of a big rock, and scramble up the rest. As we go along I will say something about Haji Ahmad. He is a Moslem relic of the British Consulate, and we all pass him from one to another. He is the honestest, simplest, devoutest old man you can imagine. I never can keep him quiet. His great delight is to go down to market, and to forget the bread, that he may run back for it. He likes to visit the town about six times a day. His leisure hours are spent in buying and selling old china. His youth and his elasticity are his pride. He was ill once after cutting his leg very badly, and I had almost to tie him up to keep him from working. How touched he was because I nursed him! Whether

I gave him medicine, or arranged his bed, or washed and dressed his wounds, his turban was always aloft in the air thanking God. He is worth taking care of. Do you know what he did in the massacres of 1860? He saved and secretly fed as many Christians as he could, when they were being slaughtered like sheep, and had to hide and starve. Once he stood between them and the scimitar, and was badly wounded by his own people in defending them. Yet there lives no better Moslem than he is—always at prayer and fasting, and observing the orders of his religion.

The village of Salahíyyeh has not much to show; it is large, and taken as a whole, picturesque; we are now upon the roots of the mountain, which are sandy, stony, and barren—you see the steep, rugged ascent before us. There are the two buildings, most interesting tombs, whose whiteness shows well against the sandy-coloured walls. We first come to the burial ground, which, though on its roots, extends nearly the whole length of the Salahíyyeh, and separates the village and the mountain. How many stories the Arabs have told me concerning the Jinn (Jinán), who inhabit the caves and holes in these mountain roots. They describe them as little men and women, about two feet high, and very strong. They themselves would not dare come out here at night, for fear of ghostly malice, and thought me a terrible "káfíreh" when I laughed at them. I did come out once alone at dusk, to set free a wild gazelle which a French hunter had trapped, for I knew that if I let her go by daylight they would catch her again, as she was slightly wounded by her struggles. I saw no Jinn; in fact, nothing but jackals, and they ran away. After the arrival of the Haj from Mecca, all the camels are turned out here to rest, and graze on certain roots in the sand, which, being the same colour as the rock, we do not see, and so we fancy they are "gratefully eating gravel." At certain seasons, I am told, the he-camel fasts forty days and nights, and they say, "he is keeping Ramazan." He is then so vicious that when the delúls (dromedaries) are turned out to graze, loose like a flock of sheep, he requires a keeper.

Some animals wear their red, gaudy trappings; these camels, with their Bedawin keepers lying near them, and sometimes a few

on rising ground, standing out from the horizon, form a striking picture.

Now our donkeys are beginning to puff, and pick their steps. We will cast them loose under that large rock. I will tell you, as we toil slowly up this "steep pull," about both the buildings. You will hardly like to ascend to the second, but if you do, we can visit it, and thence proceed to the Kubbet en Nasr on the top. Never mind the donkeys! Once in the plain again, I have only to call "Kubbi" (my donkey's name), and you will see him rushing down the rocks after me, like a kid, with his heels and tail in the air, and yours will follow him.

The first building is called Jebel Arba'in, where Cain slew Abel. It is dedicated to the Arba'in Rijál, the "Forty Martyrs," of Cappadocia, who are venerated both by Christians and Moslems. You can see from our house those slopes of the hardest limestone, which look as if a torrent of oxidized blood had poured down them, to the foot of the "Forty Martyrs." Arabs believe it is Abel's blood and the martyrs' blood bearing witness, and crying to heaven. The other is partly a natural rock, partly an old monastery, and is now dedicated to Abraham, the impression of whose seal they gave me. The Shaykh rubbed my forehead with oil, and made me rub my head against a certain stone whilst he uttered a prayer. The old tradition of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus is also attached to it, and I was assured that if I set foot in the building I should wake no more, and that if I went alone no one would ever know what had become of me. However, I have tried it repeatedly, and it has failed. Whenever any English friends come, I send up breakfast to either building, and we scramble up to enjoy the view, and perhaps a siesta.

You see it is a natural cave, a hermitage, or possibly an old convent. St. George comes here every Wednesday night to pray. This is the hole where his head rests, that is his prayer niche, and yonder his eye-hole, which you see really weeps water. There are the mouth, the teeth and the tongue of the mountain, which cry to heaven and call God to witness. Here are the finger-marks of the angel Gabriel, who holds up the roof of the cave; you must not mind the perpetual weeping, but let the Shaykh rub us with the blessed Virgin Mary's mill-stone; and we must pass our hands

along the dripping rock, which feels oily and greasy. We will now affix our seals amongst those of the many Shaykhs and True Believers which dot the wall. Now we will examine the old monastery, where Haji Ahmad and I will spread the breakfast. I believe this to have been the refectory. From one of the large old ruined windows, where you will be sheltered from the sun, we will gaze upon the sweetest of scenes. Then I will talk to you about Syria till the sun is cool enough to go down. Four Moslems have come up to pray. Two are Mogháribeh, quite ready for a consideration, to cast our horoscopes. Meanwhile I will do my best to describe the view beneath you, first reading you a page from "Mark Twain," which alone does it justice:—

"As the glare of day mellowed into twilight, we looked down upon a picture which is celebrated all over the world. When Mahomet reached this point, and looked down upon Damascus for the first time, he said, 'Man could only enter one paradise; he preferred to go to the one above.' So he sat down then, and feasted his eyes upon the earthly paradise of Damascus, and then went away without entering its gates. Damascus is beautiful from the mountain. It is beautiful even to foreigners accustomed to luxuriant vegetation, and I can easily understand how unspeakably beautiful it must be to eyes that are only used to the God-forsaken barrenness and desolation of Syria. I should think a Syrian would go wild with ecstasy when such a picture bursts upon him for the first time.

"From his high perch one sees before him and below him a wall of dreary mountain, shorn of vegetation, glaring fiercely in the sun; it fences in a level desert of sand, smooth as velvet, and threaded far away with fine lines that stand for roads, [?] and dotted with creeping mites we know are camel trains and journeying men; right in the midst of the desert is spread a billowy expanse of green foliage, and nestling in its heart sits the great white city, like an island of pearls and opals gleaming out of a sea of emeralds. This is the picture you see spread far below you, with distance to soften it, the sun to glorify it, strong contrasts to heighten the effects, and over it and about it a drowsing air of repose to spiritualize it, and make it seem rather a beautiful stray from the mysterious worlds we visit in dreams, than a substantial tenant of our dull, coarse globe. And when you think of the leagues of blighted, blasted, sandy, rocky, sunburnt, ugly, infamous, dreary country you have ridden over to get here, you think it is the most beautiful picture that ever human eyes rested upon in all the broad universe. With her forest of foliage, and her abundance of water, Damascus must be a wonder of wonders to the Bedouin from the deserts.

Damascus is simply an oasis—that is what it is. For four thousand years its waters have not gone dry, or its fertility failed. Now we can understand why the city has existed so long. It could not die. So long as its waters remain to it, away out there in the midst of that howling desert, so long will Damascus live to bless the sight of the tired and thirsty wayfarer."

I will now enter into plainer details; but confess the truth, Is not this the only spot which realizes the idea of the conversion of St. Paul, when he says, "and the greatness of that light he can comprehend who has seen a Syrian sun striving in his strength," and who reads that the light that shone about Paul and his companions was above the brightness of the sun? Here is the same cloudless sky, the same fierce sun raining fire on our heads. Yet, coming in the way Paul did, we should have this mountain and Hermon on the left, the Anti-Lebanon running eastward, and the rounded top of Jebel Tiníyeh rising in the midst of it.

Some say that the plain of Damascus is triangular-shaped, others find it round; for my part I cannot assign to it any intelligible shape. As we stand on Jebel Kaysún, it seems to spread boundlessly in all directions, till the eye is interrupted by low rolling hills, or else rests on the horizon. It includes part of the Wady el Ajam (valley of the Persians), outside the Damascus oasis, to the south, which is watered by the Awaj (Pharpar) flowing between Jebel el Aswad, and Jebel Máni'a. The plain immediately about Damascus is divided into the Ghutah and the Merj; the Ghutah lies about the city, and the Merj to the east, between the cultivation and the lakes or swamps. The verdure round Damascus embowers almost seventy villages, and contains, independent of the city, about 60,000 souls. Close to our right hand, and beneath us, the Barada rushes from the mountains through its wild gorge. You can hear it, and you can see it flows from west to east, irrigating the whole oasis. It then empties itself into a lake, which you cannot see, for it is about twenty miles distant. There is no outlet, but the evaporation is so great that you will see them almost as dry as a plate. Our poor friend Dr. Beke held that Harrán el Awámid, on the west borders of the Bahrat el Kibliyyeh (southern tank), is the Mesopotamian Harran, where dwelt Laban, and where Jacob married his two wives.

There are four lakes, the Utaybah, or northernmost, upon whose banks lies the village Harran. The Bahrat el Hijanah, which receives the drainage of the Awaj, Matkh B'rák, and the Bahrat Bala, the latter being the southernmost lake. El Sharkiyeh and El Kibliyyeh, as written on the maps, are not known to the people; and the one big blue lake often placed close to Damascus, does not exist. You can see in the horizon in front, beyond the lakes, a jagged, saw-like line of conical hills. That is the Tulúl el Safá, or hillocks of the Safá district. That is a mass of volcanic cones. They lie east of these Damascus swamps called lakes. It was a dangerous and unknown region, and was first visited by my husband and Mr. Drake.

To our right is Hermon, and further still Jebel Duruz Haurán, and the hills of Bashan. The thin line that runs over the sand is the route to Palmyra, Homs, Hamah, and Aleppo northwards. The Baghdad path branches off there to the east, whilst southward yonder stretches the Haj route Mecca-wards. To our right we notice two ranges of mountains—the lower is Jebel Kisweh, and the higher Jebel Máni'a. On the horizon fronting us, one of the mountains is Jebel el Durúz, whose highest peak is Jebel Kulayb. You see the Rohbeh, the Jebel el Akir, the Shaykh el Tulúl, and the Jebel Dakweh. Such are the names of the principal volcanic cones bordering on the Desert. To our left, or north-east, rises Abú Atá, and, apparently at its foot, lies Dumayr, our first station for the Baghdad camel post.

I hope that you admire our panorama, and that I have made the features clear. Is it not a day to be happy? The sky, the view, the birds, bees, the verdure below, the fresh air, the warm sun, the delightful shade, the height we are up in the mountains—do not all combine to make even animal life a great boon?

Now that breakfast is over the Mogháribeh will tell our fortunes. They first perform all sorts of spells and incantations, making little paper windmills, which turn in the breeze, with pins, and kneading balls of hair and wax. They then consult their books of divination with figures and sentences from the Korán. You, they say, are a very great personage; you have wealth, honours of every sort, you are the wife at least of an Emir; you

are very fond of travelling, and your only unhappiness is about your sons. I, they say, am the chosen one (of Allah), who mates with the lion of the Desert, but after a while the jackals will pack and hunt him down (I think that is very likely), and by numbers will drive him from his lair; but when they are all defeated and crouching in their holes, a Hebrew Grand-Vizier, who will be as wise as a serpent, will arise, and under his power the lion will again roam freely through the desert, more grandly than before. This is early 1870; we will write these things down, and watch the course of events.

You wish me to talk about Syria. When I first arrived here I had learnt so little about it, that I feel inclined to lecture you as if you were a child. My stock of knowledge was learnt out of the "Christian Brothers' Geography," in the convent. I think it told me that Aleppo was the capital of Syria, and that Damascus was famous for its table-cloths—(damasks?) Aleppo does not now, though in Ibrahim Pasha's day it did, belong to Syria; and until forty-four years ago there were no Europeans, no tables, and therefore no table-cloths. Thus, although you may easily be much better acquainted with the subject than I was, still, as a resident who is fast becoming Orientalized, I can perhaps add to your stock of information. Forty-four years ago, Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, captured Damascus, and under Egypt Syria was divided into five Pashaliks. These were—(1) Aleppo (Halab), (2) Damascus (Esh Shám), (3) Tripoli (Tarabulus), (4) Acre (Akka), and (5) Gaza (Ghazzeh). The first change united them into two Pashaliks—(1) Saida (Sidon), then including Beyrout and the rest of Syria, (2) Damascus.

Saida began at the Buká'a (Cœle-Syria), the great valley between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, and ended at Gaza.

Damascus extended from the Buká'a to the northern limits of the Desert, including Homs and Hamah.

At present all Syria is governed by a Turkish Wali, or Governor-General; his jurisdiction extends everywhere, except over the Lebanon, which has its independent Christian Governor. Under the present Wali (Rashid Pasha), the Holy Land is divided into eight Mutserrifliks:—(1) El Kuds (Jerusalem), (2) Acre, (3) Bey-

rout, (4) Tripoli, (5) Damascus, (6) Homs and Hamah, (7) 'Ajlún and Kerak (Mount Gilead and its neighbourhood), (8) El Belká (the rest of the region beyond Jordan).

The chief features of the actual territory, and of the races who reside in it, may be briefly described as follows:—

(1) There is a small plain between the Pashalik of Aleppo and Syria, inhabited only by the Bedawin.

(2) Tripoli, which contains Christians, Turks, Metáwalis, Ansarieh, or Nusayris and Ismailíyyeh; it is governed by a Mutserrif of course under the Wali. They are all Fellahín (peasants), excepting in the town of Tripoli itself, where the Moslems are said to be very fanatical.

(3) Acre is the same, excepting the part that belongs to the Lebanon.

(4) Gaza is peopled almost entirely by Moslems; there are very few Christians. Two or three times a year there is fighting between the chiefs, of whom the principal are Bayt Abd el Khadi, and Bayt Tubhán, Khassim el Ahmad, and Bayt el Birkáwi, to mention no others.

From Hamah to Jerash all is desert, inhabited by Bedawin, who are "as the sands of the sea, or the stars of the firmament." We know of 42,000 tents, and their owners are—

1. 'ANAZEH.

The Rualla—Chief, Ibn Sha'alám	5000 tents.
The Wuld Ali—Chief, El Dukhi Tiar ...	5000 tents.
The Hasanni—Chief, Fáris el Mezziad ...	1000 tents.
The Sebá'ah—Chief, Ibn Maijeen (el Murshid) Mafooz wal Fegazu	1500 tents.
The Mezrab—Chief, Shaykh Mohammed ...	1500 tents.
The Suellah—Chief, Ibn Jendall ...	400 tents.
Abdullah Ibn Mejeed	500 tents.

2. 'ANAZEH WA BISHURR.

Ashir el Amarat—Chief Ibn Hedal ...	6000 tents.
El Feddán—Chief Ibn Abín, and Ibn Mehadeh	5000 tents.
Mowáli and the Kuwárá...	3000 tents.
Ahmad Beg el Hurfán	1500 tents.

The Hadidín—a powerful clan under the Chief, Shaykh Rabah	3000 tents.
El Amur—under Shaykhs Ali and Kasán	1000 tents.
Abú Shabán—under El Násir	1200 tents.
El Agaydat—with many chiefs	1500 tents.
Beni el Hálid—under Shaykh Zarah ...	500 tents.

These are the principal of the fierce and powerful clans around whom the halo of chivalry and romance hangs. The rest, who haunt the towns, and lie in wait for the unprotected traveller, are simply *malandrini*, human jackals—all the bad characters of the cities and their environs. They dress like Bedawin, in order to loot without responsibility, and they are often in the pay of corrupt officials. I should not be afraid of falling into the hands of a large, recognized tribe, but heaven protect me from the latter sort without the shadow of the British flag, as it was fifteen years ago, or a handful of trusty rifles to keep them at bay.

The Damascus Pashalik includes all the races, tongues, and creeds of Syria. Dr. W. M. Thomson, D.D., a respected missionary at Beyrout, who has pursued his religious calling in Palestine for now nearly forty years, gives us, in his charming work, "The Land and the Book," some interesting statistics. Comparing them with what I have gleaned from the people, I have found them very correct. He and one or two other authors speak of Syria as having been cursed with races, tribes, creeds and tongues enough to split up the country, and cause all manner of confusion. I could name thirty-six off hand. For instance, there is the Moslem, the national religion. Thomson puts them down as 800,000, and my calculation made them 1,000,000. They are divided into the two great sects, Sunni and Shiah. The Sunni is the so-called orthodox faith, and is subdivided into four schools—Hanafi, Shafii, Hanbali, and Maliki. The Metáwalis (about 30,000) are all Shiahs, the Kurds exceed 50,000, the Nusayri (Shiites) 150,000, and the Nowar, or Gipsies, who here call themselves Moslems, 20,000. Besides these are the Shazilis or Shadilis (Dervishes), the Persian Babis, the Chaldean Yezidis, the Ismailíyehs, also Shiahs, of old called the Assassins, and the Wahhábís; the Mogháribeh, the Afghans, and the Bedawin; the latter can hardly be called of any faith. All these are more or less Mohammedans, and they have

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already seventeen divisions. Then the Druzes (about 100,000) are divided into Akkál and Juhhál. Their belief is a mystery, but their policy is the national religion. The Christians pretend that they worship the calf, and declare (falsely) that they can always "get a rise" out of a Druze by cursing the "Ijl" (bull). The Jews are said to exceed 40,000. They are divided into Sephardim, a few Askenazim, fewer Samaritans, and fewest Karaites. The Christians number about fourteen sects, seven of Catholic and seven anti-Catholic—they all hate one another like poison, to the great amusement of the seventeen sects of Moslems, who do likewise.

The Catholics and orthodox or anti-Catholics, according to us schismatic, are—

CATHOLIC.	ANTI-CATHOLIC.
1. Chaldean	Chaldean.
2. Armenian	Armenian.
3. Greek	Greek.
4. Papal Catholics	Presbyterians.
5. Syrian	Jacobite or Nestorian.
6. Latin Catholics	Copt.
7. Maronites of the Lebanon ...	Abyssinian.

What keeps these parties divided is partly the language of the ritual, but much more the necessity of each having its own bishop. Each dignitary is a political power, who looks after the temporal interests of his subjects; he keeps Kawwasses; he is recognized by Government, and he has a voice in all public as well as private business.

The Maronites of the Lebanon and the Greek Orthodox are the only two really powerful Christian sects: firstly, because they are fighting races, rich, and well protected by Russia and France; secondly, on account of their superiority in numbers.

The Maronite Catholics (200,000) are under their Patriarch, who governs them religiously, without reference to Rome. They acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, but it is so arranged by his desire, as government in the Lebanon requires prompt action and an unfettered command. They own in the Lebanon 82 convents, 2000 monks and nuns, and a revenue of about £70,000 a year.

The Greek Orthodox (about 150,000) have one Patriarch at

Jerusalem, and a second at Damascus, who also administers Antioch. They count sixteen bishops, and their monasteries are everywhere.

The Patriarch of the Armenians (20,000) resides at Damascus. The Papal and Latin Catholics, between whom I see no difference, although here they class them under two heads, must simply mean foreign and native, and number about 80,000.

The Presbyterians are a mere handful at the missions and the schools of Prussia, England, and the United States. There is one wandering representative of the Church of England; the others are either Lutherans or Presbyterians.

Each of the seven Catholic sects owns a liturgy different from the Latin Catholic mass, and said in their own language. They communicate under both kinds, but there is no heresy in their belief. A French or English Catholic satisfies his religious obligation by hearing mass on Sunday with them, but he cannot receive their Communion; he must go for that purpose either to the Terra Santa (Spanish) or to the Lazarists (French). At both these latter, mass is said in Latin, and Communion is received under our form, that of the Sacred Host.

Our church dignitaries in Damascus are, the venerable and gentlemanly Greek Orthodox Patriarch; the Armenian Patriarch, who is, however, often absent, and represented by Padre Musa; the fine old Jacobite Patriarch, who comes down here occasionally on business for his flock; and the two Catholic Bishops, one Greek, and the other Syrian, besides numerable clergymen of various grades. At Damascus there are also four Presbyterian missionaries.

Our Catholic religious houses are three—the Sisters of Charity (French), the Lazarists, also French, and the Spanish Franciscans. The two former have first-rate schools on the same principle as in France, teaching six hundred girls and about four hundred boys, who all receive a good, sound education, and are fitted for some trade. The girls are taught, besides reading, writing, and religious teaching, washing, ironing, mending clothes, scrubbing, and so forth; to sow, bake, churn butter, and cook; accounts and housekeeping—in short, they are shown how to be comfortable wives, which is the training girls mostly want here.

At the holy places, Damascus and Jerusalem, religion is the one thought for pugnacious sentiment, as politics used to be in the days when they rose so high in England, that the dearest friends whose opinions differed could not speak. In Damascus, Christian and Moslem are as Guelph and Ghibeline, Montagu and Capulet, Whig and Tory of the olden time. At Jerusalem the fourteen Christian sects wrangle over the Holy Places, except, of course, those who doubt the truth of the sites, and who have come to teach us better! Meanwhile, the Moslems stand over them to flog them into order. If one unhappy Jew were to risk crossing the court of the Sepulchre during Holy Week, the fourteen would for once unite to tear him into threads.

The Palestine Moslems are considered by Thomson, and those who have made researches into their history, to have come from Egypt. My husband says they are a collection of all races, and that the Crusaders drew them from every part of the East.

The Maronites claim to be descended from the ancient Syrians.

The Ansaríyyeh, also called Nusayri, are also made to spring from the Canaanites, but the fact is we know nothing about them.

The Metáwalis are emigrants from Persia, as their physique proves.

The inhabitants of the Lebanon may be off-shoots from the original Phœnician owners.

The Druzes are Arabs from the eastern confines of Syria, settled partly in the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and partly in the mountains to the east.

Thomson truthfully says:—

"No country in the world has such a multiplicity of antagonistic races. They can never form a united people, nor combine for any important purpose. They will therefore remain weak and incapable of self-government, and exposed to the invasions and oppressions of foreigners—a people trodden down."

This state of affairs results from and perpetuates a Babel of tongues. English, French, Italian, German, and Spanish are the languages imported by the foreign Consulates. Turkish is the official tongue, and Arabic the national; Persian, Hindostani, and Greek are also common. The Consul has to converse every

day with Jews, Maronites, Arabs, Turks, Bedawin, Druzes, Kurds, Afghans, Persians, and Algerines; and he must, or rather he should, understand all their religions and customs.

Let us say that the total of Syrian population is about two millions. This population is gathered into towns and villages, as opposed to the Bedawin, who people the desert.

The Kurds of our village, Salahíyyeh, are estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000, and 20,000 more in Damascus or spread about the country.

The Metáwali in the Belád B'sharra, Ba'albak, and the Belád Jebayl, muster about 30,000.

Damascus, the capital, is, as might be expected, the largest city, and hives about 120,000 or 150,000 human creatures of all kinds.

Jerusalem contains 20,000; Aleppo, 80,000; Beyrout, the seaport, 72,000; Hamah, 36,000; Homs, 28,000; Antioch, 2,500; Tripoli, 2,500; Edlip, 12,000; Latakíyyeh (Laodicea), 8,000; Sidon, 12,000; Tyre, 6,000; Acre, 6,000; Khaifa, 4,000; Nazareth, 7,000; Safed, 12,000; Tiberias, 6,000; Jenin, 3,000; Náblus, the boundary between the Jerusalem and Damascus Consulates, 14,000; Jaffa, 12,000; Ramleh (between Jaffa and Jerusalem), 4,000; Gaza, 18,000; Hebron, 8,000; Bethlehem, 5,000; Zahleh, the largest town in the Lebanon, 13,000; Dayr el Kamar, 7,000; Hasbeyyah by Hermon, 6,000; and Rasheyya, 3,000.

These are the principal towns; the rest are mere villages, for wherever there is a square foot of verdure and a streamlet springs up, the people settle near it.

The Jews number 2,000 at Tiberias, 12,000 at Safed (both these towns are almost entirely Jewish, being Israelitish Holy Cities), 7,000 at Jerusalem, 7,000 at Damascus, 4,000 at Aleppo, 600 at Hebron, and some few in Beyrout and Sidon.

These are the statistics gathered from the best authorities. I have endeavoured to correct them, but I cannot be answerable for their exactness; it is so difficult to arrive at the truth in Syria.

These various religions and sects live together more or less, and practise their conflicting worships in close proximity. Outwardly you do not see much, but in their hearts they hate one another. The Sunnites excommunicate the Shiahs, and both hate the Druzes; all detest the Ansaríyyehs; the Maronites do not

love anybody but themselves, and are duly abhorred by all; the Greek Orthodox abominate the Greek Catholics and the Latins; all despise the Jews. It is a fine levelling school, and teaches one, whatever one's fanatical origin or bigoted early training may have been, to respect all religions, and to be true to one's own.

Except the Bedawin, the Druzes, and the Jews (especially the Samaritans), only a few families can pride themselves on tracing their origin to any antiquity. We must, of course, except all those descended from the Prophet, and especially Abd el Kadir, who is an exile here.

As far as blood goes, there is no one to come near the Druzes in point of physique. Then come the Afghans, the Kurds, and the Bedawin.

The first are the best fighting men, the most manly and warlike. They always behave like gentlemen by instinct, and, briefly, they are the only race fit to be our allies.

The Kurds are "roughs," but have a great deal of good in them. The Afghans look so quiet, and slouch about like cats; but when anything does happen they beat everybody in courage, daring, and endurance. I should not like to have an Afghan enemy. The real Bedawin also have something noble, chivalrous, and romantic. I must say that the Moslem inspires me with the greatest respect. He cares for nothing so much as his faith; he is so humble, so devout, so simple, so self-denying, sincere, and manly; he prays five times a day, with all his heart, with all his body, and all his senses; he fasts rigorously from sunrise to sunset in Ramazan; he abstains even from smoke or a draught of water, labouring at his hard work as usual. His Korán is his only study; he will devote the evenings which a Christian would pass in frivolities to hearing every word expounded, with every interpretation that it can bear. He rules his life upon it. I like, though it is strange to say so, the practices of Islam, which have something beyond mere faith. We all worship one and the same Creator, but *we* worship Jesus Christ as God and man, whereas they do not *worship*, but honour Mohammed, as the Jews do Moses, and as we do, relatively, our Blessed Lady the Mother of God. They also honour Jesus as one of the four great prophets—Mohammed, Abraham, Jesus, and David—but they do not worship

him as God. They ignore the Unity and Trinity of God; but if sincerity will save those who are not what we call in the "right way," they will certainly not be lost. Their lives are far nobler than those of our Syrian Christians. If there is a contemptible thing on the face of the earth, in point of physical race and moral character, it is the lower class of town "Nazará" (Nazarene). It is true he is oppressed and ill-treated by the Moslem, but why does the Moslem do so? Only because he knows him to be his inferior; only because he knows that his cowardice will not suffer him to support his religion. The very exceptions prove the rule. The mountain Christians, the Greek Orthodox, the Maronite, will fight, and therefore they are generally unmolested. But the best, and there is no accounting for the fact, are the Jacobite Christians of Sadad, a little mountain village, who even surpass the Druzes in bravery, in courtesy, in religious practices, and in hospitality. What gentleman-Jacobite can have been the sire of Sadad, and have implanted his good blood in every one of its inhabitants?

The Christians of the towns are simply deplorable. We are bound in the cause of humanity and religion to protect them, but when you look at them you hardly wonder that the Moslem treats them like Pariahs. It is a case of "might is right," and the "weaker go to the wall;" they are morally as well as physically mean and *mesquin*. Yes: I know you will quote 1860 in their favour, but they were what I describe them before the massacre. At that time there began to appear signs of religious distrust and jealousy, and the mysterious forewarnings of a storm were in the air, fostered, it is said, from head-quarters. The latter never meant to go so far; however, when once the miscreants were let loose, they could not be controlled. The Moslem fell like wolves upon the unhappy Christians, who, of course, were in the minority. During these days houses were pillaged, women insulted and murdered, old men hacked to pieces, children flung into the flames, babies tossed up and caught on lances—in fact, all the nameless horrors of the Indian mutiny. Those who escaped actual slaughter died of fright, of famine, of wounds, of privations; the churches and houses were burned, and the whole Christian quarter became one charred and blackened mass; their property was sacked at the time, and bought up afterwards at mock sales

for nominal prices; all support and influence was taken from them, and the miserable remnant was driven out homeless and penniless, save the women who were rescued to live with the victors in a most degrading manner. Whilst this was the attitude of Christian and Moslem, the usurers came between them. Partly from cruelty, partly from love of gain, partly from fear, which induced treachery, they offered safe asylums to their Christian neighbours. They stood trembling at their doors whilst the slaughter lasted, offering glasses of lemonade to the Moslems exhausted by carnage, and with a sign betrayed the hiding-place of the wretches who had sought refuge with them; then, taking advantage of the fearful disorder, they rushed in and sacked what houses they could. As Judas of old betrayed with a kiss, so did Juda, and Simeon, and Ruben, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of July, 1860, but we must not for that condemn the whole race or nation. A rabble of demons, in A.D. 33, committed the blackest crime which time has ever seen, or can ever chronicle, but all the nation were not guilty; nevertheless the rest, and even those, appear to have been dear to our Redeemer. Nicodemus, in the Apocryphal testament (chap. iv. 18), contains the following:—"But when the governor looked upon the people that were present, and the Jews, he saw many of the Jews in tears, and said to the chief priests of the Jews, All the people do not desire his death." But much will be forgiven, for there *are* Jews who redeem the whole nation. This other rabble of 1860 were also demons, but they were usurers. We must not for their sakes condemn the whole 40,000 living in Syria and Palestine, nor even the 7,000 in Damascus, amongst whom are a body of pious, innocent, and inoffensive men, honourably earning an honest living.

How do you think the Christians behaved under this trial? Instead of joining together, making a resistance, and selling their lives as dearly as possible, those who had arms hid them. The men took refuge where they could, and left their wives and children to be slaughtered. To show you what they might have done, I may relate that only one Christian defended himself. He was a Greek. He locked his house door, and went up to the highest window. He took his only weapon—a gun—as much ammunition as he could find, and a bottle of raki to keep

up his strength. He sat at his window, and every time a Moslem came near the door he shot him dead. By-and-by there was a little pile of bodies before the entrance, and after a time nobody ventured past. This solitary fact shows what men might have done in unison.

How do you think Abd el Kadir, true gentleman and descendant of the Prophet, behaved? He employed his Algerines in protecting and leading the miserable wretches to his palace. He sent down an escort for the English Consul, whose Turkish guards were wavering and treacherous. He slept across his own threshold for many nights upon a mat, lest some starving, wounded, and terrified wretch should be sent away by his men. He succoured and protected the helpless Sisters of Charity.

How do you think an Englishwoman behaved? She was offered a safe asylum in the palace, but her old blood did not permit of her showing any fear. She replied with dignity that she hardly supposed that she could incur any personal risk in her husband's house, he being a Moslem, but that under any circumstances she had Christian servants in the house, and that whatever danger they had to run she would share it with them.

And what did France and England? England, as usual, looked on and, perhaps, thought a great deal, but declined to move. France, after boasting that she was the Missionary Army of the world, and bound to establish Christianity in its native seat, landed a fine force, marched up the hill and marched down again. Her soldiers reached Káb Elias in the western Buká'a, hardly half-way to Damascus. You will ask, what prevented the advance, but I can hardly afford to answer you. The consequence of even so mild a show of spirit was that France was adored and respected beyond all measure. The French Consul, and indeed any Frenchman, carried all before him. I found it so on my arrival in 1869 (in 1870 all gave way to the Prussians), but then our neighbours always appoint first-rate men in official positions. It was a proud time for the Christians whilst the French troops were in Syria. They could boast proudly that no one could say "good morning" to them; they were free and happy, and making their enemies "eat sand;" they tell the story still with childish glee. There are many sad results existing, even

now, from that sad massacre fourteen years ago, but I will not pain you by telling them.

"In 1860, England,"—I quote from my husband—"much against her own wish, underwent a temporary revival of her old popularity and pre-eminence in the Levant. The honourable and high-principled bearing of Lord Dufferin, appointed by Lord John Russell to sit upon the Syrian Commission which followed the massacres of June and July, 1860, bore fruit. Whilst some of his colleagues were bribed, and others were bullied, and all were outwitted by Fuad Pasha, he made himself conspicuous by his justice, his delicacy of feeling, and his open-handed charity. Whilst the Christian Commission openly sided with the murderous Maronites against the murderous Druzes he held the scales carefully balanced, and he never became an advocate except in the cause of humanity. But he unhappily proposed to erect in Syria a Vice-royalty after the fashion of Egypt; and who should he propose for Viceroy, by a curious fatality, but Fuad Pasha? This astute personage was the last nominee in the world that should have been named. His love of breeding discussion and dissension between Druze and Christian, and his secret support of the Moslem, had directly led to the Syrian massacres of 1860. True to her policy, the Porte sent Fuad Pasha to punish the offenders whom he had taught to offend, and of course the English public, ignorant and incurious of things Oriental, wondered why the Turkish statesman was so tender to his own tools. The proposal of Fuad Pasha for Viceroy was rich in bad results. As long as he lived Syria was never quiet; he stirred up all manner of troubles in order to remind the world that he was the man to put them down.

"On the other hand, the French party proposed for their Viceroy the Algerine Amir Abd el Kadir. . . . . .

"Loudly enough, and naturally, too, the Porte protested against being dismembered. She shrewdly suspected that the 'Syrian Vice-royalty' scheme came from the higher powers in England. Orientals are not apt to recognize independence of action in subordinate functionaries. Still she believed in Lord Palmerston, after whose death Ottomans began to think that their Sultan had lost his only influential friend in Great Britain. This feeling has been greatly increased amongst the educated classes since the abolition of the Black Sea Treaty. The Turks are now turning, as might be expected, towards Russia. It is the recoil of the bow.

"Since 1865 our downfall in Syria—one of the roads to India—has been complete."

The Lebanon is, as you know, the key of Syria. This range of mountains, which extends from Tripoli to the plain of Esdraelon,

contains about 400,000 inhabitants, settled in 1022 villages. The greater part is peopled by Maronites, the 200,000 Catholics who are governed by their local Pope, without reference to Rome. Civilly they are governed by Franco Pasha, the Christian Governor of the Lebanon, but religiously by the Batrak (Patriarch), His Beatitude Butros Bulos (Peter Paul).

The great powers of Europe—we were then represented by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—determined that "the Mountain" should have a Christian and independent Governor.

The Druzes occupy the southern half of the Lebanon, Hermon, the Haurán, and the Lejá'a, where they are of a wilder and fiercer nature than the western clans. There are some in Hasbeyya and Rasheyya, in Wady el Tame, and about Safed and the Jebel el Aláh, the latter west of Aleppo, in Carmel and in the mountains above Acre. In the Lebanon itself they could muster about 20,000 or 25,000 muskets. The 1022 villages are almost all Druze and Maronite, with a very light sprinkling of Latin Catholic, Greek Orthodox, and Metáwali Shiah.

The revenue of the Mountain from its silk, olives, figs, woods, and fruits is not to be despised. The annual Government tax is 7500 purses (each five napoleons), but, as 12,000 purses are expended, it must give the Lebanon 4500 instead of deriving income from it. The tithe tax (El Ashr) upon all Syria would raise the Lebanon contribution 30,000 purses, and this the Government greatly covets. The tax upon all Syria is, or rather was, the tobacco, 12 piastres (2s.) per oke, (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.), or 24 piastres the ratl ($4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.), and upon goats, even kids, 3 piastres, while salt pays double its price. There are besides fifty-three other taxes of a smaller kind. Since my departure the octroi of civilization has been applied to tobacco, with what success I cannot say.

The minor Turkish officials weary the people of Syria with their taxes, and practise all kinds of imposition. The recruiting party, for instance, want A. B.'s son. They will quarter themselves upon the house, eat and drink, and feed their horses, take the father's bribe to spare his son, and then, finally, carry off the son. If they have had the misfortune, after paying their taxes and their tenth, and managed their Radif or enlistment troubles, to

fall into the usurer's hands, Allah help them! They must give up their village and themselves. It is not called slavery here, but slavery is the right word. His Majesty the Sultan and the Grand-Vizier cannot know these petty details; but the truth is, that the strong staff of underlings sent out to occupy official positions in this fat berth has to feather its own nest, and in Turkish life that is considered an honourable occupation. There are exceptions to the rule, but I fear that they are few and far between.

No wonder, then, that there is sometimes a massacre. The Turks now know that the next time it happens Europe will take serious steps, so they do their best to repress disorderly meetings. But the Moslem Syrians also know it; they hate the Turkish rule, and they wish to be free from their yoke. The Turkish Moslem despises the Arab Moslem, and the latter abominates the former. So it may come to pass that they may try to raise a Jihád (religious or fanatical war), and whenever the reins are laxly held they have only to go out in the streets and flourish the green flag, crying out El Sandjàk Nebàwi, and in a few minutes every hot head becomes unmanageable.

If Syria could choose her own master, the Maronites would prefer France, and the Greeks orthodox Russia, but all the rest would wish for England. Meanwhile we do not care to possess Syria. And the difficulty is simply this: suppose that the Ottomans lost Syria, what race of men could take their place? Foreigners are too jealous of one another; there are too many aspirants for the honour of holding the Holy Land to allow Syria to fall into the hands of any one power. The best thing, therefore, for the present, is to let things remain as they are, and for Syria to behave herself decently.

In 1840 England armed the Lebanon—Maronite and Druze alike, regardless of religion—the object being to drive out Ibrahim Pasha. Ibrahim Pasha was completely routed by the Druzes in the Lejá'a, and harassed by them until his departure. The French, under the excuse of protecting the Church, but really to acquire influence, and to have a *pied à terre* in Syria, always sided with the Maronite Catholics, and we are supposed to have adopted the Druzes for balance of power in the Mountain. The English and Turkish camps, with the Druzes, as opposed to the French and

Maronites, were posted at Juneh, where Lady Hester Stanhope lived and died, in the mountains behind Sidon. The French gave the Maronites money and arms to protect them from the Druzes. Three times this game of English and French has taken place, and it used to be enlivened by the Turks, first to rid themselves of the Egyptians, and then to weaken Christian influence. I wonder why we played so much into the hands of Russia and did her work for her: but so it was. The Maronites, curiously enough, were induced after the insurrection, by the French through their priests it is said, to give up their arms. The Druzes laughed in their faces at such a proposition, and sturdily refused. Twice the Christians have fallen into the same snare. The Moslems and Druzes persuaded them in 1860 that if they would give up their weapons they should not be hurt, and then fell upon and massacred them. Hence the Druzes, when they meet a Maronite, laugh at and sometimes insult him. The Druzes have considered themselves ever since 1840 almost as British subjects, and the British Consul to be their especial Consul. They always say we are "Kuráyyib" and "sawa sawa," meaning we are relatives. In event of a disturbance they would allow nothing to happen to an Englishman; and though we have seen exceptional local cases of treachery, an Englishman's visit to the wildest part of their territory would be considered an honour—to use their own expression, "they would carry him upon their heads." These feelings, however, will fade through our own fault, through the decay of our *prestige* in the East, and in view of the fact that a Consul is not only *not* required but discouraged from asserting our national dignity.

The Levant generally, and especially Syria and Damascus, is the focus, the hot-bed of jealousy, intrigue, plots, and mischief. At the same time I must make you understand in what way. We have no "snobs"—*passez-moi le mot*—in Damascus, no vulgar gossip, no damaging each others moral characters. It is all high caste political intrigue. The higher classes crave for place and power, the middle and lower classes for money and foreign protection. Fanatical chiefs of sects claim precedence for their own particular rituals. The crimes committed for these ends are on a bold scale. A great man winks to his creature, who

understands a certain cup of coffee, or narghíleh: he takes through his Wakíl (agent) such or such a Bartíl, in plain English, bribe, perhaps as contribution to the poor-box. The poorer man waits for his enemy by the gardens, stabs him, and robs his mare. Murder, robbery, and free-fights, settle everything decisively and at once. There is no meaning smile, no shrug of the shoulder, no whisper that "Mrs. A. was seen to speak on three successive days to Mr. B.," or a wonder as to "what on earth the poor C.'s have got to live upon;" there is no low, spiteful talk, no under-current of poison going round the town to ruin some woman's character. That will come in with European contact and commerce, perhaps with the Euphrates Valley Railway. Now we are on a much grander, more official and public scale. Money-lenders stamp out the poor. Turkish officials are jealous of European influence. They also hate and oppress the natives of Syria. These latter offer bribes, humbly but confidently, to be allowed to live, and the tribute is proudly accepted with a flourish of trumpets. This goes on everywhere, from highest to lowest. Some European officials—I point at no one—do not live there too long without getting tainted, and forgetting their ideas of right and wrong. Powerful would-be missionary people, who have alienated their own most devout and influential supporters, fasten upon some innocent person for a fancied slight, and try to sting and crush their victim in the cause of Christianity and good example, forgetting that the wasp, though he leave his sting in his victim, dies at last. If intrigue were to depart this life in Europe she would be born again at Beyrout, and send her offspring to Damascus to "increase and multiply."

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUATION OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATION ABOUT SYRIA—CLIMATE—HEALTH—HORSES, AND TREATMENT—FRIENDLY VISITS—ARAB CAFÉS—ARAB DANCING, MUSIC, AND SINGING.

THIS sketch will give you an idea of the present state of Syria, its government, policy, and habits. I do not enter into more details, and expect your gratitude. You ask me what sort of climate?

It is the fashion in England to rave about the charming climate of Damascus, but you must remember that to visit a place whilst you are in robust health is one thing, and to reside in it and encounter climate on tough kids and skinny chickens is another.

I would explain that we have in Damascus no beef, no fish, no veal, no pork, no meat of any kind except the coarsest mutton; and who would drink anything save native wine, whose only strength is a flavour of goatskin, must get out *vin ordinaire* from France at great expense, and tea from England. We are always between the snows of the Anti-Lebanon and the burning heats of the Desert, and they do not combine like a pair of negatives to make a pleasant affirmative. Each enforces itself with vigour at separate seasons. The rain and wind begin to be severe in November, and from December to March the cold is bitter. The blasts, rushing down the mountains and sweeping the plain, charge down upon us like an express train. I have often gone to look out of the window to see what was coming. It has struck our house like a huge wave, and made several of the windows, frames and all, fly down the gardens. I have also known

March balmy, full of violets and spring flowers. April, May, and early June are perfection, and the Arab saying is, "The spring of Esh Shám, but the autumn of El Masr." (Egypt and Cairo.)

At the end of June the heat sets in, and it is cruel to keep anything there that is not native, from July to late September. In the severe days of the Liberal Government my husband had orders to remain at his Consulate, the thermometer in the shade of my room, near a fountain, was 115 Fahrenheit; in the sun on the terrace it was 170 Fahrenheit. On the 24th July I took an umbrella, went out, put a pot of water there, and retired into the shade till it was ready to boil an egg. Utter prostration and listlessness affected us all: we were only able to lie down, sleep, and drink sherbet. The sight of food was abominable. Three of my English dogs died—the Mount St. Bernard and two bull terriers, poisoned by the heat and the Simoom. The horses, in a very large, cool stable, perfectly shaded by the trees, and with all the windows and doors open, looked as they would not have done after a hard day's gallop. With all its beauty the climate is fatally hot, cold, and treacherous. Sudden deaths often occur, chiefly amongst the natives. You will hear frequently of persons you saw but yesterday—

"So and so died last night."

"What did he die of?"

"I don't know. He coughed and he died. He got a sneezing fit and he died. He said he felt unwell, and presently he died."

If they had remarked, "He took a cup of coffee, and he died;" or, "He smoked a narghíleh and he died;" the answer would be "Oh!" as much as to say, "Now we understand." Dysentery and fever are daily enemies; cholera is a rare visitor, but very bad when it comes. I have seen three isolated cases at different seasons and places. Yellow-fever I have never heard of. Syrian fever is of an aguish or rheumatic kind; it begins with pain all over, particularly the head and back, freezing, burning, lethargy, liver disordered, and low spirits. Ophthalmia is very prevalent. Sometimes a whole village cannot show a dozen sets of sound eyes. It comes from uncleanness and flies, and it is so sympathetic that one catches it from doctoring the patients. Travellers often suffer

from dysentery and fever, but if they would only travel with necessary drugs, and take a day's rest when attacked, they would neither die nor carry away with them the remnants of a complaint that lasts them for a year, or for life. I always carry a little leather medicine chest, about the size of a respectable brick; it contains antibilious pills, calomel, and all needful for bilious attacks, diarrhœa, and dysentery; burnt alum and kohl, and several other things, for the eyes; quinine and Warburg's drops for fever; opium and many other simple remedies. None of our camp were ever ill for more than a day, unless from wounds. My cotton wool, lint, spermaceti, and strapping all travel in an old canister, and do not overload the baggage animals. I meet so many sick people as I go along that it is quite a blessing to have the means of relieving them.*

* [*Written in* 1871 *and corrected in* 1874].—A medical mission in Syria would be well placed at Damascus. At Beyrout there are five first-rate doctors, English, French, American, German, and Armenian. These monopolize Beyrout and the Lebanon. A poor person ill in Damascus could not afford to send to Beyrout for a doctor. The only medical man in Damascus in my time was the French sanitary officer, Dr. Nicora, who was clever when he was young, but was in 1869 already aged, and is now dead (1874). A good English doctor settling at Damascus would reign alone. He would certainly have all the European custom, and the Consular support—more than probably the Turkish authorities and best families; and a name is so soon made there, he would, in a year, have the whole population of Damascus and the environs as his *clientèle*. My impression is, that a doctor who could afford to take himself out and settle respectably, and support himself for the first year, would at the end of three years (if he learnt Arabic and Turkish) find himself making £1,000 a year. It would not be a self-paying profession until he made his name, and was known. The natives never like paying, and want to be doctored gratis, which was, perhaps, the reason of my popularity in medicine. They make every excuse, in fact, for not paying, and he would be under the disagreeable necessity of only delivering a prescription in exchange for the money, to those who could *afford* to pay. I have known a Greek Orthodox father, quite able to pay, take his son to a first-rate Beyrout doctor, and when the time for the fee came, beg to be excused because he was a Protestant, which was untrue, and was said to please the doctor, whose faith it happened to be; whereupon the doctor, who in all poor cases is most charitable, put the prescription in his pocket, and then only the man put the money on the table, though five minutes before he had sworn he had not a farthing in the world. However, a doctor going to Damascus should discriminate, act with extreme gentleness and sympathy to all classes, tiresome though they be, and he should make the rich pay and let the poor off. My "medical mission" should make Damascus its head quarters, but have a roving commission with orders to visit the Anti-Lebanon, Hermon, Homs, Hamah, the Haurán, Lejá'a, and all surrounding districts at the fever season, where he would find the Bedawin dying like sheep from fever, purely for want of knowledge of quinine and its uses. I doubt two

Where are the good horses? Ah! I do not wonder at your asking. It was my first question when I had been at Damascus a couple of days. Except those that have been taken from the Bedawin, or by compulsion by Turkish officials, or accepted from them as "bartíl," you will have a difficulty in seeing them. You will see, perhaps, a dozen or two of half-breds and three-quarter breds. The rest are kaddishes; but many of these are good, serviceable animals. The famous mares are kept in the Desert, and in seclusion from Turkish eyes. The three grand old races are—Saklawíyyeh, Saklawíyyeh Jedrán, Khailat el Ajuzeh. The two subdivisions are Hadbán, and Abbayyán; and the less valued strains are these six:—M'anagheh, Ghilfih, Abu Arkub, Binát el Nowák, Binnat, Harfushi (from the family of the same name). I have had the opportunity of seeing some of these at the tents of various Arab Shaykhs, and amongst Turkish officials, and on the going out of the Haj.

For travelling purposes the Rahwán is the best animal. He is generally a twelve-hands Kurdish pony, and he ambles along like a carriage and pair. He is never tired, nor does he tire you. You have to learn to ride him. I found the pace a bore, and always returned to my own horses with pleasure; yet those are wiser than myself who travel thus, for they cover twice the usual distance without fatigue. Mares are too expensive, and the horse

getting on well together, unless they were such thorough friends that they could work together. The slightest disagreement would cause a failure, but in the former case one could remain in Damascus, and the other scour the highways and byeways. Both would have to be careful to keep to their own side of the Lebanon, on account of the other doctors. The "medical mission" should have a good native assistant and servant in one—who has some knowledge of medicine, who speaks Arabic, Turkish, and either English, French, or German. I know of one. They would have to be very decided and firm *in cases of necessity*, and not ask their patients what they would *like*. In the year 1869, our Damascus sisters of charity treated 65,000 cases. Moslems, Jews, and all other denominations flocked to them. When I lived there I practised my simple knowledge of domestic medicine (fixing them to a particular hour devoted to the decay and necessities of human nature) upon twenty patients a day in Damascus, on an average, and fifty a day in the Anti-Lebanon—but as they were poor, and I an amateur, it gave me no idea what would result to a doctor's pocket. At the same time, if ever a medical mission is started, I shall be quite competent to give it an account of the natives, their commonest ailments, their physical natures and temperaments, and what drugs would be mostly required, which must all be brought or sent out from England, packed in tins; and I can teach it, upon my experience, not to waste its time.

is the only other resource. On long journeys I use two horses, riding them on alternate days; the extra Rahwáns and donkeys run loose like dogs. Half-bred Syrian horses have certain disadvantages for marching. They must have full, or even extra rations, when hard worked. They come out in the morning too hot to hold, and look as if they wanted to kill and eat one. You cannot ride near anybody. About the middle of the day they settle steadily to work, and leave off play—by that time your back is well-nigh broken with their "fantasias" under a broiling sun. At night they rest till about twelve. When the camp is sound asleep, it is aroused by a noise as if Hades had broken loose, and you find that they have either bitten their ropes through, or, if the ground be sandy, uprooted their pegs, irons a foot and a half long, by pawing and pulling alternately. Then they scour the camp, screaming, lashing out, and fighting, nor can any man with safety separate them. And it is a sight to see them. Their ears lie back on their necks, their extended nostrils snort steam, as they rear on their hind legs, with forelegs almost embracing each other, and their teeth fastened into each other's necks, and the "set to" either disables them or leaves ugly scars next day.

No one can afford blood mares of the three great races. Several men buy and have a share in one, like a railway company, and they divide the profits of her offspring. The Bedawin never ride their best mares on plundering expeditions. You might shake a handkerchief at them and make them run away; but if you see them coming on camels—be frightened. The mare comes before wife and child. She means money—and something of reputation. I do not say there are *no* cases of attachment, but I will say that in five cases out of seven she merely represents capital. Omar Beg, a Hungarian Mir Alai (Brigadier-General), had a lovely mare. I believe he bought her after a free fight in the Desert, but she was so handsome that at a grand review—the only thing of the kind that ever took place here—we could not look at anything else. I heard afterwards that he had been ordered off from Damascus in a hurry, and had had to part with her for what she would fetch—£80. It made me quite envious of the happy purchaser. He had another and she was killed by a provoking mischance. Wanting to do something to her hoof, they were obliged to throw her.

Instead of putting straw, or a heap of soft mattresses under her, the barbarians let her fall on the hard stones, and she sustained such severe injuries that she died. I do not know how he bore it so quietly.

You have often heard of the extreme care and love with which an Arab tends his horse. If his own animal is in question he will do all he can for it, if it is another man's beast he will do "less than nothing," which proves to me that money, and not love of the animal, is the motive power. If it is his own he will water it, give it what he can scrape up to eat without taxing his pocket too violently, he will tether it in the best place, ride it sparingly, and, after a rough fashion, groom it. After working it all day he will leave the saddle on all night, with the false idea that it would gall the back to take it off and wash it; hence horrible results from sweat and loose matted hair. But as for grooming the hoofs, sponging out the eyes and nose after a hard day in the Desert—never! The most a horse gets is a wash in the river, when there is one. So they use up their animals terribly. I have heard a Kawwass proudly boast that he had killed nine horses: as if they had been shot from under him in battle, or as a Red Indian would show his scalps. If the horse is feeding at your expense, the owner will make him eat until he almost bursts. If the beast be lent or hired to him, he will let it die.

I had had some experience in Brazil, having been by necessity my own stud-groom, but I bought all my experience of Syrian travel on my first Desert trip. In the middle of the night I used to go round the camp and see that all was well. Once we had thirteen hours' hard ride, sending on water by camels. We were camped near a deserted Khan, far out in the Desert, which made a beautiful warm stable for the horses. It was clear moonlight with a driving wind: all the men were asleep, the horses were comfortable, save two miserable starveling screws, left after their hard work without a drop of water or a grain of barley, saddled and bridled, and huddled together shivering in the cold. Their riders had dismounted and handed them to their hirer, and he had turned them loose as they were. They would have had to go on like that day after day until they dropped dead. It was probably the intention, that the owner might say our party had ridden

them to death, and then claim a double price for what was already near its end.

This, however, was their first experience of *me*, and up to that time, though everybody knew of this cruel neglect, it was nobody's business to tell me that such things could happen. In about five minutes the whole camp of servants was aroused, every man was questioned, and the culprits were found, the hirer of the two horses and their two riders. They spent the remainder of the night watering, feeding, and grooming those two screws in the warmest part of the Khan, as if they were blood mares, and I sat there to see that it was done. This never happened again, and we lost no more horses from neglect. My husband gave me complete command of the camp, so far as sick and wounded men or dumb animals were concerned.

I shall say more about the treatment of horses in another page, and much on the subject of cruelty to animals, here a prevalent and bestial habit, in the hope that some kind-hearted Europeans will, with the consent of the Turkish Government, form a Humane Society, which would go a great way towards civilizing the people.

Another instance of an Arab starving hired animals presently came before me.

Miss S—— and Miss F——, two English ladies, arrived at Damascus after a plucky little journey. They brought me letters from old friends in England, and we soon became on friendly terms. Their Dragoman, though well-conducted in all other respects, starved the beasts on bundles of herbs because they were not his own. These ladies complained to me that their animals became daily weaker and thinner, and wanted to know if it was all right, or what they ought to do. They told me they held greatly to keeping their Negro-Egyptian Dragoman, from Cairo, and they put the case into my hands in order not to make an appeal to the Consulate. We sauntered into the stable of the Khan, as if to look around, and I asked the man casually what the horses were feeding on. Supposing me to be like the generality of his travellers, he pulled out a handful of herbs, and said, "I give them every day so many bundles of this."

"And no barley?" I asked.

"Oh dear no, Sitti!"—this with an air of compassionating my

ignorance—"barley is very bad for the horses on journeys—too heating."

"Oh, is it!" I replied. "Well, let us try. Go and fetch me a sack of barley."

"Oh dear no, Sitti!—I am a poor man, and you would kill my horses."

I called a Kawwass. "Mohammed Agha, take this man with you, and bring him back carrying a sack of barley."

He was marched off immediately, and brought back with the sack. When the poor beasts heard the grain rattling they tried to break their halters, but they were too weak. I measured out a Mid (four measures) to each. I then discharged the Sais, the ladies having given me *carte blanche*, and told the Kawwasses to find other horses, as these were dangerously weak: I believe that in crossing some of the rocky passes of the Anti-Lebanon they would have fallen and severely injured, perhaps killed, my two friends. My summary proceedings brought the man to a sense of his duty. He had to keep the horses at his own expense all the way back to Egypt, and now to pay for others from Damascus, and, in any case, to forward the Sais back to Cairo. So he civilly acknowledged his error, and said he would see for the future that they were regularly fed. But the "burnt child" did not trust. I told him that I had been some months in the country, and had lost my English unsuspectingness, and that I preferred having a Kawwass to see that they really ate the corn in the manger. I then gave my friends stable-lessons, and ever after they fed the horses themselves. The Dragoman was a good man in all other respects, but he could not resist the temptation of pocketing the price of the barley, at the risk of his employers' necks. When he went down to Beyrout he could not help complaining bitterly of my conduct to the Wardi brothers (Dragomans also), who happened to know me.

"Well, Ahmad," they said, "you must have done something awfully bad if *she* was unkind to you."

He only did that which to my eyes contains all the seven deadly sins—he was cruel to brutes.

Camels show blood as much as horses, and a well-bred delúl is a different animal from the baggage-bearer. The former carries

his small head daintily, and looks around him with a sort of pride and delicacy; if brought into the town he has an expression of disgust, as if the atmosphere offended him, whilst the Bedawi stuffs his nostrils with cotton.

It is strange how many in England confound the dromedary with the camel, the difference being that of a race and a cart-horse; and how few know that the two-humped is the Northern, whilst the single-humped is the Southern animal. In Arabia, if you speak of the two-humped, the chances are that your auditors open their eyes and perhaps their mouths with a "Mashallah," which means, "What a prodigious crack!"

I never saw at Damascus any well-bred mules, which in Brazil are very handsome. They are all baggage-animals, they do their work well, are very hardly used, constantly ill-shod, and lame, and worked over frightfully sharp, rocky places. The donkeys, on the contrary, are thoroughbred and small. Snow-white is the colour most valued. One of our consular Dragomans, M. Hanna Azar, clever in stable lore and in diplomacy, gave me all the advantage of his experience of horses. He also had a brother who was the best sportsman in the city. M. Azar had a very large white ass that could do anything; it was equal to a horse in endurance, and was worth £40. I had a beautiful animal, but much smaller; it was exceedingly intelligent, and became like a pet dog. "Kubbi" was sold to me by a Syrian Christian because it had taken to tumbling down; he did not tell me of that at the time, though he asked me £15, and I gave him a mare, which had belonged to the Italian Consul, which I had won in a lottery, and £3. When first I went out, the donkey flung itself down like a sack, without any warning. I found out by watching that it was not a trick, as I suspected at first, but that a chest disease had affected wind and forelegs. So M. Hanna Azar brought me a bottle of what the French call "Feu Anglais," a strong liquid blister. We rubbed it into his chest for several minutes; soon the skin rose, the hair fell off, the part suppurated for three days, during which time we kept the patient in the stable, and fed it on green meat only. On the fourth day we washed the chest with bran and water, when it immediately healed and dried. We tied an apron round the neck to keep off the flies, and allowed it to run about

loose and do no work till it was well. All the "humours," as they are called, passed down its legs, which swelled prodigiously, and came out of the feet near the frog. When healed, the beast was perfectly cured of falling, and would have carried a man twenty-five miles a day. It never appeared to suffer anything during the two months' treatment, excepting the three days' blistering. It ran about the gardens from morning till night and slept in the stable; it ate and drank well, and played the customary tricks, now running away with a sack left on the ground by some peasant, with heels flung up in the air at the troops that were chasing it; then walking into the kitchen and eating all the cakes off the dresser. If I went out for a ride of three or four hours, it would gallop loose by my side like a dog, of its own accord.

You ask me what more I have to show you in Damascus? You must be present at one of my Reception days, that you may form an idea of our society and customs. I will take you to pass an evening with a friendly harím. The interiors of the houses will convey to you some idea of old Eastern splendour; you will then see the Jerid, or Arab horsemanship and athletic games, and the Great Mosque. We will then ascend the Minaret, near Báb el Sharki, and finally "assist" at the Dervishes dance, on Thursday.

You have already studied the Holy Places and the City, its buildings, Tombs, Mosques, and Khans, and remnants of art; but no stranger, without the assistance of a well-received resident, can see what is private and sacred to Moslems.

The sun shows that it is two o'clock. I have talked too long, and we have no longer time for anything to-day. We will therefore walk down the mountain, take our donkeys on the way, and I will take you to visit sundry friends, Abd el Kadir especially. Coming back in the dark we will pass two picturesque *cafés*. We cannot go in, but from the outside you will see what would make a good painting. Never mind the gates being closed. They will always open them and let me through. I will then call upon my French friends, and see if they can give us supper, and perhaps an Arab dance. We will make the Kawwasses attend us, and put up our donkeys at the Khan.

There are a few things I cannot take you to see, as they are especial privileges granted to me for the sake of my husband, who

is with the Moslems as if he were one of themselves. I dare say, however, the harím will include you in my general invitation to the Mosque at prayer-time. We do not go down amongst the men, but have a tribune with a grating, the same as we have in Catholic convents. It is only a belief amongst the vulgar and ignorant that the Moslems allow women no souls.* The women go to Es Salát, and perform the same Rek'át and make the same genuflexions as the men, only unseen. After prayers, towards dusk, we pass the evening on the house-top of a Shaykh's family. You are fortunate in being "harím," for we can see so very much more of the *vie intime* than men do.

We are now already at the bottom of the mountain, which is a somewhat fatiguing descent, and terrible to the boots. We will call to our donkeys, which are still under the shadow of the rocks; we will mount, and ride through the unfenced burial-ground of the Salahíyyeh. We shall have a delightful quarter of an hour through the shady gardens, enter Damascus, and reach the heart of the Moslem quarter. Here we stop at a door thronged by Algerines in their white burnouses. They salute us, and we ascend the stairs to a reception-room, Europeanized by Abd el Kadir. A moment, and he appears with outstretched hands to grasp mine, his face beaming with pleasure at our visit. I present you, and he says he is delighted to see an English face, that the English have always had a peculiar sympathy with him.

Abd el Kadir is a man of middle height and of muscular frame; a broad brow, with marked straight eyebrows, large dark

* My husband assures me that the dogma of women being without souls is Christian, not Moslem; that St. Thomas Aquinas, and others, adopted Aristotle's opinion, that, "mulier est erratum naturæ et suas occasionatas, et per accidens generatur, *atque ideò est monstrum.*" St. Ambrose, in his commentaries on St. Peter (1 Corinthians xi., where rules are given about our covering the head), says boldly, "Fœminas ad imaginem Dei factas non esse." Bayle (*Dict.* sub voce Gediccus, Reverend Simon of Brandebcurg) tells us how that respectable person published in 1595 a refutation of a book proving the thesis, "mulieres non esse homines," and supposed to be a satire upon Socinius.

But when El Islam threatened to become a power in Europe, where its learning and civilization contrasted too favourably with mediæval barbarism, the Christians thought fit to raise a cry, and the cry that Mohammedans denied souls to women was a good cry. It has lasted through many ages, and even now authors who should know better record with surprise their discovery that Moslem women actually have souls.

brown eyes, bright and piercing, but full of softness and intelligence; a complexion not a sickly olive, but a lively, warm brown, combine to make a handsome face. He has a Grecian nose, a delicately carved but firm mouth, a broad chin, and two rows of bright teeth; his hands and his whole personal appearance show blood, and his dignified bearing and cool self-possession are characteristics of his life. He dresses purely in white, and is enveloped in the usual snowy burnous. His arms, when he wears any, are splendid; and if you see him on horseback without knowing him to be Abd el Kadir, you would single him from a million, let the others be ever so brilliant, and ask who that distinguished-looking Chief might be. He has the seat of a gentleman and a soldier. His mind is as beautiful as his face; he is every inch a Sultan.

Colonel Churchill has written his biography so fully, that it would be a work of supererogation for me to say anything more than that he was the fourth son of the Algerine Marabout, Abd el Kadir Mahy ed Dín, and was born in 1807. Most readers will have read and remember the history of his hopeless struggles for the independence of Algeria, his capture, and imprisonment in France from 1847 to 1852—a treacherous act, and a tarnish to the French Government. He is now pensioned by his conquerors, and spends his days at Damascus, surrounded by a number of faithful Algerines.

We shall sit with him for about half an hour, and he will give us tea, with a peculiar herb. I always tell him I come to him with a headache to drink a cup of his "shahi," and he laughingly says he hopes I shall have a headache every day. He eagerly asks for news, and the last political events from Europe. The half hour passes like five minutes, but we will take our leave, for he is not idle like other Easterns, but divides his time into prayer, study, business, and very little sleep. We will now pass over to his harím, a house on the other side of the street, at the back of which are gardens and fountains.

After half an hour we will ride out of the Báb Faradís, and call upon another Arab friend. The house is made noticeable by its projecting balcony-like windows and coloured glass. We come to a large wooden gateway, and are received by twenty or thirty

Bedawin of the tribe of Mezrab, lounging in the archway, and a large Kurdish dog, which knows his friends, and will let me pass. This tenement is in the form of a three-sided square. Downstairs a reception room is hung with arms and trophies; on the right hand are the stables. The court presents a picturesque appearance, with the thoroughbreds tethered here and there to the trees, eating piles of cut grass. A fountain plays in the middle. On the other side is the reception house for any of the tribe who happen to come into the town; also the bath-house, the conservatory, and the house and play-ground for the fowls, amongst which we find curious snow-white geese with curling feathers, turkeys, ducks, poultry, pigeons, guinea hens, and other pets. The whole is fronted and surrounded by a choice flower-garden. Upstairs is a suite of apartments which is elegance itself. Family and home treasures, and little reminiscences of European life, old china and paintings, are mingled with Oriental luxury, whose very atmosphere bespeaks refinement.

The master of the house—a Bedawi Shaykh, Shaykh Mujwet—is a small man, with a most pleasing face, piercing black eyes, gentlemanly manners, and a charming voice. He speaks the beautiful Bedawi-Arabic. It is said that the wild men talk in short guttural jerks like the bark of a dog, but these soft, guttural utterances are very attractive to those who admire Eastern languages.

We have had a most charming visit, and have been received with all the hospitality of the East, and the grace and refinement of Europe. Did you remark how his heart warmed and his eyes glistened when we talked of fighting, or arms, or horses? These are subjects upon which he never tires, and shows to advantage.

Now we will keep along the Barada, and we shall pass two *cafés*, which always interest me from outside when they are lit up; one is near the shoemakers' bazar. It has, you see, a terrace overhanging the river, and it commands a view of the Castle and City walls. There is another also, not far from the Báb es Salám. Both have these straggling, cranky platforms overhanging the waters, and are shaded by old bits of matting and withered boughs. In the day time these places look horrible, but by night they become an Oriental picture. Do you see the

hundreds of paper lamps, of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and colours, glimmering like glowworms and fire-flies in the trees around the fountain and along the terraces? Notice the reflection in the water beneath, and the dim haze from the smoke of the narghílehs.

Let us draw near, and hear what they are talking about. That ring of young men lying on the ground, with their feet outwards and their heads towards the man who is standing in the centre, are listening to a popular story-teller. He is reciting the story of the "Glass" in the "Arabian Nights" (162nd). All these turbaned grey-beards, sitting cross-legged in rows, are reading the Korán. I know the old Shaykh who is expounding it to them; he is a noted Dervish. In the other corner is another story-teller in a circle of men lying on their faces, but in a half-raised posture. Do you see how eager and excited they look? He is reciting tales of love and war, the exploits of Antar and Ali, and all their favourite heroes, and the loves of Leila and Majnún. In that further corner a khátib (scribe) is writing a letter for a youth. You would know him by his long inkstand, even if he were not writing. Would it not make a pretty picture?

Now we will tell the Kawwasses to take us to our French friends. They will give us some supper, and whilst we are supping we will make them send for the dancing and singing women. You must understand that Arab dancing is more curious than pretty, but it is strange to you and wild. You would be sorry to miss seeing it, but I must explain to you that there are some things we may see, and some that we may not see. However, my friends are very discreet and respectful, and they will arrange with these "almahs" exactly what they are to dance and what they are to sing; that they are to be fully clad, and are not to exceed in raki. They have brought five, all dressed in various coloured gauzes, and spangles, and gold coin ornaments, trowsers frilled and gathered round the ankle with a ring, and hair plaited in two long tresses to the knees. You see in point of dress they are far more decent than our own ballet girls, and that even the Lord Chamberlain could not object to them. Their instruments are the tom-tom, the tambourine, and a sort of zittern. They crack their fingers by putting their hands together, by pulling back the second and third finger of the left hand with the index finger of the right,

and by letting them rebound, with a noise louder than any castanets. Their voices are melancholy, nasal, and boyish, and all their songs are in a minor key. They used to set my teeth on edge at first, but I have grown to love them now. I am very fond of music, but I have never been able to pick up an Arab air. It takes a year before one can perceive the difference between one air and another, or whether it is intended to be joyous or sorrowful; but after this initiation the music becomes most expressive. Even their military bands, like all their music, sound half a note below concert pitch.

You must watch them singing. They put on a miserable look, hang their heads sideways, turn up their eyes like dying ducks, and then out comes a wail, reminding us of an Æolian harp hung in a tree. All sit cross-legged in a row upon the divan, and they will sing and sway from side to side. That almah, who was once the best dancer, and is now the size of six ordinary mortals, can no longer dance. We are going to have a *pas seul*. This girl will move about the room, with little wriggling steps, in time to the music, nearly double herself backwards, and throw herself in all sorts of contortions and attitudes, till I am convinced that all their bones are made of gristle. One thing which perhaps you will not understand is that her dancing means something, whereas ours is only intended for exercise, or to give people a chance of talking. She has told you by pantomime whole histories—of how she was at home with her mother, and how she went to market and to the bazar; how she did the washing and cooking; how her father (the Shaykh) wanted her to marry, and how she didn't want to marry, for that Ali was fighting far away in the Desert. She wonders if he thinks of her, and she looks at the moon, and knows he can see it too, and asks when he will come back. Now the music and the steps change. He is coming back, and they are dressing her to be his bride; she is walking in the bridal procession, veiling her face for shame. And so forth.

The performers are clamouring for raki. I think they deserve a little, but we must not let them have too much. Now I will ask for my favourite sword-dance. That thin and graceful girl will take her turn, and describe to you a fight by pantomime.

You will be surprised at the way she can handle a scimitar, as if she had learned broadsword all her life. She whirls it round her head and throat, under her arms, over her back, like lightning, and within an inch of our faces, as if she were slashing at sixty unseen enemies, dancing all the time.

But it is getting late. We will pay the poor girls well, and a few minutes later we will say good-night to our friends, and ride home to Salahíyyeh.

CHAPTER X.

SOCIETY—RECEPTION DAY—CUSTOMS—TURKISH OFFICIALS.

To-MORROW (Wednesday) is my reception day, and I will now "coach" you up to the programme. I must be ready soon after sunrise, and we shall have no time to talk; you also will assist me from sunrise to sunset. What society have we? I have told you there are altogether thirty Europeans (three English), not counting the Missions and Schools. Gaiety is a thing unknown. Life here is too solemn, too Oriental for that. I see nearly every day a few acquaintance at our eleven o'clock meal. After dark, only one friend has the courage to come. She helps me in the afternoon to receive, and dines with me afterwards, almost every Wednesday; that is my great intellectual treat. She has twice nearly had a little skirmish going home. The natives will come almost at daylight, and complain bitterly if they cannot see me by sunrise. One native lady told me indignantly that she had been to see me three times on my reception day, and had been refused. I was just about to call the Kawwass on guard, and to be very angry, when fortunately I thought of asking the simple question, "When did you come, and how could it happen that I never heard of it?" She answered almost passionately, "Why, I came at daylight, and at sunrise, and at Sá'atayn ba'ad sabáh (8 a.m.). I said it was rather early, and, though an early riser, it was just possible that I had not made a suitable toilette to receive her.

The Church dignitaries will come about 1 p.m. The Consular corps, Turkish authorities, Missions and Schools in the afternoon; all will hurry to reach Damascus by sunset, except my one faithful friend, and she, like myself, lives without the Gates,

and has no fear. If you ever find Abd el Kadir, Mrs. ——, and Captain Burton together, you will have a rare treat of conversation and different experiences. At my receptions I dress as for visiting in London; on those days I belong to my friends; and on Saturday to my poor. The French doctor, poor Nicora (now dead), breakfasts with me, after which we attend to all the sick and sorry in the village, dress wounds, relieve the hungry and thirsty, clothe the naked and the little ones, hear grievances, settle quarrels, and forward petitions. It is pure charity on his part, and friendship for us—may he have his reward! During the rest of the week I live in waterproofs and riding-habits. It is not an unpleasant trip to the orchards, and in summer, when we meet in my own garden under the lemon trees near the river, it is pleasanter still. This day the Dragomans are so good as to interpret for me. The Kawwasses, in full dress of scarlet and gold, keep guard by turns, and the servants are engaged incessantly in bringing up relays of narghílehs, chibouques, cigarettes, sweetmeats, sherbet, Turkish coffee, and tea. My friends sit on the divans cross-legged or not, according to their nation, and sip, and smoke, and chat. If there are Moslem women I have two separate receptions, and go from one to another—they will not unveil before strange men. Even Christian women hide their faces before a Moslem. "If he won't show me his harím (says the Nazarene) he shan't see mine." So one is obliged to concentrate all one's thoughts not to do anything awkward. It would be considered very vulgar to hand a pipe or coffee as it is handed in England. In handing the pipe, the servant, or even friend, must double the narbísh, or tube, in a peculiar manner, and touching his heart, lips, and forehead with the right hand, he presents it with the left. In like manner he hands the coffee, and you receive both with a similar salutation. When your coffee is finished he salutes, and in taking the cup from you with both hands, he covers it with one hand, that you may not be disgusted with the sight of the dregs at the bottom, which some eat with a spoon.

In receiving natives, I advance to meet the women: we mutually raise our finger tips to our hearts, lips, and foreheads; they then seize my hand, which I prevent their kissing, and kiss them on both cheeks. I remove their veils and izárs; when

they leave I re-clothe them, and accompany them to the door. With the other sex I do not shake hands: we salute at a distance; if my visitor is a well-bred man he will not expect me to rise, but will come and kiss my hand; and he must be pressed two or three times before he will sit down. It is good taste to withdraw the hand, and to a person of high rank to say deprecatingly, "Istaghfar' Allah" ("I ask pardon of Allah, lest thou shouldest do this thing to me"). Nevertheless, all well-bred people must offer, and the servants are obliged to do it, and the omission means a slight. I should rise for the Wali, because he represents the Sultan, and he in his turn will pay me equal respect; we are very official even in our *vie intime*. When he leaves I should also accompany him to the door of the room, but never to the street-door.

There are many grades and ranks to be considered, and much etiquette to be observed; the more you observe them the greater respect they have for you. The Dragoman in attendance upon me will whisper to me until I know it—"one step," "two steps," "half across the room," "the door." I thus know exactly the visitor's rank, and by what term to address him. The lowest is Jináb-ak, the next is Hádrat-ak; for the higher is Sa'ádat-ak, and for highest, almost a royal salutation, Daulat-ak, or in the plural, Daulat-akum, which increases the value of the salutation. A European of consequence should never let the people call him, as all will do, Khawájah, which means shopkeeper, a schoolmaster, and so forth. I have heard my husband's valet addressed Khawájah Habíb. A man who has any position must insist upon being called Beg. Perhaps it is becoming in missionaries not to exact any other address, as they are holy men, and humility may prevent them from paying attention to worldly matters; for tourists also it matters little, but every European in an official position should observe these trifles. The principal Consuls are generally Consul Beg. Whenever men spoke to my husband it was always Ya Sa'ádat-ak Consul Beg. If they were speaking in a co-religionist style, or alluding to Mecca, they would call him familiarly "Hadji Abdullah;" but in the desert, among the Bedawin, he was always called Akhu Sebbah, "Brother of the Lion." It is *de rigueur* every time that coffee, tea, or sherbet comes in for every fresh relay of visitors, that I should take it with them, and

drink first; not that they would suspect me, but it is a custom with natives, and amongst themselves the omission would be an awkwardness, and lay us open to suspicion if any accident did happen after they had left the house.

When I first arrived I used to get up, as a matter of course, make tea and coffee, and carry them round; the Dragomans used lazily to sit. I desired them to get up and help me; they were pleased to do so, and willingly handed it to any European man or woman, but not to their own ladies, who blushed, begged their pardon, and were quite confused. They looked appealingly at me, and stood up, praying not to be served. And when one, who was really in love with his wife, a beautiful creature, gave her the tea-cup, he did it as if it were rather a good joke, and with a slight sneer. She bent and kissed his hand, and humbly begged his pardon. I felt quite indignant with the men for behaving thus to their mothers, wives, and sisters; but one said to me in English, "Pray Mrs. Burton do not teach our women things they don't know, and never saw." So I held my tongue, but afterwards I told him that with us it would be the height of bad taste not to wait upon any woman, above all a wife, or sister, and especially a mother.

I enjoy my reception days, and I think my visitors do also. They never come as if it were simply a courteous duty. The ride, the fresh, cool gardens, the meeting of all sorts of people, and interchange of conversation, make the hours pass very agreeably. I endeavour to keep a Salon, a Divan, where all creeds, races, and tongues may meet without ill-feeling—a neutral ground upon which all are friendly. I taboo all religious subjects, and politics in general, especially the Franco-Prussian war. I said at the beginning, "If you speak of the affair, you won't offend the French and Prussians half so much as you will offend me, your hostess." They never transgress. This was necessary; there was so much terrible feeling about the campaign, and it nearly caused duels. The French could not bear to go out; it hurt Abd el Kadir; it was thrown in the Maronites' faces; but *we* are friends with all. I maintain that in a fanatical place like Damascus we are neither English, French, nor Prussians, but simply Europeans, and that we are bound to hang together.

The Italian Consul, M. Castelli, gives us a pleasant little dinner from time to time, and has a charming wife. Poor Dr. Nicora, the Médecin Sanitaire de France à Damas, attached by his Government to the Sisters of Charity's establishment, invites us periodically to a merry little breakfast: and well he knows what a good breakfast is, always seasoned with fun and wit. The French are the salt of our little European meetings in Damascus. The Jews are very hospitable, and I hope soon to take you to a native *soirée*. But there is no society, as you understand the word in England. You will never be invited to a regular dinner party, a ball, a concert, a theatre, or a picnic. We are innocent of "small and earlys," drums and kettledrums. European music, singing, and dancing would be quite out of place. I told you that on first arriving I was not allowed to stir out after sunset for fear of the lawlessness of the suburb, and the dangers of the road to Damascus. During the first few months it was a very just precaution. Captain Burton begged of the Wali to organize a night patrol, which answered well. He used to go out himself (armed) sometimes, unknown to any one, to try if it was doing its duty, and if there was any violence going on. Since we have lived in Salahíyyeh they have grown somehow to respect the presence of the English Consul; moreover, it would be an Arab breach of honour to hurt a neighbour. They know that we are true friends to the people, and a daily interchange of kindnesses, like water dropping on a stone, softens, civilizes, and humanizes the people in a very short while.

I determined once, when my husband was gone into the country, to make an attempt at dining out. The Italian Consul gave one of his charming little dinners, but his wife said to me, "I suppose it would be but a French compliment to ask you, as you cannot be out after dark." So I started at six p.m. in the winter time, when it was quite dark. I girded on a revolver and a dagger and mounted my donkey, the Sais walking by my side, and a Kawwass before and behind. Nobody molested us. I returned at one o'clock in the morning, and to my surprise I found a large detachment of police to escort me home with lanterns. I gave the men some bakshísh, and thanked the Chief of Police, at the same time telling him that I should like in future to be able to

dine out without so much ceremony. I showed him my arms, asking him to spread the report that I carried a revolver, and would use it if it were necessary. I have often been out since that first time, and returned at all hours without anything but a civil good night. Our English and Americans, besides Captain Burton and myself and one lady, consist of four missionaries and their families—Messrs. Wright and Scott, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, the former with wife and children and young niece, and the latter (now dead) with a sister; the Rev. Mr. Crawford, of the American Presbyterian Mission, with wife and children. I know my old friends will not be angry with me if I cannot resist giving them an affectionate record, though I have no words adequate to praise their lives. All three are straightforward men, honestly and earnestly doing their duty, without cant or humbug, and good Christian work under difficulties. They know Arabic, and the minds and customs of the people; they are therefore competent to do *real* good. Mr. Wright keeps large schools of 344 boys, which prosper deservedly; and they have a church, where there are two excellent services and sermons on Sunday. There are also two lady superintendents of a large school, a branch of the British Syrian, known as the late Mrs. Thompson's, at Beyrout. There is another reverend gentleman, a Polish converted Jew, who is, however, considered English, and has a charming wife and three young daughters. I meet one of these Reverend Gentlemen told off to convert the Jews in every fresh place we live in; they are all made on the same pattern, as if to order; but the Jews know so very much more than they do, that it appears more likely the Jews will convert them. We have, besides, an English engineer and his wife. He was born at Aleppo; she is a Venetian, and is the belle of our little circle. Our religious houses are the French Sisters of Charity, the French Lazarist monastery, and the Spanish Franciscan monks of Terra Santa. I mention them again, because they will appear some time to-morrow, and I shall see the "Sisters" in the same salon as those women who veil in presence of the other sex.

The Consular Corps besides England is represented by French, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Italian, Greek, Spanish, Persian, and the United Statesman. The Persian is a Consul-

General; he is a very great personage, and his Dragomans and Kawwasses are legion. The Wali and all the officials have an unbounded respect for him. He had a number of medals and orders struck off for him in Europe, in order to decorate Turkish authorities in the name of the Shah. He seems *très bon enfant* (he is ninety and looks about forty). The French Consulate is always happily officered. We have M. Roustan, with a clever and agreeable Chancellier, M. Le Raye, (at Beyrout, for Consul-General, Baron Rousseau,) and Dr. Nicora, so often mentioned. The Damascus superintendent of the French diligence, M. Giraud, is an *ex-militaire*. Prussia is represented by the Italian Consul, and the United States by the English Consular Dragoman, M. Nasif Meshaka, son of the venerable and talented Dr. Meshaka, who is universally respected in Syria, and whose clever writings, we hope, may not be lost to the world for want of translation from Arabic into English, French, and German.

Last, but not least, is a native Consul, who represents all the smaller Powers not yet named. *Mauvais plaisants* say that he wears a parti-coloured, or piebald uniform—every patch representing a different nation—and two swords, and that his family bow down to him as a very Shah of Consuls. It is asserted that on some recent official occasion, when the Consuls were announced, Le Consul d'Angleterre, le Consul de France, le Consul de Russie, that the puzzled servant gravely announced le Consul de plusieurs *Potences*.

The difficulty of this European society is, that it will split and separate into cliques. The missionary and school people associate together; so do the three religious houses; the Consular Corps, and the French, who, as is natural, see little of any one but themselves. We try to visit all, and to ask all; we also endeavour to see as much of the various native elements as is possible, and to induce them likewise to mix with us.

The Turkish authorities are those of every province of the Empire, as established by the Constitution which followed the Crimean war. They are perpetually changing, and this is perhaps the weakest part of the system. At the head of affairs is the Wali, or Governor-General, who holds the position of a Viceroy;

he is also the Emir el Haj, but the duty is done by proxy. M. Delenda, a Greek, is the Secretary, favourite, and right hand of the Wali. The Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief, is the second authority. The Kadi is the Chief Judge. The Mutsserif is the Prefet, or local Governor, of Damascus, and acts for the Wali if absent. The Mufettish is Inspector of Finances. The Deftardar (Treasurer) is a keeper of registers and public documents. There is a Mir Alai of Zabtíyyeh (Chief of Police), and a second in command.

Each large town has a Kaimmakám (Governor), a Diwán, or Council, answerable to Damascus. Each village has a Shaykh, answerable to the Governor whose district he is in. The Governor, in his turn, is answerable to the Wali, who is responsible to the Porte.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENVIRONS OF DAMASCUS.

THE small rides and excursions around Damascus are innumerable, and very beautiful. At first they lead through gardens and orchards, with water bubbling by your side, and under the shade of the fig and vine, pomegranate and walnut branches; then you emerge on the soft, broad, yellow sand, and you may throw off your superfluous strength by galloping as hard as you will—there is no one to check your spirits, or find fault with you: the breath of the Desert is liberty. There are no brooks to tumble into, no fences to be shot over, nor tramways, as in Lancashire, to make you look out for a "shy." I have often thought what a capital residence it would have been for the well-known gentleman who "loves and he rides away," and how glad he would have been to return—sometimes. I could take you a different way every morning for a month or two. To-day we must ride the horses, as we are going out of the town. We will turn to the right hand, and keep the mountain, Jebel Kaysún, on our right, steer through the gardens, look down the gorge of the Barada, cross the river where it is possible, and proceed to Mizzeh, a village placed exactly on the border of the green and yellow. One side of it looks into the trees and verdure, and the other side on to the bare sand. We will canter about half an hour beyond it, and then dismount, and climb up a pile of rocks to watch the strings of camels and the horsemen making across the plain for Kátana, a village three hours away. All the roads are much of the same nature, only the objects differ. We will now make a round to Jeramâna, a Druze village, which will put Jebel Kaysún on our left,

and Damascus between the mountain and ourselves. As you are English you will meet with a most hospitable reception. They will come out in a body, kiss your hand, and lead you to the house of the Shaykh, who is attached to the British Consulate. You will there be seated upon the divan, and have coffee and sherbet, and narghílehs handed, and be strongly pressed to stay the night, at least. You had better refuse, because we are only an hour and a half from home, and we must ride much longer before evening. We will pass round by Jobar, about the same distance from home. I am taking you in a semi-circle from Jebel Kaysún, keeping the whole time about an hour and a half from Damascus, which is our centre. Jobar is a Moslem village, with a synagogue, which is a pilgrimage for Damascus Jews; it is dedicated to Elijah, and built over a cave, where they believe the prophet used to hide in time of persecution. A railed off space shows where he anointed Hazael. When the prophet was at Horeb, "the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus; and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria (1 Kings xix. 15).

We will now turn our backs to the East, and keep Damascus on our left, and reach Burzeh, which completes our semi-circle. Burzeh is a beautiful little village, almost under the mountain, nestling in verdure, partly hidden by a cliff at the mouth of a glen. A Moslem Wely, called Makám Ibrahim (Place of Abraham), assembles thousands of pilgrims on its festival day, and a miracle is performed by the Shaykh riding over the prostrate bodies of the faithful without hurting them, as at Cairo. This well-known ceremony is called Da'aseh, written by Europeans "Doseh"—it merely means "the treading." Josephus, or rather Nicolaus of Damascus, says, "Abraham reigned at Damascus, being a foreigner, who came with an army out of the land above Babylon, called the land of the Chaldeans. But after a long time he got up and removed from that country, also with his people, and went into the land of Canaan, but now the land of Judæa. Now the name of Abraham is still famous in the country of Damascus, and there is shown a village named from him the habitation of Abraham." This tradition, it says, is traced through a long line of Arab authors to the present day. Burzeh is the village,

and the Moslems, with whom Ibrahim is the second great prophet, venerate it in his honour. In a cleft behind the Wely he is said to have prayed after his return from the pursuit of the kings who pillaged the cities of the plain. The people of our day, as you will hear when we talk to them, still believe that Abraham lived there. There is a dispute whether Burzeh or Jobar is the true site of Hobah, "which is on the left hand (north) of Damascus," to which Abraham pursued the kings of the East (Gen. xiv. 14—16). Burzeh is the most likely in point of situation, and in point of name Jobar seems the likeliest corruption of Hobah. We have now only to keep the mountain to our right, and a pleasant three quarters of an hour will carry us straight into Salahíyyeh.

You now know Damascus tolerably well, and I am not obliged to keep you inside it. All the other rides in the plain will take you one, two, or three days. These little outings of a few hours round about the capital will refresh you after your sight-seeing. Perhaps it would have been less tedious if diversified by alternate City and saddle.

The longer excursions are to the Convent of Saidnâya, considered by the Greeks to be Ptolemy's Danaba. The scenery is wild and beautiful. There is a miraculous picture of our Blessed Lady, where women flock to pray. The original is said to have been taken to Russia; however, the copy seems to do just as well. The devotees tell me that they come back with their petitions granted. We shall also visit the rock tombs and temples of Menin and Helbon, said to be the Chalybon of the Bible, once far-famed for its wine exported to Tyre. Ezekiel (xvii. 18) says: "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon, and white wool." Strabo wrote that "the luxurious kings of Persia drank Chalybonian wine of Syria." I hope they liked it better than I do. The Christians of Damascus still make the wine. I find it very bad, as indeed I do all their stuff, even the *vino d'oro* of the Lebanon, which I have only found good twice; once in a Maronite stronghold, and once at the Patriarch's. All the rest tastes as if it were medicated and liquoriced drink.

At the north-east extremity of the plain stands the village of Dumayr, which contains a well-preserved temple, built in A.D. 246.

This is the first day's station for the Baghdad camel post. About two miles eastward, and at the foot of the lowest range of Anti-Lebanon, called Jebel el Kaus, are the ruins of a little town and fortress, deserted for centuries. The Desert of Arabia stretches right away to the east and south-east. We will make all these little excursions, and being rides of two or three days' distance, with time to see and repose, they will get your hand in for larger expeditions, such as Palmyra, Ba'albak, Hebron, the Hauran, and the Lejá'a. Your back will get used to the saddle, and your head to the sun, which will be a comfort to you, as these expeditions will necessitate your riding, let us say, eight hours on a short day, and perhaps thirteen on a long day.

Some of my relations—Lord and Lady B——, Mr. S——, and Mr. G. L. F——, who are bound for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, have arrived here, *en route*, to see me. My friends the Jews, hearing this, have sent to invite us all to a *soirée* to-night. I will send my thanks, and accept. We shall dress in morning gowns (English toilette), and ride down on donkeys, accompanied by Kawwasses and torches.

The court yards are full of gorgeous attendants. The orange, citron, and jessamine trees, the balconies and the trellis-work, are brilliantly illuminated. The women sit, as usual, in rows, cross-legged, upon the divans all around; they are splendidly dressed in every coloured silk, the bosom much exposed, and all are covered with jewellery, but especially worn on the head. They wear everything they have, regardless of colour, or "sets" of ornaments, and they are very fond of sewing rows of earrings round their turbans—well they may, for the stones are gorgeous, though very badly set. This disregard of colour is not peculiar to Jewesses, but extends through every class of Syrian women. If they can find two colours that "swear," they are sure to put them on—a blue skirt and green jacket, with yellow head-dress; pink and red, blue and lilac, all is the same to them. They do not see it, and it has a garden-like effect, perhaps crowned with £20,000 worth of badly-set diamonds. Some of them are exceedingly pretty, but they have a habit which makes them all look alike, so much so, that, pretty or ugly, until you get used to their faces, and are intimate with them, you can hardly tell one from another. It

is considered a "shame" for a married woman to show her hair; and at a tender age, just when we begin to be vain of ours, she is shaved, and obliged to wear a wig, which I am sure must be bought by the "gross," they are all so uniform and clumsily made. They all paint exactly the same patterns on their faces. They produce a thick, white, shining, and creamy complexion; their foreheads are quite glossy, their cheeks and lips are very red, their eyebrows and eyelashes pencilled very black, the former with lamp-black and gum, the latter with kohl, or, better still, with a nut burnt in the candle. Occasionally little stars and crosses are disposed, like the patches of "Queen Anne's" day, about their faces.

The men dress in coloured cloth cloaks, mostly purple, and lined with fur; all wear the tarbush. Those are Polish Jews (men) who train two large ringlets to hang down by the ear, like the old English corkscrew. The women sit upon one side, the men upon the other. Tables are placed in the middle, and covered with every kind of native refreshment, and the rooms are brilliantly lighted. Some of the ladies will dance for us, one at a time, but they are very shy, and there are also professionals to play and sing. I have with me a kind of head servant, a smart, accomplished rascal, with a great talent for the Sword-dance, and at universal request I will make him perform. So far from being abashed he is delighted, and puts himself into all his most graceful attitudes, and looks as if to say—"I am Zahrán! Look at me; I will astonish you, and cut you all out!" And so he did, and got great applause.

Have we not thoroughly enjoyed our *soirée?* It is true that I am very bitter about the money-lenders, for the sake of the poor; but the Jews here are a hospitable and warm-hearted race, when you do not touch their pockets; and I am especially fond of the women.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HAMMÁM, OR TURKISH BATH—A FRIENDLY EVENING AT A HARÍM.

I DARESAY you are tired. Yesterday we rode far. Would you like to pass a lazy day, and go to the Turkish bath? It will take away all the fatigue, and we can get through an easy afternoon afterwards. Would you like to see the Hammám? Old Hadji Ahmad will prepare it for us; he will take care, under all circumstances, that the whole establishment is unquestionably clean, and we will take with us the widow of a deceased Kawwass of the Consulate, who considers herself under British protection. She has foolishly become fourth wife of a Kurd, by whom she has a son. I fancy she has a "hard time." She is, or rather has been, handsome and very *prononçée* for a Moslem woman.

Firstly, we enter a large hall, lit by a domed skylight, with a huge marble tank in the centre, and four little fountains spurting in the corners. All around are raised divans, covered with cushions. Here we wrap ourselves in silk and woollen sheets, and towels round the head. We shall now pass through six marble rooms, all with domed sky-lights, marble floors, and a gutter cut in them to let the water off, and surrounded by large stone basins and troughs, each with its tap of hot and cold water. The first is the cold room, the next warm, the third warmer, and so on until you come to the *sudarium*, of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Here the operation commences. Firstly, they lather your head and hair thoroughly. Then you are washed over, first with flannel and soap, if you like, secondly with a brush and soap;

thirdly with Líf and soap. Líf is the fibre of the palm frond soaked in water, sun-dried, and pulled out. It looks like a large sponge of white horse-hair, and it rubs as hard as a clothes-brush. You are douched from head to foot, between each of these operations, with tubs of hot water, thrown at you and over you. You are then shampooed with fresh layers of soap, and douched again. By this time you are beginning to feel rather exhausted. They then cover your face and neck and arms with a sort of powder which looks like meal, and move you through the other rooms, each warmer than the last, till you are turned into the hottest. If it is steam, 150 degrees will content you; if in dry heat, you can with practice bear 300 degrees. Your stay in the calidarium lasts about twenty minutes. They give you iced sherbet, and tie towels dipped in cold water round your head, which prevents your fainting, and makes you perspire more freely. The white powder passes away of itself. They scrub your feet with a hard, rough stone; indeed, it appears to me that one's first skin is wholly peeled off.

Now you move back again through all the rooms, but gradually, staying ten minutes in each. You are again douched with water and shampooed with towels as you pass from heat to cold. The most rigorous of all is when you arrive at the latter, when pails of cold water are thrown at your back and poured down the spine. In the last room the final shampooing is done with towels.

We now return to the hall where we first undressed, enveloped in silk and woollen cloths, and we recline on divans. It is all strewed with flowers, incense is burned about us, cups of very hot, and rather bitter coffee are handed to us, and narghílehs are placed in our mouths. A woman advances and kneads you like bread; you fall asleep during the process, which has almost the effect of mesmerism.

When you awake you will find music and dancing, the girls chasing one another, eating sweetmeats, cracking nuts, and enjoying all sorts of fun. Moslem women go through much more than the above performances, especially in the matter of being henna'd, and having their eyebrows plucked. The best time for the bath is with a wedding party preparing a bride. One feels very light after these baths, and the skin is wonderfully white. Easterns are not content with less than peeling the outer skin off.

You are quite right, it is not *all* prepossessing—far from it. Those old women squatting on the floor, with about five hairs, dyed a bright orange colour, are really disagreeable. They have harsh voices, and they make an irritating noise. How thankful they ought to be for the veiling institution. I only wished you to come to-day, on the principle of seeing everything once, to know what the Hammám really is. They now want to perform the last operation, which is to cut and pare the nails, oil them, and discover the half-moons; also to henna your hands and feet with little crescents and stars. In an ante-room, outside the baths, sits an old man. He cannot come in, on account of the harims; his calling is to tattoo. On a bit of paper he draws what his patients like to have inscribed on the arm. He pinches up a bit of flesh, and pricks out the pattern with a bunch of needles in a little case, drawing blood; the second time he uses another bunch of needles, dipped in gunpowder—it does not hurt much, only pricks and smarts for a little time. The operation concludes with giving him five francs. The marks will never come out, unless the flesh be scraped off, as a certain person's was in a *cause célèbre*. The whole takes about a quarter of an hour.

We have been here four hours. When I went home from the East, and felt the want of the Hammám, everybody said, "Go to Jermyn Street, and you won't miss Damascus." I went, and this is how the bath was conducted. Those who received me looked with some contempt at the new comer, and said triumphantly, as if to put a school-boy on his mettle,—

"You'll have to go into 120 degrees at once; do you think you can stand it?"

"I don't know, but I'll try?"

We undressed in a stuffy little room, and went into our 120 degrees without any prelude. I took with me my Syrian girl, who was very much amused, and said it was the first time she had been warm since we had landed in England, and was very loth to come out again. There was only a single bath, and one other very hot room, where I found a stout, large woman, with all the blood in her head. I thought she was going to have a fit, and hastened to tie a wet towel round her head. She was a little astonished at my doing so without having been properly intro-

duced to her; nevertheless, she thanked me with a dignified gratitude. The attendants begged me not to interfere with the doctor's regulations, and she obediently removed the towel. I wonder that everybody who ventures on a Turkish bath in England does not suffer for it. A man rushes from the City, after a chop and a glass of ale. Out of the raw, damp street suddenly affronts 100 or 120 degrees; he passes half an hour, or an hour if he can spare it, and his mind all the while full of anxiety and business. His clothes on, he bolts out of that hot room into the cold street, and he is off to work again. At night he is surprised that he has a headache, and feels depressed and weakly. The wonder is that he was not found dead in the bath. The ordinary Englishman is no more fitted for Eastern Kayf, than an Eastern for life in the east-end of London; and Jermyn Street (I can only speak of the harím side), is a parody of the real Eastern bath. It has all its disagreeables without its delights, extreme heat without graduation, stuffy rooms without any comforts or luxuries. Perhaps Jermyn Street is improved since 1872.

As you are unused to the Hammám, I do not think that it will be good to take a long ride, or to make any great exertion to-day. We will go home, lunch, and spend the rest of the day with a Moslem harím. I am not going to mention names.

We will dress like natives; we are about the same height and figure, and therefore you can use my clothes. You will wear a pair of lemon-coloured slippers, pointed at the toes; white linen trousers, like two large sacks, which are gathered at the waist and at the ankles; and a large garment, like a fine linen dressing gown, prettily embroidered, it fastens round the throat, and is belted round the waist; it falls to the knees. As your hair is golden you must wear a pale-blue waistband, a blue neck ribbon, and a blue turban. I shall kohl your eyebrows and eyelashes. Your hair shall hang loose down your back, and be tied in a knot of blue ribbon behind like a colt's mane. You will be covered with jewellery of all colours, sizes, shapes, and sorts, regardless of "sets;" your turban will be literally crusted and caked with it. A small bouquet of two or three flowers will be fastened in your front hair, so as to hang down your forehead, reaching between your eyebrows—at first it will make you

squint. I will also kohl a few stars and crescents on your face. You shall have an oblong white lace veil, about three yards long and one broad, which you will throw round your head and about your shoulders, falling down your back in two long tails. We will then put on our izárs and mandíls, and walk to the neighbouring harím.

The moment we arrive and are announced, the whole family will run to meet us, at the boundary gate, which separates them from the world. They will kiss us, and take our hands, and, with all the delight of children, lead us to the divan, and sit around us. One will fly for sherbet, another for sweets; this for coffee, that for narghílehs. They are so pleased with a trifle; for example, to-day, that we are delighted because we are dressed like them, and they consider that we have adopted their fashions out of compliment to them. They find everything charming, and are saying how sweet we look in their clothes. If we were habited in our own clothes they would be equally happy, because they would examine every article, would want to know where it was bought, what it cost, how it was put on, and if they could find it in the "Súk." Their greatest happiness is to pull your hair down to see how it is done, and to play with your hat. If you come in riding habit, they think you are dressed like a man. A lady's cloth riding under-garments are an awful mystery to them, and they think how happy we are to dress like men, and follow our husbands like comrades, whilst nobody says anything against us on that account. They envy us our knowledge and independence, and they deplore the way they are kept, and their not being able to know or do anything.

This feeling, of course, exists only among town haríms, who receive enough visits to know there is another sort of woman's world than the one they enjoy. The countryfied and old-fashioned never heard of this; but Nature implants on the brow and eyes of the strictly kept wife who has two or three sister wives a melancholy, soured, discontented, hopeless expression, which may be of a trusting resignation, or may be of a vicious, spiteful tendency, as though she would revenge herself on account of her sex. It is only fair to state that those of this latter kind would only feel about us, and perhaps say it to one another, "Here

comes the bold, bad European woman, with her naked face, to try and take our husband from us. Allah be praised, we are the only honest women," etc.: and you must try to become sharp enough to feel when there is sincerity and when there is not. This is a work of time and practice.

Do you see that old woman? She is a sort of faithful dependant in this harím. Do you hear what she is saying? You have by mistake put on your black-kid gloves, and she is asking why your face is so white and your hands are so dark. She probably thinks the human race in our part of the world has piebald specimens. Pull off your glove and throw it on the ground. There! she has run away shrieking. She is one of the old school, and is quite innocent of anything European. Your glove, being of a thin kid, stands out open like a hand upon the ground, and she confidently believes you have torn your skin off for the pleasure of astonishing her. She will not touch it for the world.

They say that we must stay all the evening with them, and are overjoyed at hearing that we accept. They will prepare music and dancing, and send round and gather their friends. Do you hear the tom-tom in the garden? That means that the Sitt Leila invites all the harims on her visiting list to a "small and early." In about an hour a hundred women of their *intimes* will drop in, all dressed like ourselves, more or less magnificently. There will be a perpetual nibbling of fruit, sweets, and nuts, a similar sipping of coffee and sherbet, amidst the bubble of the fountains, and fifty or more narghílehs. The singing, music, and dancing will be performed by the guests, who will throw in a good deal of talent. It will be quite modest, and not require checking like the professional performances.

Now you can take a look round, and make your remarks in English. I must not forget to tell you that whenever you speak of any person or thing, whenever you admire anything, especially a child, be sure to preface your remark with "Mashallah!" or they will think that you have put the "evil-eye" upon it, and will persuade themselves that it will wither and die. I have seen women clear their children from me, as if I had the plague, until this was made known to me.

The girl who you see yonder in yellow cotton is very clever.

Her greatest wonderment is, that although I have nice gowns I never wear anything but riding habits and waterproofs, and above all no jewellery, that I spend but little time on divans, but take hard exercise, and am always busy. At last, one day she could stand it no longer, and burst out, "Ya Sitti, anūnti (my happiness), Dakhlik (I take refuge with you), Why not wear this lovely gown? (an old faded, *decolletée* blue ball dress, trimmed with tulle and roses). I will hate the black. When the Consul Beg will come and see his harím so darling, he will be so jealous and ashamed from himself. I beg of you, will you keep this till you are an old woman, instead of to be joyful in your happy time?" Think of me, readers, sitting on a mud floor, *decolletée* in blue tulle and roses, all alone in my eyrie in the Anti-Lebanon, doctoring the poor, and shooting wild game. A little petting goes a very long way to make a Syrian speedily very "uppish." I one day offered a little girl, not of the higher classes, who possessed nothing, some massive silver butterflies, mounted and trembling on silver hair-pins—Indian work, which would have delighted any English girl. "Will you have them, my child," I said. "They will look so pretty in your black hair." She looked very grave, and a little offended, and replied, "Thank you, Sitti, but I would rather not have them. I could not wear them in my village. They are not diamonds, and the people would not understand it." If you take a person up here, they expect you to do everything for them. A rich person could not afford to have more than one *protégé*, they exact so much, and a person with a moderate income should not attempt it. However, this digression has nothing to do with the harims, who want nothing but our company.

That old woman is a relation of her husband. They married very young, and he has the greatest respect for her; she accompanies him on all his expeditions, veiled, and with the baggage, of course, and she is the only woman who has this privilege. He asks her advice behind the scenes, for she has natural talent and good sense. She is the head wife, but, as you see, she is old; he constantly invests in a new wife, a Circassian slave, or what not, and the new comer enjoys a short reign as the toy of a month, when another succeeds her. She is jealous and miserable, spite her age, and he laughs, and cannot think how she can be so foolish

as to care, or to suppose it could be otherwise. But though the skin is shrivelled and the eye is sunk, the woman's heart has never yet learned to be a philosopher in these matters, nor has it in any clime, or age, or race—and it never will! She alone is "Bint el Naas" (daughter of a good house), the others are all "Surrayeh" (bought ones).

Now notice that other, a thin, brown, plain little woman, who looks about five-and-twenty. There is nothing apparently very attractive, but she has an innate knowledge of the world, she rides, she makes the house comfortable, she receives well, she understands her husband's comforts, she is sympathetic—in a word, she really loves him. When he comes in, notice the gleam of intelligence that passes between them. She is the "favourite." He will not notice nor speak to her, but will come and sit by us, with a word perhaps to No. 1. These two are the principals; all the rest may be young and good looking, but they are as nothing. You ask if the women in the harims are generally pretty. No; in all the houses of Syria I have seen three or four women who would be singled out as beauties in Europe, and theirs was chiefly *la beauté du diable*, which withers at the first act of neglect or unkind treatment.

Now I will show you that they have the same feelings as ourselves. Go and sit by the old wife. Do you see how pleased and how affectionate she is? After a few minutes ask to have one of the others brought up, to sit at the other side of you. Do you see how her face clouds, and how jealous and vexed she looks? See, she moves away. She descries the "favourite's" slippers at the top of the stairs, and she has given them one vicious kick and sent them flying from the top to the bottom. Poor woman! that is only an emblem of her feelings. How well we understand it. She dares not do anything more than what is figurative.

You see around you about 150 women. Not a man is to be seen. They know the harím have a party, and will avoid even coming near the gate. You noticed that the master of the house vanished on the announcement of the first arrival. You perceive all are dressed more or less alike, only in various colours, and some better, others worse. A few are quite young girls of nine or ten; and some that you think quite childish are married women.

That one whom you take to be a disappointed girl of thirty, wizened and soured, is only twelve, with bad health. We shall all sit on these divans, and in groups upon the cushioned floor, changing places occasionally till perhaps past midnight. Every now and then one girl or another will get up and sing or dance for us, and others will play for them. The performers require a little pressing, but after a few "Wallah! ma ba'arif's" (By Allah! I know not how) they begin. A clever girl will improvise as she goes on. At interludes we shall talk, and they will ask me every possible and impossible question about our *vie intime*. Of course the subject which they are most fond of discussing is our and their domestic life.

You asked me the other day why I called everybody Abú So-and-so, instead of calling them by their own names. When we have talked to these women for half an hour, you will learn the importance of their becoming mothers, and especially the mothers of sons. It is considered such a misfortune and disgrace not to have children, that the moment a wife presents her husband with a babe he changes his name for one of higher respect. Instead of the father remaining Sulaymán and the mother Nejmeh, their own names, they are addressed by all, even by their intimate friends as Abú Salím (father of Salím), and Umm Salím (mother of Salím), the name of their first-born son, and they will retain those appellatives for life. If they are unfortunate enough to have no son, their friends will out of respect pretend to suppose they have one, and call them Abú and Umm Yusuf. If we did this in England, a man whom we have familiarly called Billy Such-and-such would become Father of Jack, or Harry. There are only about 300 Mohammedan names, so nearly everybody has a nickname; for instance, in Damascus alone there would be about 3000 Mohammeds; and it is therefore also more respectful to call a father Abú Salím or Yusuf, than Father of Moustachios, or Mother of Scanty-beard.

The Arabs, especially Bedawin, are wonderfully happy in their grave humour, and are clever in saying apt things, whether in love and praise, or in hate or ridicule. When a European first arrives, they generally fasten upon him some nickname which fits him exactly, and lasts him for life. One of our Consuls was exceed-

ingly small, fidgety, and pompous. When they saw him present his *exequatur* to the Wali, the whisper ran round, "Wallah! Ejaa el Namús" (By Allah! behold, the mosquito cometh); you could almost fancy from that moment that you heard him buzz. A very high Turkish official always went by the name of El Bisseh el Kebír (the big cat), and a great English official was always spoken of as El Zurktáh (the wasp). A Syrian girl in my service formerly accompanied me to England, and was sometimes noticed in English drawing-rooms, where she generally saw beautiful and aristocratic women. One evening they sent for her to bring some coffee, and she saw amongst them a stout *parvenue*; the quick eye detected the difference at once, and creeping up behind my shoulder, she whispered in my ear, "Ya Ummí! Mín el Kaddisheh" (O my mother! who is the under-bred [mare]?).

Leila is now trying to ask me some questions.

"How many sons hast thou?" (This is their Alpha and Omega.)

"Not one."

"Then how many daughters hast thou?"

"Also not one."

"Mashallah! Are they all dead?"

"I never had any."

"How! Thou hast never had a child, O lady!"—with much pity and more astonishment.—"Let us hope that Allah may be merciful, and remove thy reproach. How many years art thou married?"

"So many—say ten."

"Listen to us, thy friends, who wish thy happiness."

I need not inflict their advice on my readers; suffice it to say that I have gone through hours of it, and have brought home a boxful of curiosities, all the best proofs of friendship and good-will, from my Eastern friends.

"And does not the Sidi Beg, the 'honour of the house,' want to put thee away, and take a second wife? Dost thou not, Ya Sitti, feel insecure of thy place, and jealous of his going out and coming in?"

Naturally my wondering and amused expression has gradually developed by this time into a good hearty laugh, in which they all join.

"Mashallah! See what a danger the Helwe (the sweet one) is running, and hear how she laughs."

"Oh no, no; there is no danger! You are all mistaken. Now listen to what I want to explain to you. Our lives and your lives are quite different. You are set apart to dwell amongst one another, mostly indoors, in a settled place; your lives would indeed be a failure without children. You are three or four, and your Lord and Master honours most who has the most sons; and why? Because your ancestor, in the old law, exactly as to-day, could not 'meet his enemies in the gate' without being backed up by his stalwart sons and their sons, his brothers, and his uncles and their sons. In short, the family who could show the most fighting men were the most honoured, and carried the greatest weight in their town or tribe. So men chose wives who could bear them sons, and visited with their displeasure those who could not. The men of our races marry one wife, and a family will commonly be from six or eight to ten children. I have seen a woman nursing her twenty-fourth child. (Loud murmurs of applause, and Mashallahs.) Children are from Allah. If He sends them we bless Him, and if He does not we are contented, for we know that it is for some good purpose, some special mercy to ourselves. The English husband would not put his wife away for anything. I feel quite secure of my place. The Sidi Beg may marry another after my death, but not before. I never think about jealousy, and it is not in our customs that the 'honour of the house' should notice his slaves, or any one but his wife."

"But what would you do if your husband *did* bring home the second wife?"

"If I were brought up to it, if it were in my education and religion, if I knew nothing else, it would come to me like any other custom; but that not being the case, I fear that number two would be made very uncomfortable."

"Ah! how happy you are. You are all like men; you wear men's clothes (riding-habit), you bare your faces, you ride by your husband's side, and share all his dangers and councils with him like a brother; and we are kept here like donkeys, and not allowed to see anything or know anything. You are secure of

your husband's affections, and are alone (only wife), whether you have children or not!"

"Some day, perhaps, you will all be like us. Your husband will begin to adopt European habits. Already the Stamboulis are beginning to change a little, but the move must not be made too fast."

"That is true! that is true! Inshallah! Inshallah!"

"Now I have answered all your questions, I want you to answer some of mine, if you can understand, as you seem to do, my broken Arabic."

"Go on! go on! When you speak Arabic, your words drop out of your mouth like sugar. We could bear it all night—for a week!"

Encouraged by this affectionate bit of flattery, which is not strictly true, but far more pleasant to hear than the northern guffaw at one's failures, I proceed.

"Well, then, your life is as curious to me as mine is to you. Tell me a little, I beg of you. How do you like veiling your faces?"

"We do not know what it is to unveil before a man. We should only do so if we meant to insult him, and no good woman would do this. We should feel ashamed, uncomfortable, and ill at ease."

As soon as a girl begins to ripen into womanhood, she is obliged to hide her face; and you will see little things of eight or nine assuming the dignity of womanhood, and refusing to answer a man's "Good morning."

"I also want to know how, as you never go out, never see any man but your husband, the young girls contrive to be married?"

"Well, the mother and the aunts of the young man whom they want to marry go about visiting all the haríms, and when they have fixed upon a girl likely to suit, and have made all necessary inquiries concerning her, they go home and describe to the son her appearance, what she can do in the house, what she is likely to have in worldly possessions."

[Her clothes in, perhaps, two marqueterie chests, perhaps a field or two. The husband, in middle-class life, gives the wedding *trousseau* and the best jewellery, and a settlement of a few thousand

piastres (1000 piastres represent 10 napoleons). Perhaps the father also contributes a similar sum. Eight thousand, in farmer class of life, for instance, would be a handsome settlement for a girl. But note that no marriage is strictly legal among the Moslems without a Mahr, or settlement, from the bridegroom to the bride. It may consist of only a few silver pieces, still it must be made. The dower is simply a sign of the parents' respectability, for here a father does not like that his daughter should be sung of as

"A tocherless lass with a long pedigree."]

"Then the young man's mother and father go to the girl's parents, and arrange the match amongst them. The wedding takes place, and the young man sees his bride for the first time when he lifts her veil after the ceremony."

"But suppose that on their first sighting each other they take a dislike to one another, one or both?"

"In that case it is very easy for the man, but very difficult for the woman. She must not show her feelings, but must remain quite passive, and neither seem pleased nor displeased, for fear of being accounted bold. Frightfully cruel and unjust things are sometimes done on various pretences; and though it is easy for the mothers and aunts of the bridegroom to deceive him, all sensible women would be prudent, for fear of such an unhappy ending to the wedding."

"Now I wish to inquire further still. How do you feel afterwards about the other wives?"

"If we please our bridegroom, and he pleases us, we are very happy for about a year. If a child, especially a son, is born, we feel secure to a certain extent; if not we are very unsettled and anxious, but we are sure that, under any circumstances, before two or three years are passed there will be a second, perhaps a third; and as soon as we are old—and we are old much sooner than your races are—we are not much considered."

They pointed out to me a really old woman, who was the grandmother of the harím, in a cotton frock without a single ornament, working like a menial. I thought she was the servant; she was waiting upon all the family, apparently very little more respected or thought of—and that I found the rule more or less

in harims. I grieved for this, and explained how we honour our old age. In the East the young seem, on the contrary, to have a horror of it. Yet it is only fair to own that I have seen the same thing in Southern Europe.

"Now tell me, Leila," I continued, "when you see your husband devoted to Nejmeh or to Shems, what do you do?"

The answer was true, tender, and womanly.

"Ya Sitti, what can I do? I go away and cry!"

It was then their turn to question.

"Tell us, in return, how you manage to keep your husbands, and to be on equal terms with them. Some say that you who have blue eyes have the 'evil eye,' and can make them do what you like."

"Do not believe that. We have no 'evil eye' amongst us; we do not know it. We all meet in society, men and women alike. In Franguestán girls are not veiled: they see young men in their fathers' houses. Men and women are all alike to us, except the one we mean to marry. Eventually a young man will say to himself, 'I have to choose one woman with whom to live all my life, to love and respect her, and to trust everything to her prudence. I feel that such-and-such is the only one with whom I would willingly pass all my days.' Then he goes to the girl, and he asks her to be his wife. If she says 'No,' there is an end of the matter, and nobody ever hears of it. If she says 'Yes,' they go to their fathers and mothers, and ask their blessing. The parents consent, and arrange the wedding. They are then betrothed, and have time before marriage to learn all each other's faults and good qualities, and to know exactly what they have taken upon themselves."

"Mashallah! and how does it go on afterwards?"

"The woman must take as much pains to look pretty and dress well as she did before; she must love her husband, be very respectful to him, make his house bright and comfortable—even if it be poor, she must try not to make it look so to his friends; she must be constantly waiting upon him, and thinking what she can do to please him; she must also educate herself, that she may be able to be his companion, friend, adviser, and confidante, that he may miss nothing at home; and finding all that he can

desire in his wife, he has nothing to seek elsewhere; she must be a careful nurse when he is ailing, that he may never be anxious about his health; she must not unjustly or uselessly squander his money; she must take an interest in all his pursuits, and study them; she must not confide her domestic affairs to all her friends; she must observe the same refinement and delicacy in all her words and actions that she observed before her marriage; she must hide his faults from every one, and always be at his side through every difficulty and trouble; she must never allow any one to speak disrespectfully of him before her, nor permit any one to tell her anything of him or his doings; she must never hurt his feelings with a rude remark or jest, never answer when he finds fault, nor reproach him when he is in the wrong; never be inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell her; never worry him with trifles, but rather keep the pleasant news for him when he comes home, and be looking her brightest and her best. Above all, she must see that all his creature comforts are ready. The wife who follows this recipe, O Leila, is never put away; she has no need of the 'evil eye,' nor love potions, nor papers written by the Shaykh. Her husband could not do without her; he loves her, and knows her as himself. He will listen to no voice but hers, and he would find a second wife very much in the way."

"Mashallah! You speak like a book, and how much you know. Of course it is true, but what do we know of all this?"

The women will understand and talk well for hours on such subjects. And is it not natural? They are not educated, in our sense of the word; few can read and write. They have never travelled; they go out very little, except in this way, and see nothing but what we are seeing now. Their lives are therefore a round of household duties, after which they dress, receive their harím friends thus, or they visit other haríms, or they ride to the Súk and buy trifles. I know some men who are so strict that they will not allow their haríms to pay a visit, or to shop for themselves, but order everything to be sent to the house. These, unfortunately, are thrown on their own society and their own resources, seeing only the master of the house, at times when,

perhaps, he is out of humour. Even if he be in the best of tempers, each can claim only part of his attentions. Consider the amount of talent, education, philosophy, mental preoccupation with an object, that we should require to enable us to lead such a life of solitary confinement and monotony. Use enables them to bear it, but even so you see dulness written on the foreheads of strictly-kept haríms. They vary as much as families in London. A first-class Constantinople harím is one thing; at Damascus the same rank is another, whilst those of the middle and lower classes are again different in their degree. I am now quoting the average provincial. They are always delighted, therefore, to talk of the things they do know, or to hear and learn anything we can tell them. They never forget these conversations, and when they think they have mastered a good new idea they will try and put it in practice.

"Ya Sitti, I remembered what you told me a month ago, and I have tried it, and I am so glad, and so much obliged to you. Do come and talk again by the fountain."

This has frequently been my greeting, long after I have forgotten the visit. They show wonderfully good feeling, and they are mostly very refined. I shall never forget all the kindness and hospitality of a real, hearty, cordial nature I have received amongst them.

I only twice met with bad manners, and that was in a middle class harím; twice the conversation displeased me, but this also was amongst the lower class. Still it gave me an insight into reasons why haríms should not be turned loose upon the world without long preparation. The upper classes, perhaps, might "emancipate," but if they did so the rest would follow suit. It would hardly answer for the older generation, but the younger might be brought up to freedom. Personally, I should be as sorry to see it as to pass in a railroad through the Holy Land. I am certain that at present no good Mussulman would survive it, and that scarcely any Moslemah head could endure it. Now I will go on talking.

"Tell me, Leila, about your law of divorce. I mean when your husband wants to put you away, or you him."

"We women of Syria never put our husbands away, but they

divorce us on the smallest pretext, and no one takes any notice of it, or knows of it."*

"Will any other man marry you in that case?"

"Yes, they will; but if a man has divorced his wife by a triple divorce, *i.e.*, saying, 'I divorce you,' three times, and afterwards he is sorry and wishes to take her back, and she be willing, she must, by our law, marry another man and be divorced from him before it can be accomplished. The Shiahs have temporary marriages; we Sunnis think this an abomination. A Shiah says to a woman, "Will you be my wife for such a term of years, months, or days, for such a settlement?" She agrees, and they write a paper. If any circumstance makes them wish to separate, he says, "For such and such reasons I must leave you. I now make you a present of the remainder of your time, and the whole money agreed upon, with which you will keep yourself and the child." And the woman, amongst the Shiahs, goes forth honourably, and undisgraced. She is open to another marriage, permanent or not.

"Have you any kind of liberty?"

"Yes, if our husband is not too severe. When everything in the house is arranged, we dress in izár and mandíl; we go down to the Súk and buy, and we visit all the other haríms of our acquaintance. We might even stay on a visit to them of a fortnight if we liked. We are only forbidden to see a man, or to unveil our faces, except in one another's presence."

"I cannot understand, living thus amongst one another, and going out muffled up as you do, how the breath of scandal can ever touch you."

* I report these conversations verbally, but they must be taken with many a grain of salt. My husband, who knows the Moslem East, if any man does, assures me that Leila was very far from the truth. It is easy to perceive that the mere fact of having to pay the prenuptial settlement (mahr) must deter many from the step, and even a greater obstacle is the certainty of a feud with the repudiated wife's family. Easterns are very cautious, and for good reasons, about making enemies for life. In Persia, I am told, men by systematic ill-treatment sometimes drive their wives to demand a divorce, and so to forfeit their money claims. But at Damascus, as in Constantinople and Cairo, the Kadi's court is far too handy and too efficient for this manœuvre. In fact, I believe that as a rule the men suffer most from legal proceedings. It has been said in England that a woman rarely sues for divorce unless she has ulterior intentions, and the same probably applies here.

"Ah, Ya Sitti! it is all the same! Bury thyself, and the worm will bring bad report. When the rain patters on the house-top, do we expect her to come through and wet us? Yet with all care this will sometimes happen. Do we know when the serpent is in the rafters of the ceiling until she drops on the bed?"

I was once invited to contribute to a weekly journal, whose object, doubtless of doing good, was to collect information concerning every race, creed, tongue, mode of life, and condition of woman. This is an admirable safety-valve for all classes at home, where, if there is any grievance, you can hold a committee, and apply knife and fire to the root of the evil. But if you cannot do so, what is the use of talking it over? what is to be gained by lifting up the curtain of the domestic theatre? I am writing for my own sex, and especially for my own country-women, and yet I leave a thousand things unsaid which would be information, because it would please neither my Eastern friends nor my Western sisters to read a detail of habits so totally different from their own. I do not think that my reasoning will induce El Islám to adopt monogamy, nor to educate one wife, nor to raise her to companionship with himself—yet this alone would root out many hidden evils. To a great extent the morality of society is marvellous; but it is enforced. It is also an inheritance of families, tribes, races. The large towns, of course, are almost the only tainted places. If intrigue is suspected, the police have the right to enter the house and drag the accused into the street; and although four eye-witnesses are necessary to condemn them, they both know they will certainly die by the hands of their own relatives. In wilder places, if a girl is unfortunate, the parents, relatives, and all the village, dress her like a bride, and make a feast like a "wake" round the mouth of a deep hole; they throw her into it and return, singing and making merry. The parents have done a meritorious action—the honour of the family is cleared. The man also dies, and there is a Thár, or blood feud, *à perpetuité*. None of these savage acts have taken place in our time, but in the mountain opposite our summer quarter there is one of these deep caves; and we were assured by the villagers that two years before we came one of these horrid feasts took place

there in the winter time. A father or brother will beat his daughter or sister for looking round at a man out of doors, even if accidentally or unintentionally. If a man pass a maiden and say "Good-morning," she must not answer him, unless rudely, to ask how he dare speak to her. Then he says, "That is a good lass, that is the wife for me." If, on the contrary, she return a civil good-morning, or stop and speak a few words to him, he forms a light opinion of her, and looks for marriage elsewhere. In the villages the youths test girls' characters by these experiments. But I see Leila is trying to tell us something.

"Listen, Ya Sitti. Let me tell you a curious case of injustice to women—not amongst us, but amongst the Christians of Damascus. You know A—— B——?

"I visit him and his charming little wife. She was then a bride of fifteen days, young and pretty, gorgeously dressed, with about £20,000 of diamonds upon her head and neck, but so badly set that they look of little value, and she rolled from side to side, which I know is very 'chic' amongst you. I felt so indignant because she had to present a cup of coffee to her dirty, coarse-looking husband, in a very humble attitude, kissing his hand."

They laughed, and Leila continued: "Well, Ya Sitti, many years ago he married a nice girl. He unfortunately forgot to invite to the wedding one of his friends who wanted the same maiden. The day after the wedding they met, and his Judas said to him, "So thou didst not ask me to thy wedding. Thou knewest that I was beloved before thee." Stung to the quick, the man believed in the taunting lie, and without a question, considering his honour gone, he sent the innocent, unhappy bride back to her father, ruined and disgraced. She is there now, a prematurely-aged and broken-hearted woman. After a long time A—— B——, a Catholic (Latin), married again, another beautiful girl. The priests told him it was a grievous sin, his having put away the first wife without a true cause, and the Catholic Church has no divorce. So they placed him under a bann not to live with the second wife. He dared not break with them, but having no cause to send the second wife home, he kept her in the house for fifteen years like a sister. She could not

understand the cause of her offence. She thought he did not love her, so she remained all that time serving him, and doing all she could to win his affections. She covered his house with beautiful tapestry. His splendid divans, cushions, curtains, were all her work. At the end of fifteen years some foolish woman-friend advised her to go to one of these Shaykhs, or magicians, who write papers and make love philtres. She went and said, 'Give me something that shall make my husband look upon me with favour.' He entrusted her with some liquid in a cup, over which he blew, and said some words,—'When thy husband comes in to-day, give him this to drink in his sherbet or in his coffee, but be sure that he drinks it out of this very cup, or he will go mad.' The wife objected. 'My husband has an especial cup of silver, and if I give him to drink out of a strange cup he will suspect me.' 'No matter (said the Shaykh), thou must not change the cup.' She went home, and she gave the drink to him, but put the drink into her husband's silver cup, and he did go mad."

This is a true story; he was very ill for some time with a kind of derangement of the head.

"When he recovered he turned upon her, saying, 'Thou gavest me a drink to make me mad. Thou art a witch, and I hate thee.' She also was sent back to her father's house, and is a prematurely-aged woman. Then he passed a long time very unhappily, but in 1869, although already a broken-down, aged man, he again sought a beautiful young wife. This time, to make the union secure, he changed his religion from Catholic to Greek Orthodox. You know the bride then, O Sitti?"

"Yes, and I think her beautiful; and after all you have told me, which I know to be true, I tremble for her."

Since this conversation took place, happily for the third young wife, the man has died, so that she who was beauty, meekness, and prudence itself was saved from inevitable scandal. The long martyrdom of the other two is over, though I fear too late to make them happy.

Now they are preparing supper, and you see the huge, flat brass trays perched upon round, small mother-of-pearl stools, and covered and balanced with various dishes. A slave will now bring

round a brass jug and platter, with rose water, and a bit of rose-coloured scented soap, and slung over her shoulder a silk and embroidered towel. We wash our fingers, but not like Englishwomen, dipping them in the basin. We only use the water from the ewer, and the moment it has left our fingers it becomes ceremonially impure. All sit round these trays. We shall eat with our fingers, dipping into the dishes with bread, and for liquids they will hand to us mother-of-pearl or wooden spoons. There are plates full of rice, with bits of meat and fat; a kid roasted whole, stuffed with pistachio nuts; *Kibbeh*, or meat, chopped and mixed with Burgh'ol, bruised and boiled wheat; *Mudjadarát*, lentils (*Adas*), and rice, or burgh'ol, mixed with a brown sauce, and very tasty; *Kussah*, or *Badinján*, cucumber or vegetable marrow scraped out and stuffed in sausage form, with chopped meat, herbs, rice, pepper, and salt. The forced meat is called Máhshi. Kubáb, a dish known to Englishmen as Cubobs, is roast meat, fat and lean, sliced, and impaled with onions on a stick, like our cat's meat, and grilled at the fire with salt and pepper. There are bowls of *Leben*, every sort of fruit and vegetable in season, and piles of sweetmeats. The bread acts the part of plate; of these large, round, flat scones, some are thick, and others are thin as a wafer.

Some time after supper, we will wish good-night; the whole harím accompanies us to the door, thanking us, and giving us all sorts of nice blessings, such as, "May Allah send you happy dreams," "We shall hear your voice in our sleep," "May your night be blessed."

They will perhaps continue their festivities for another hour. But before we part I must have a word with you. They were very kind, but I am not in the least deceived by their many "Mashallahs." They listened with exemplary patience to my preaching, they allowed me to have my say, and I know that they drew me out with great tact, and even tenderness. They permitted, and even assisted, me to enthrone myself upon my high moral pedestal. But woman's nature is much the same all the world over. The moment the door closed upon us, and privacy was restored, our charming hostesses probably indulged in a long titter, and each said to her neighbour—

"Mashallah! my dear! it is very nice to be a man, but

don't you think that as women we may perhaps be better as we are?"

That was the query of the young and pretty. Whilst the other category would exclaim—

"Istaghfar' Allah! why this is neither man nor woman, nor anything else. Allah preserve us from this manner of pestilence! 'Amín."

Also, we must qualify that idea that we have in Europe, viz., that there is *no* education in a harím. Reading and writing are only means, not ends. The object of education is to make us wise, to teach us the right use of life. Our hostesses know everything that is going on around them. The husband, behind the scenes, will often hold a council with his wives. They consult together, and form good and sensible judgments, and advise their husbands even in political difficulties. Can we do more? Of course, you will understand that I am now speaking of the higher classes. When I compare their book-learning with that, for instance, received by girls at home fifteen or twenty years ago, I can remember that the lessons learnt by heart, and painfully engraved upon my memory, have required a toil of *un*learning and *re*learning since I have mixed with the world. As regards mere accomplishments, some ride, dance, sing, and play, as well in *their* way as we do in ours; some read, some write, and almost all can recite poetry and tales by the hour. The manners of some are soft and charming. The best speak purely and grammatically; slang is as unknown to them as dropped "aitches." Finally, in the depth and fervour of their religious belief, many of my friends are quite equal to us—in *their* way.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DARWAYSH DANCE—THE GREAT MOSQUE—THE HOUSES OF LISBONA AND ALI BEG—THE JERÍD—BURIAL GROUNDS—POST-OFFICE—CHURCH AND MONEY MATTERS.

We must dress in riding habit, and mount our horses, as, this being a feast day, I hear that the Jerid, which is usually on Sunday, will take place during the afternoon of to-day (Thursday). We will begin by going to see the Dervishes' (Darwayshes) dance in their Tekíyeh, or monastery, near the Mosque. We will then visit the interiors of the two handsomest houses in Damascus, and the Great Mosque, Jámi'a el Amáwi. Thence we will ride down the Maydán to see the Jerid, or horsemanship, beyond the town, and on returning, after a gallop through the gardens we will visit the burial grounds—Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant.

The ceremony we are about to witness is the most imposing and interesting, and at the same time the most bizarre act of devotion I know. We enter a large hall with galleries above, and railed off spaces below, all crowded to suffocation. In the middle is a large clear space; all the company sit cross-legged on the ground, in the railed-off places, the shoes having been left at the door. The music consists of tomtoms, tambourines, and cymbals, and the reed pipes (Nai), which give out that wailing air in the minor key, apparently half a tone below the true note.

You notice one prayer-carpet to which all present bow and pay respect. The middle is occupied by thirty-eight Dervishes, all dressed in white garments like a night-gown, girdled at the waist, with a stone-coloured felt conical cap, like a flower-pot, and bare feet. The chief has the addition of a green cloak. As he

enters with dignity and stands upon the mat, the Dervishes perform a procession round him three times in a curious step. Every time they pass him in rotation, each kisses his breast, and the chief in return kisses the nape of his "Murid," or disciple's, neck. Then suddenly the figurants twirl off with stiffly-extended arms like a windmill, and keep up this teetotum spinning movement for about ten minutes. The same is repeated three times, with interludes of prayer. A few turn with hands crossed on the breast; others rest their heads gracefully upon one extended arm. They spin faster and faster, never bump one against another, though they appear to be wrapped in ecstatic devotion; they never seem out of breath, nor giddy, and can stop in an instant. The ceremony occupies about an hour, and begins after 12 o'clock. I leave you to imagine the state of the mosque. A London "crush" in a small house is the perfection of ventilation by comparison.

Now we will thank them for having allowed us to be present. We will leave a trifle for the poor, and ride to the entrance of the Great Mosque, Jámi'a el Amáwi, near the shoemakers' bazar. Here we will dismount, take off our boots, and put on our lemon-coloured slippers. They will not scowl at us, because they see our slippers, and they also know that we shall be as respectful as if we were in our own church. They know the uniform of the English Kawwasses, they are aware that I am Hadji Abdullah's harím, and last, but not least, they expect that a pound, or perhaps two, will be given when we go out. They will, on the contrary, perhaps crowd round us a little to show us everything, but that will not matter. The building is 163 yards in length, and 108 wide. In its days of Pagan magnificence it is said to have covered a space of 600 square yards, and the broken columns are distinctly traced *in situ* through the present network of bazars and streets. This superb edifice has alternately served the Pagans for Temple, the Christians for Cathedral, and the Moslems for Mosque; like Damascus, it has been independent—it has been taken by Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, and Turks. The ceiling is of painted beams and small coloured laths interlaced, to form Arabesques; below these again are painted rafters. The floor is of fine marble-like limestone,

covered with mats and prayer-carpets. Once it was all tesselated stones, of which patches here and there remain. There are large chandeliers from one end to the other; the aisles are divided from the nave by two rows of tall columns with Corinthian capitals. In the middle is a domed transept, supported by four square piers, also with Corinthian capitals, gilt for greater honour. The whole of the face opposite the court is composed of doors, and arches, and windows of delicately-carved wood; they give the idea of having been put there to replace some magnificent façade destroyed in war or rapine. At the further end is a *grille*, evidently intended for nuns to hear mass behind the High Altar, where the great Shaykhs now retire to pray. On the side opposite the carved wooden windows, mihrábs, or niches, where the Imâms, or leaders of prayer, stand, break the wall at every ten yards. They are beautifully tesselated, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and stones of every colour; some are supported by small Byzantine columns, and all are handsomely carpeted. On each side is a huge candle, like our Pascal, inscribed with Arabic characters. Large parchment scrolls containing part of the Korán are attached to them. Three brass lamps, two plain and one ornamented, hang in front of them like huge vases.

The most striking object is the Mausoleum. It is a kind of glass and gold cage, the size of a small cottage, with a gilt and barred door; its green dome is surmounted by a crescent. It is surrounded by four candles, also like young trees, two green banners droop from each side of the entrance, and they are surmounted by a thin round piece of brass, like small plates with Koránic inscriptions. All around are small coloured lamps, which are lit for afternoon prayers, and for two hours extra on festivals. Inside stands a tomb, covered with green silk, on which are Koránic texts in gold; an outer pall of black velvet, with a golden square in the middle, contains the following inscription:—

"May God protect us and give us power through the intercession of his prophet Yahyá (John the Baptist)."

It is said that a little vault underneath contains a casket on which is written, "This casket contains the head of John (the Baptist) son of Zachariah," and that the head is still kept there to be honoured by the Moslems, and the few strangers admitted.

I have a right to feel sceptical about the head, because I have already seen three. The real head would be buried with the body, in or about Machœira; at least, so say Eastern scholars.

The tomb is hung over with lamps and ostrich eggs. These latter are the chief ornament of all holy places, and are supposed to bring good fortune; doubtless the Mosque borrowed the practice from the Greek Christians. Opposite the tomb is a kind of marble temple, tent-shaped and railed in, for the Shaykhs.

The four piers which support the dome are covered with Koránic inscriptions and ancient Arabic carvings; and the cupola has a gallery and balustrade like those of St. Paul's. Near the door leading to the court, a place like a summer-house with a divan is used by the Muezzins, when they call to prayer inside the mosque; from this "dakkeh" also the Shaykhs announce their decrees to the people. Two small fountains of white marble, which are very attractive, stand at each side of this entrance to the court. They are for ablution before prayers.

They have red and yellow domes—the gold and green leaves, the inscriptions, and the marble fringes are inlaid alternately with white and black stone; they are adorned with large green and gold sun rays, and the remnants of the old decorations are truly magnificent. One might sit and weep at all this by-gone splendour, destroyed by the fury of war and civil dissensions. Large patches of wall show gold grounds, picked out with green and black, representing palm-trees, fruit, houses, and scrolls; many of the capitals are also covered with tesselated gold work. The bits of mosaic ceiling are like a beautiful carpet, or the border of a Cashmere shawl.

Three windows of delicately-close carved wood, whose interstices are filled not with stained glass but crystal, have a very beautiful effect. There is a curiously coloured and variegated pulpit, carved and made of various coloured stones, in pepper-caster shape; a flight of stairs lead up to it.

Let us now pass into the large paved court adjoining the Mosque. In the middle is a *jet d'eau* under a marble dome. At the end of the court is a short, squat dome, supported on columns, which they tell us has been shut up for three hundred years; it is, I know, opened about once in five years, and contains only shreds

of manuscripts, common as well as rare. They prime me as usual with highly imaginative stories about the sacred and mysterious books here deposited by some great prophet. I ask them if it is not a pity to hide such a treasure, which would instruct and interest the world; they reply that it is so, but that it would be sinful to disturb what the man of Allah had commanded to be kept hid.

Another similar construction at the opposite end of the Sahn, or court, contains a bell-shaped affair; if you look in you will see a comfortable summer-house, with three sofas and two clocks. It is the usual Kubbet es Sa'at (dome of the clocks) common to all cathedral mosques—my husband found it in the Mecca temple. The bars of the windows are covered with little rags. They tell us that those who suffer from headache tie a little rag on these irons, with great relief to the peccant part.

You see there are three minarets—El Arús (the bride) is the most ancient; that of Isa (Jesus), where Christians say that Jesus will descend to judge the world, is the tallest; and El Gharbíyyeh, or the western, is the most beautiful. We will ascend the Arús, and look out upon the scene. Instead of scolding us, as they would have done a few years ago, they give us seats, they hold our books, and call to prayer in our presence; they explain everything that needs explanation. Is not the view beautiful? Outside this court was the tomb of some prophet; it must have been domed, but the top has fallen off, leaving what looks like a huge, fallen oven chimney.

We will now descend into the court, and go to the south-eastern end by Báb Jayrún. You remember my telling you that Ad, great-great-grandson of Noah, built two castles in honour of, and named them after, his two sons, Jayrún and Baríd; these are the two gates of the Temple, which in Roman days probably communicated with the forum. Near Jayrún a few rooms are barred off for sacred purposes. The first is like an ordinary saloon matted over, the second has a glass case, cage, or partition, with a gilded carpet, where a Shaykh may come to pray. The real shrine is in another little room, which we shall now visit. Our Kawwasses touch an urn, and then kiss their finger tips; in it, they believe, are buried Hasan and Husayn, two sons of Ali and Fatima, daughter of Mohammed, by his wife Khadijah; one was

poisoned, and the other was killed. Hasan was poisoned by one of his wives, A.D. 669, a treachery instigated by Yezíd, son of Mu'awiyah, who claimed the Caliphate, and afterwards slew Husayn at the fatal field of Kerbela. The descendants of Hasan are Sayyids, a priestly race. The posterity of Husayn are Sherífs and fighting men. This room also contains a fine carpet, a box enclosing a copy of the Korán, many ostrich eggs, inscriptions, and a print, one of the Ka'aba at Mecca. Moslems are strictly forbidden by Allah's law to curse (la'an) any fellow creature; an exception is made in dishonour of Yezíd, but the Doctors add, "Ala'an Yezíd, wa lá tezíd"—curse Yezíd, but don't exceed. Of course, this applies only to Sunnis; Shiahs abominate and anathematize the whole race of Caliphs, from Abú Bekr downwards, as unholy usurpers, tyrants, and murderers. Outside is a stone, where we are shown the impression of the feet of Mohammed's camel; they are just what would be left in soft mud. A marble column close to us bears a Greek inscription, and a yard or two from it are enormous brass gates, about a foot thick, sixty feet high, and very broad, belonging to the Báb Jayrún. They have chalices for their centre-pieces, indicating what they once were. On the gate is an Arabic inscription, covering a square brass plate, of far later date. This is much brighter than all the rest, for all who have fevers lick it, and are made whole. These gates open on to a fountain, and the gold and silver bazars. You remember our going up to the roof to see the Christian inscription; and also to the top of the book bazar, to prospect a remnant of the magnificent arch forming the ancient gateway.

Now we will ride to the Jewish quarter, and visit Khawaja Lisbona, one of the wealthiest of his wealthy faith; he has the most beautiful house, save one, in Damascus. We shall be received with the greatest hospitality—the whole family will be equally pleased to see us. You will again remark the mean doorways, the narrow, winding passage, perhaps a stable-yard, which precede riches and beauty. Lisbona affects less of this contrast, yet even in his establishment a mean entrance is a shabby outer court, and a second poor doorway masks the beauty which flashes upon the stranger. The house is in the form of a square, and appears to be all as richly ornamented. A beautiful paved Court

stands before us, with large marble fountains and their gold-fish, orange and lemon trees, jessamine and other perfumed shrubs, springing from a tesselated pavement, and kept moist by two or three little *jets d'eau.* Flowering creepers and shrubs are trained about the lattice work, shedding shade and sweets. The apartments open into the court. The Ka'ah, or open alcove, with raised floor and open front, looks on the court; the stone pavement and raised daïs are covered with velvet and gold cushions on three sides. The walls are a mass of mosaics in gold, ebony, and mother-of-pearl, with tiny marble columns and many *alto relievos.* The reception-room inside is similar, but richer; we shall all sit round a beautiful white marble fountain, whose bubbling is most refreshing in the parched weather.

Khawaja Ambar, another Jew, is also building a palace, but it is in more modern style, and therefore less pleasing to me. The fashionable luxury is rich, but too rich; Lisbona's is tasteful as well as old. However, no one can find fault with Khawaja Ambar's idea of comfort. He has attached to his house a private synagogue and Turkish bath, and he is buying up all the old tenements around him to spread his establishment over as much ground as he can; unhappily he is also burning their carved wood and ancient ornaments, in which he sees no grace and beauty, and laughs at me for my heartache.

We will now inspect Ali Beg's house, which is, *par excellence,* the grandest in Damascus. There is no concealment in this case. It has a noble exterior, with a vaulted arch, and a winding entrance which seems to bid defiance to its enemies. I could fancy the tramp of Saláh ed Din's cavalry passing through it, or a noisy party returning from one of Harún el Rashíd's nocturnal escapades. You can count seven courts. The outer patío contains the Salam-lik, or reception-room, of the master, approached by a winding passage, to avoid the possibility of strangers or servants seeing into that region of privacy; the last, which is the grandest, belongs to the harím. This is the most highly ornamented; it is, I would persuade myself, rather a pretty idea, like keeping a bird in a gilded cage, to sing when one wants to be amused. The plan is the same throughout all the houses, but, of course, there is an infinite variety of detail.

Now we are in the court, famous for its immensity; the house, in the form of an oblong square, stands around it, and contains, they say, 300 rooms. It belongs to two brothers; and it seems to me as if several different families, all related to the owners —perhaps their mother and sisters, their aunts, and their wives, their cousins, and all their children—live together. We will not ask to see all over the house, which might be considered unceremonious, but we will visit the chief wife. The children, strange enough, have all yellow hair and blue eyes, like Englanders. They will allow us to walk about the court, and there is one beautiful room which we must not miss. Their father, or grand-father, was a rich man, who loved luxury and refinement, with regal ideas. His Líwán (reception-hall) is shaped, as usual, like three rooms thrown into one; the middle, somewhat lower, after the old fashion, than the other two, is paved with marble, and a fountain plays in the centre. All three are carpeted and furnished on three sides with low divans and cushions of embroidered satin, velvet, and gold. The walls are inlaid, wainscoted, carved, and gilt; the ceilings are formed of painted rafters, and lathes in Arabesque. This Líwán has not its equal in Damascus. The fountain is composed of grotesque figures, cut in black and coloured marble. The windows are delicately carved, and full of the choicest old stained glass, every one a design—a palm-leaf or a rose. Look at the medallions on the walls, of white marble with a rim of black stone, and an outer circle of gold. Admire the beautiful colours, how rich and how blending; the prodigies of carved work in ivory, ebony, mother-of-pearl, and choicest *pietra dura* and marqueterie. The residence is that of dream-land. Nothing can convey to the English mind a really good Damascus Líwán, or reception-room, and this one especially, except the Alhambra at the Sydenham Palace, and that seems modern and small and tawdry in comparison with the ancient Damascus palaces. The master of the one I am describing does not know it is beautiful; he cares nothing for it, and it is dropping to pieces with decay. The stones of the court-yard are rooted up, and grass grows between them. I asked him why he did not repair his palace, and he shrugged his shoulders, and replied with a question, "What matter?" I have seen the children chipping off the

gold and marble for amusement. It is said that they have lost their fortune, and that though they live here they cannot afford to keep this remnant of ancient glory from "rack and ruin." Yet even in decay it is a *beau idéal,* realizing all we have heard concerning the marble palaces of Damascus.

We will now ride out to the Jerîd ground, which is about three quarters of an hour out of town. Our way lies down the Maydán, and out of the Buwwabet Allah. An open space near a water-mill on the banks of the Barada has been chosen for the "sport." The Gate of Allah is very gay to-day, on account of the feast, the men are going out dressed in their best, and crowds of women are already sitting by every stream; we hear the hum of their chatter from afar. As you can tell by their gaudy trappings, the horsemen are on the same errand as ourselves. They have, in point of fact, besides feasts, three Sundays a week: Friday for the Moslems, Saturday for the Jews, and Sunday for the Christians. To-day, however, the feast and the Jerîd make every one gay and idle.

The best horsemen now form in two opposite lines. They have little sticks like javelins, but not pointed. One rides out to challenge the other side, feinting to throw his Jerîd; the other accepts and rides after him, throwing it, if occasion offers, at the antagonist, who stoops to avoid the missile. They ride at full speed for a hundred yards, hang down by one stirrup at the side, looking behind to avoid the blow, and suddenly wheel round, guiding their horses by pressure of the knee. The action is exaggerated, yet I wish that we used more of it and less of the whip and spur in England. Some men lose their temper, and then there is real fighting. It is possible to wound the horse, and to kill the horseman, but this would be held unpardonable on the play-ground. Sometimes they are hard hit, but all have a good idea of fair play. If a man has an unfair advantage, or comes too close to his adversary, he will not throw. The horses understand their business as well as the men, and I believe they enjoy it; but it is hard work, and two or three hours send them away as hot and tired as if they had run a steeple-chase. I often bring my horses down here when I cannot exercise them enough; two of the best Jerîd men give them half an hour, and I ride them quietly home.

No Sais can be trusted to exercise them in the morning, like an English groom; they are sure to bring back the animals lame, backsore, or otherwise damaged. Two English cousins of mine, however, did not appear to be much struck with the beauty of the Jerid which I took them to see. I heard one say to another, "I say, George, shall we mount our donkeys and shy our umbrellas at each other?" Yet they would have joined in a bout of Polo with a will. But then Polo is the fashion, the Jerid is not.

We will now ride home by another road, taking on our way the Burial-Grounds, which are about a quarter of a mile from Báb Sharki, or the eastern gate. We will say a prayer for, and water the flowers on the grave of, poor Countess Harley Teleki. It is a very desolate spot, and the dusk is coming on fast. But Serur Agha is coming to speak to us. He is second in command of the police. He tells me to ride home, as it is too late for us to be here. I have asked him for another half hour, to be on the look-out for us, and to let us in at Báb Sharki. That mound of dirt raised like a platform is our Catholic cemetery; it consists of a pile of broken stones and open caves, at the side of the high-way. The wild dogs crawl into these hollows at night, and mangle the bodies. After the gates are closed, and it is dusk, the bad characters of Damascus and its environs assemble here, and descend through the apertures to rifle the grave-clothes, or perchance a ring or a crucifix buried with the dead. My husband has promised, if I die here, to bury me on the roots of the mountain behind our house, like the Moslems and Kurds. Some years ago, a young man was buried as is usual; shortly after his supposed death, some people passing by at night heard cries arising from these caves, and ran to the town in terror. Easterns, who are superstitious in the dark, thought the cries came from Jinns, or Ghouls, and nobody dared to come till the next morning. The poor youth had rolled out of his coffin, and was lying on his face, dead.

The late French Consul-General, Baron Rousseau, a clever, gentlemanly man, fitted in every way for Syria, one of those whose death makes one ask, "Why does Providence take that good man from us, and leave so many to work evil?" raised a subscription to make us a decent cemetery, putting down his own share for 3000 francs. He even went round himself to ask for aid.

All the Europeans, even the Protestants, contributed liberally; but the native Christians seemingly had no objection to feed the dogs, or become sport for vagabonds, so long as they kept their piastres in their pockets: thus the project fell to the ground. I have since tried to carry out what he commenced, and failed.

The Jews' Cemetery is yonder, like ours, on the side of the highway, and nothing but a big stone on each grave distinguishes the spot where a man lies buried from the rest of the plain. But they at least put their dead under ground, so that they cannot be profaned. The best of the three is the Protestant English Cemetery, a square walled around. It is dreary and sad, but decent. I have borrowed the key. Notice how fast fever and dysentery fill these graves with English. Poor Mrs. Rogers, my predecessor, died of cholera, and there is her tomb. She is said to have remarked, "If cholera reaches Damascus, I shall be the first victim." And so it happened. At the further end lies poor Buckle. He came here to travel, and he died of fever, in May, 1862. How many dinner tables in London have I seen him enliven by his brilliant conversation. I remember one in particular, at Lord H———'s, in the season of 1861. We were twenty-five at dinner, and all, save myself, were distinguished for some exploit or literary work. Buckle was the life of the party, and he transfixed me by saying, "Paul! Paul of Tarsus! a ve-ry much ov-er-ra-ted man!" How little he thought that soon he would be buried in the City where St. Paul was converted. How little I thought that a few years later I should stand here by his grave.

That new marble grave next to Buckle's is that of the Countess Harley Teleki. She was a very handsome woman, apparently about thirty years of age, exceedingly clever, but eccentric. An only child, she proposed to her widowed mother to make an excursion up the Nile, and to Syria. They were accompanied by two collegians, a friend and a relative. Her fate had been a sad one, but of that I need not speak. On this journey she was attacked by the usual Syrian pest, and instead of delaying a day or two to take care of herself, she persisted in riding to the journey's end. Her state was suspected by their Dragoman, Paolo Sapienza, a Maltese—a most estimable man, who had studied

medicine in his younger days.* His conduct throughout deserves the greatest praise. The friend who was travelling with them, Mr. H. L——, rode off at once, for three days, never stopping on the road until he arrived, to procure a litter and a medical man from Damascus. It was not easy to arrange these matters, and she arrived here with Sapienza just as they were setting out to meet her. Poor Madame Teleki was conveyed to the hotel, and our Doctor Nicora attended her. I instantly went down, and, apologizing for my intrusion, begged leave to nurse her, at least till the arrival of her mother, who was coming on slowly with the young relative. She willingly accepted my offer, but she only lived six days, and, to our great relief, her mother and the rest of the party arrived on the fourth day. I have no right to detail the last illness, or private affairs of friends or acquaintance, but it can do no harm to tell you that she made a most beautiful and holy end. Her last words were the noblest and most unselfish that could be uttered by a deserted wife, and she said, as her head sank on the pillow, "Don't disturb me! How I wish that you were all as happy as I am!" When her desk was opened, there was found in it a letter written to her mother before they started on their tour. It appeared that she had been reading Buckle's "Civilization," after his death, which had much excited her, and she said, "If I were to die in Damascus, I should like to be buried by Buckle." Strange presentiment! So we fulfilled her request—the vacant space seemed as if fate had kept it for her. We covered her coffin with the Union Jack, and, although of different persuasions, we all united in prayer over her remains. My husband, accompanied by the Missionaries, the Dragomans, Kawwasses, and all the English, with the two young men as chief mourners, formed a procession, and she was carried to the grave, whilst I remained to take care of the poor mother.

I begin to see some figures peering about, and one imitated the owl three times, and was answered from the Jewish burial ground. Let us push as fast as we can to Báb Sharki. I dare say Serur Agha is fidgety about us, and the human jackals are probably only waiting to know if he has closed the gate. Once there

* I see by a late paper that he also has passed away to his reward. He was a good man.

we are safe; but keep in the walking tracks, and do not cross the sand. You cannot see the caves in the dark.

Here we are, exactly in twenty minutes, and the old officer of police, shaking his head, lets us in at the gate. He evidently thinks that we shall do this once too often. I am sure you are dreadfully tired. You have had hard work. But to-night you may sleep with the satisfactory thought that you have seen everything in or about Damascus, except the Shazlis. I must not forget that you are anxious about our post-office, our church, our money matters, and other things not generally known. On this side of the Lebanon, only a fortnight from home, we feel at least 10,000 miles from England, much farther than we did in Brazil, where, in the interior, or in out-of-the-way parts, we were six weeks' distance.

With regard to the church, I will take care that you are at the Irish Presbyterian at eleven o'clock, or at three in the afternoon, on Sunday—or both, if you will. You will hear an excellent sermon. Our letters are carried by a special messenger to Beyrout once a fortnight. He brings up the mail from England. As soon as he reaches the Consulate, the correspondence for Baghdad is sorted, sealed up in bags, and dispatched by our faithful Jewish post-master, Smouhá, with a camel-courier across the Desert; he reaches his destination in a fortnight, and he brings back the Baghdad mail in time to catch the Beyrout steamer. There are perpetual steamers from Beyrout to Alexandria, three days' sail, but hence you must, except for Constantinople, find another ship to every other part of the world. The lines that sail three times a month are the French Messageries, the Austrian Lloyd's, and the Egyptian steamers; these run regularly, not counting chance vessels. The Austrian Lloyd's arrive at Beyrout from Alexandria on alternate Mondays, and leave Beyrout for Alexandria every following Thursday night or Friday morning. The Russian steamers sail from Alexandria every second Saturday, and reach Beyrout the following Tuesday morning. They leave Beyrout again for Alexandria the following Saturday evening. Only one steamer goes straight to England, and that is the Pappayanni line, which plies between Beyrout and Liverpool, making a round of twenty-six days. I have heard that they are very comfortable, and I know

that they are most civil, obliging, and trustworthy. There are no banks in Damascus; it is deemed unsafe. You must have a Bank Post-Bill made out in your name upon the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Beyrout. You can cash it here in napoleons through the Jewish money-lenders, Ishak Tobi, or Elias, at the small loss of 5 per cent. The money is the worst of all our troubles. There are not less than twenty-five different coins of all nations, some differing only a quarter of a piastre (one halfpenny) from one another, and looking exactly alike. To make a mistake with a native of the poorer classes of a quarter of a piastre in your own favour, would secure his or her everlasting dislike and suspicion, even if the wronged one had been with you and loved you for years, during which time you had heaped favours without end upon his or her head.

Here we are again at Salahíyyeh. All the people are out on their house-tops. Why are they howling, firing guns, and clapping fire-irons and sticks, cymbals and tom-toms, and beating tin-pots with spoons? Does it not look like Bedlam broke loose? I am laughing at your astonishment, and at what you must think of us. No! it is not a "Wake" or marriage, nor a religious ceremony, nor a mutiny, nor a massacre. If I make you guess till you guess rightly we shall stay out all night. There is an eclipse of the moon. They know enough of the elements and the solar system to know when there is anything amiss with nature, but not to know why. So when they see only a wee bit of the moon at a time when they ought to see the whole of it, they think a big animal is eating it, and that that little morsel is hanging out of its mouth. Therefore, if they can make noise enough to frighten the wolf, bear, or panther away, it may in its fright drop the "Kammar," or moon. They have helped the moon and the sun many times in this way, and have always succeeded—at last.

CHAPTER XIV.

REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

You have asked me to take you to see some of the Shazlis, but before we go I should like you to read an account of their history and sorrows, which has been drawn up by two well-known writers in Syria. One is dead, and the other has made me a present of it, requesting me to embody the facts in my book, the only object being publicity, which, as a pamphlet, it cannot expect. I prefer to show it as it was written. I was in Syria, and living on the spot, during the whole of the events, and know all the people well, and having conversed with them freely on the subject I can vouch for the truth of every word. When you have read it, I am convinced you will agree with me that it is one of the most wonderful signs of the nineteenth century. You shall see all the actors concerned in it. You shall even see the chains mentioned in the story, and through an interpreter you can ask any questions you please. I should like you to cross-examine them, and then tell me what you think of the events they relate.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Christianity was born and grew in Syria. She gave the light of the Gospel to the world. The grace of God has returned to Syria.

The heading of these pages will not a little surprise many but not all of my readers, who may be divided into two classes—those who are familiar with prophecy, and those who are not. The former will expect, the others will not expect, to hear that Christianity has revived spontaneously, unaided by missionaries, catechists, or consuls, in this fanatical Moslem land, especially in Damascus, the "Gate of the Holy City," the

ancient Capital of the Caliphs, where, even now, Christian representatives of great Powers are not allowed to fly their flags. But the movement has taken place: it grows every year; its consequences are difficult to see, impossible to calculate. The conversion of these Mohammedans has at last begun, without England sending out, as is her custom, shiploads of Bibles, or spending one fraction upon the cause; and in this great work so glorious to Christianity, England, if old traditions are about to be verified, is to have a large share. She must decide whether the Revival of Christianity, in the land which gave it birth, shall spread its goodly growth far and wide, or whether it shall be cut down by the hand of the destroyer.

The first step in this movement, taken as far back as 1868, was heralded by signs, and tokens, and graces, which partake of the miracle and of the revelation. And here, at the beginning, I may remind my readers that the Lord has a mighty arm—"*brachium Domini non est abbreviatum*"—and that in this same city of Damascus, the terrible persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, became S. Paul, not by reading, nor by conversations with Christians, but by the direct interposition of Jesus Christ. The visions and revelations which I am about to record rest upon the same solid basis as Christianity itself—that is to say, upon the unanimous testimony borne to them by sincere and devout men, who have no purpose to serve, and who have risked their all in this world without any possible object but to testify to mankind the truths revealed to them. We need not delay to consider whether the graces and tokens which have been vouchsafed are natural, preternatural, or supernatural, objective or subjective. Suffice it for us that they have been submitted to crucial tests, and that even this philosophic and incredulous age cannot deny that they have taken place.

About four years ago a small body of Moslems who inhabit the Maydán, or southern suburb of Damascus, had been initiated into the Shazli Order of Dervishes by one Abd el Karim Matar, of Darayya, whose touching end will presently be recounted. This man, a mere peasant, left his wife, his family, and his relations in his native village, in order to become Shaykh of the Dervishes, and he hired a house in the Súk-khaneh Quarter of the Suburb. It is bisected by the long street through which the annual Haj Caravan passes out *en route* to Mecca, and its inhabitants, with those of the Shaghur Quarter, are held to be the most bigoted and fanatical of their kind. Through the influence of the Shazlis, however, not a Christian life was lost in their street during the dreadful massacre of 1860; many, indeed, were hidden by the people in their houses, and were sent privily away without the walls after the three days of bloodshed had passed. Our Lord, who promises to remember even the cup of

cold water given in His name, did not, as will presently appear, forget these acts of mercy to the terrified Christians.

I am going to assume that all my readers are not perfectly *au courant* of the many sub-divisions of the influential and wide-spread religion—El Islám.

The order of the Shazli Dervishes was founded by Abd el Husayn Shazli, who died at Mecca in A.H. 656 (A.D. 1258). They are not, therefore, one of the twelve originally instituted, and for that reason they are rarely noticed by writers upon Eastern Spiritualism (for instance, "The Dervishes," by John P. Brown. London: Trübner. 1868). They obtained fame, however, by introducing to the world coffee, so-called from the Abyssinian province of Kafa. The use of coffee in Yemen, its origin and first introduction into that country, are due to the learned Ali Shazli Abu Omar, one of the disciples of the learned doctor Nasr ud Dín, who is regarded as one of the Chiefs, and whose worth attests the high degree of spirituality to which they had attained. ("First Footsteps in East Africa," p. 78. London: Longmans. 1856).

The Shazlis are Sufis or Mystics, esoterics from El Islám, who have attempted to spiritualize its material portions. This order, like all others, admits of two main divisions, the Sharai or orthodox, and the Ghayr-Sharai, who have greatly departed from the doctrines of El Islám.

The vital tenets of the heterodox are—

1. God alone exists. He is in all things, and all things are in Him—evidently mere pantheism.

2. All things visible and invisible are an emanation from Him, and are not really distinct from Him—this is the Eastern origin of the classical European "*divinæ particula aurœ*."

3. Heaven and hell, and all the dogmas of positive faiths, are allegories, whose esoteric meaning is known only to the Sufi.

4. Religions are a matter of indifference; that, however, is the best which serves as a means of reaching true knowledge, such as El Islám, whose philosophy is Tasawwuf (Sufi-ism.)

5. There is no real distinction between good and evil, for all things are one, and God fixes the will of man, whose actions therefore are not free.

6. The soul existed before the body, and is confined in it as a bird in a cage. Death therefore is desirable to the Sufi, whose spirit returns to the Deity whence it emanated. Evidently the "Anupadishesha Nirvana" of the Hindu, absolute individual annihilation.

7. The principal duty of the Sufi is meditation on the unity, which advances him progressively to spiritual perfection, and which enables him to "die in God."

8. Without "Fayz Ullah" (Grace of God) this spiritual unity cannot be attained; but God favours those who fervently desire such unification.

The general belief in these tenets has given the Shazlis Order a doubtful name amongst the multitude, who consider it to profess, like the "Babis" of Persia, opinions of a subversive and anti-Islamitic nature. The orthodox portion, however, is not blamed, and at Damascus one of its members is a conscientiously religious Moslem, the Sayyid Abd el Kadir, of Algerian fame, whose name is still so well-known in Europe, and who is beloved and respected by all. The Syrian Shazlis are distinguished by white robes and white skull-caps and turbans, of which they allow the inner flap to protrude a little from the folds behind the ears.

Abd el Karim Matar and his acolytes used to meet for private worship at his house in the Maydán suburb, and they spent nights and days in praying for enlightenment at the Throne of Grace. Their numbers varied from sixty to seventy, and even more. Presently, after persevering in this new path, some of them began to be agitated by doubts and disbelief; the religion did not satisfy them, they anxiously sought for a better. They became uncertain, disquieted, undetermined, yet unable, for fear of being betrayed, to declare even one to another the thought which tormented them. Two years had been spent in this anxious, unhappy state, each thinking himself the only one thus subject to the tortures of conscience.

At length they were assured by a vision that it was the religion of Christ which they were seeking. Yet such was their dread of treachery that none could trust his secret with his neighbour till they had sounded one another, and had found that the same idea was uppermost in every mind. Presently about forty of them, headed by Abd el Karim Matar, met for their usual night prayers; after prolonged devotional acts, all fell asleep, and Our Lord was pleased to appear to all of them separately. They awoke simultaneously, and one, taking courage, recounted his vision to the others, when each responded, "I also saw Him!" Christ had so consoled, comforted, and exhorted them to follow His faith, and they were so filled with a joy they had never known, that they were hardly dissuaded from running about the streets to proclaim that Christ is God; but they were admonished that they would only be slaughtered, and rob the City of all hope of entering the same Fold.

They wanted a Guide, Director, and Friend who could assist their tottering steps in the new way which they were now treading, and they heartily prayed that God would be pleased mercifully to provide them with the object of their desire. One night, after again meeting, as before, for acts of devotion, sleep overcame them, and they saw themselves in a

Christian church, where an old man with a long white beard, dressed in a coarse brown serge garment, and holding a lighted taper, glided before them, and smiling benignantly never ceased to cry, "Let those who want the Truth follow me."

On awaking, each told his dream to his brother Dervish, and they agreed to occupy themselves in seeking the person who had appeared to them. They searched in vain through the city and its environs for a period of three months, during which they continued to pray. One day, it so happened that one of the new converts, H—— K——, now at J——, entered by chance the Monastery of the RR. Fathers of the Terra Santa, near Báb Tuma, the north-eastern part of Damascus. This is an establishment of Spanish Franciscans, who enjoy French protection by virtue of a Papal Bull and of immemorial usage. What was his astonishment to see in the Superior, Fray Emanuel Förner, the personage who had appeared to him in his dream! This saintly man, Latin Curé and Franciscan of the Terra Santa, approached and asked the Moslem what he was seeking. The neophyte replied by simply telling his tale and that of his comrades, and then ran speedily to inform the others, who flocked next day to the monastery. The poor Padre was greatly perplexed. He reflected that visions do not happen every day. He feared some political intrigue, of which Damascus is a focus; he doubted the sincerity of his Moslem friends, and he dreaded to cause for the sake of "the forty" another massacre like that of 1860. On the other hand, he feared still more to lose forty sincere souls by refusing to them baptism. However, concealing his agitation, he received them with touching kindness, he gave them books which taught them all the Christian doctrine, and he instructed them how to meet in prayer for mutual comfort and support. Lastly, he distributed to each a crucifix, the symbol of their new faith. This event took place in the early spring of 1870. Fray Emanuel remained for about four months in this state of dilemma, praying to know the will of God, and he was duly admonished as to what he should do. Having performed his task on earth, he fell asleep quietly one day about three months afterwards. Some said the death was caused by climate; and many of his most intimate friends, living a few hours from the convent, did not hear of it till late in November, 1870, so quiet was the event kept.

The converts, now numbering some 250, held regular prayer-meetings in one another's houses, and these could not fail to attract the notice of the neighbouring Moslems. Later still a crucifix or two was seen, and suspicion ripened into certainty. The local authorities were at once informed of what had happened. The Ulemá (learned men), who in El Islám represent the Christian priesthood, were in consternation. They held several sessions at the house of Shaykh Dabyan, a noted fanatic

living in the Maydán. At length a general meeting took place in the town-house of the Algerine Amir Abd el Kadir, who has ever been held one of the "Defenders of the Faith" at Damascus.

The assembly consisted of the following Ulemá :—

1. Shaykh Riza Effendi el Ghazzi.
2. Abdullah el Halabi.
3. Shaykh el Tantawi.
4. Shaykh el Khani.
5. Shaykh Abdu Razzak (el Baytar) and his brother.
6. Shaykh Mohammed el Baytar.
7. Shaykh Salim Samára.
8. Shaykh Abd el Ghani el Maydani.
9. Shaykh Ali ibn Saati.
10. Said Effendi Ustuwaneh (the Naib el Kazi or Assistant-judge in the Criminal Court of the Department at Damascus), and other intimates of the Amir.

Riza Effendi, now dead, was a determined persecutor of the Nazarene, and Abdullah el Halabi, also deceased, had pronounced in 1860 the Fatwa or religious decree for the massacre of the Christian community, and had been temporarily banished. These specimens will suffice. Still, let us be just to the president of this assembly. He was carrying out a religious duty in sitting in judgment upon renegades from his faith, and he was acting in accordance with his conscience.

The assembly, after a long discussion, pronounced the sentence of death upon the converts. The only exceptions were the Amir Abd el Kadir and the Shaykh Abd el Ghani el Maydâni, who declared that "a live man is always better than a dead man." The Shaykhs Tantawi and El Khani declared that "to kill such perverts was an act more acceptable to Allah than the Friday prayer."

If there be one idea more strongly fixed than any other in Moslem brain it is this—the renegade from El Islám shall surely die. His death must be compassed by all or any means, fair or foul: perjury and assassination are good deeds when devoted to such an end. The firman of February 12th, 1856, guaranteed, it is true, life and liberty to *all* converts; it was, in fact, a perfect system of religious toleration on paper. But it was never intended to be carried out, and the local Turkish authorities throughout the empire have, doubtless acting under superior instruction, ignored it as much as possible.

The usual practice in the Turkish dominions when a convert is to be convicted, opens with a preliminary imprisonment, either on pretence of "counselling" him, or upon some false charge. The criminal tribunal then meets; witnesses are suborned; the defence is not listened to; a

"Mazbatah," or sentence, is drawn out, and the victim is either drafted off into the Nizam (regular troops), or sent to the galleys, or transported to some distant spot. The assembly, however, not daring to carry out the sentence of death, determined that the perverts must be exiled, and that their houses and their goods must be destroyed or confiscated. A secret Majlis was convened without the knowledge of the Christian members of the tribunal, and this illegal junto dispatched, during the night, a squadron of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, supported by a strong force of police, to occupy the streets of the Maydán. Some fifty Shazlis were known to have met for prayer at the house of one Abú Abbas. At four o'clock Turkish time (10 p.m.), they rose to return home. Many of them passed amongst the soldiery without being alarmed, and whilst so doing fourteen were separately arrested and carried to the Karakuns (guard-houses) known as El Ká'ah, and the Sunnaniyyah. Here they were searched by the soldiery, and made to give up their crucifixes. They were then transferred, some to the so-called Great Prison in the Serai or government house, others to the Karakun jail in the government square, and others to the debtors' jail, then at the Maristan, or mad-house, now transferred to Sidi Amud, near Báb el Barid.

I hasten to record the names of the fourteen chosen for the honour of martyrdom. All were sincere and inoffensive men, whose only crime was that of being Christians and martyrs; the rulers, however, had resolved upon crushing a movement which, unless arrested by violence, would spread far and wide throughout the land.

1. Abú Abbas (the man in whose house the prayer-meeting was held).
2. Sáid Ishani.
3. Abu Abduh Bustati.
4. Abd el Ghani Nassás and his son.
5. Mohammed Nassás.
6. Ghanaym Dabbás.
7. Salih el Zoh.
8. Abdullah Mubayyad.
9. Ramazan el Sahhár.
10. Salih Kachkul.
11. Mohammed Nammúreh.
12. Bekr Audaj.
13. Mohammed el Dib.
14. Marjan min el Kisweh.

After some days they were brought to the great secret Majlis (tribunal), at which presided in person his Excellency the Wali, or Governor-General of Syria. This officer was determined to crush conversion, because it would add to that European influence which he had ever laboured to

oppose: he never concealed his conviction that treaties and firmans upon such a subject as Moslem conversion are so much waste-paper, and he threatened all who changed their faith with death, either by law or otherwise—a threat which was rarely spoken in vain. And he used persecution with more readiness, as it tended to conciliate the pious of his own creed, who were greatly scandalized by his openly neglecting the duties of his religion, such as prayer and fasting, and by other practices which may not be mentioned.

The Governor-General opened the sessions by thus addressing the accused:—

Are you Shazli?

Answer: We once were, we now are not.

Gov.-Gen.: Why do you meet in secret, and what is done at those meetings?

Answer: We read, we converse, we pray, and we pass our time like other Damascus people.

Gov.-Gen.: Why do you visit the Convent of the Faranj (Franks or Europeans)?

Abú Abbas: Is it not written in our law that when a Moslem passes before a Christian church or convent, and finds himself hurried by the hour for prayer, he is permitted to enter and even to pray there?

Gov.-Gen.: You are Giaours (infidels)!

Abú Abbas (addressing one of the Ulemá): What says our law of one who calls a faithful man Giaour?

Answer: That he is himself a Giaour.

The Governor-General was confounded by this decision, which is strictly correct. He remanded the fourteen to their respective prisons. Here they spent three months awaiting in vain the efforts of some intercessor. But they had been secretly tried, or their number might have attracted public attention; the affair was kept in darkness, and even two years afterwards not a few of the Europeans resident at Damascus had never heard of it. The report reached the Consular corps in a very modified form—persecution had been made to assume the semblance of political punishment. The Russian Consul, M. Macceef, succeeded in procuring their temporary release, but this active and intelligent official was unable to do more. The British Consul could hardly enter into a matter which was not brought officially before his notice. The Consul of France and the Spanish Vice-Consul took scant notice of the Shazli movement, perhaps being unwilling to engage in open warfare with the Governor-General, possibly deeming the matter one of the usual tricks to escape recruitment or to obtain a foreign passport. The neophytes, however, found an advocate in Fray Emanuel Förner. This venerable man addressed (March 29, 1870) a

touching appeal to the General of his Order, and his letter appeared in the *Correspondance de Rome* (June 11, 1870). The Franco-Prussian war, however, absorbed all thoughts in Europe, and the publication fell still-born from the Press.

Fray Emanuel relates in his letter that one day, when visiting the neophytes before their imprisonment—he modestly passes over the important part which he had taken in helping and protecting them—he asked them if they could answer for their constancy. The reply was: "We believe not simply through *your* teachings of the Word, and through our reading the religious books which you gave us, but because the Lord Jesus Christ has vouchsafed to visit us and to enlighten us Himself, whilst the Blessed Virgin has done likewise!" adding, "How could we without such a miracle have so easily become Christians!" The good priest would not express his doubts, for fear of "offending one of these little ones." He felt an ardent desire to inquire into the visions and the revelations to which they alluded. But he did not neglect to take the necessary precautions. Assembling his brethren, and presiding himself, he began with the unfortunate Salih, and he examined and cross-questioned the converts separately. He found them unanimous in declaring that on the first night when they witnessed an apparition, they had prayed for many hours, and that slumber had overcome them, when the Saviour Jesus Christ appeared to them one by one. Being dazzled by the light they were very much afraid; but one of them taking courage, said: "Lord, may I speak?" He answered: "Speak." They asked: "Who art thou, Lord?" The apparition replied: "I am the Truth whom thou seekest. I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Awakening, agitated and frightened, they looked one at the other, and one took courage and spoke, the rest responding simply, "I also saw Him." Christ had once more so consoled, comforted, and exhorted them to follow His path, and they were filled with such ineffable joy, love, faith and gratitude, that, but for his admonishing them (as He used to admonish the disciples), they could hardly restrain themselves from rushing into the streets and from openly preaching the Gospel to the Moslem City. On another occasion the Blessed Virgin stood before them with the child Jesus in her arms, and, pointing to Him, said three times in a clear and distinct voice, "My son Jesus Christ, whom you see, is the Truth." There are many other wonderful revelations whose truth I can vouch for, but I feel a delicacy of thrusting them before people who have a difficulty in believing. Indeed, I have kept back half of what I know, and I am only giving the necessary matter.

Of the fourteen Christian converts remanded to prison two were suffered to escape. The relations of Mohammed Dîb and Marjan arranged matters with the authorities, and succeeded in proving an alibi. Abd el

Karim Matar, the Chief of the Shazlis, who had been placed in confinement under the suspicion of being a Christian, fell ill, and his relatives, by giving presents and by offering bail, carried him off to his native village, Darayya. As he was now bed-ridden, the family gathered around him crying "Istash'had!" That is to say, "Renew the faith" (by bearing witness to Allah and his prophet Mohammed). The invalid refused, turning his face towards the wall whilst his cruel relatives struck and maltreated him. The cry was incessantly repeated, and so was the refusal. At last such violence was used that the unfortunate Abd el Karim expired, the Protomartyr of the Revival.

On the night of Ramazan, I.A.H. 1286 (December, A.D. 1869), the "twelve" (a curious coincidence that it was the number of the first Apostles in this very land) who remained in prison were secretly sent, ironed, *viâ* Beyrout, to the dungeons of Chanak Kalessi (the Dardanelles fortress). Thence they were shipped off in a craft so cranky and dangerous that they were wrecked twice, at Rhodes and at Malta. At last they were landed at Tripoli in Barbary, and they were finally exiled to the distant interior settlement of Murzuk. Their wives and children, then numbering sixty-two, and now fifty-three, were left at Damascus to starve in the streets, but for the assistance of their fellow-converts and of the Terra Santa Convent. It is a touching fact that if one of these poor converts has anything, he will quickly go and sell it, and use the profit in common, that all the brethren may have a little to eat. The Porte is inexorable, even H.I.M. of Austria was, it is reported, unable to procure the return of the exiles.

I call upon the world that worships Christ to look to this high-handed violation of treaty, this wicked banishment of innocent men. Catholic and Protestant are in this case both equally interested. The question at once concerns not only the twelve unfortunate exiles and their starving families—it involves the grand principle of religious toleration, which interests even the atheist and the infidel, throughout the Turkish Empire, throughout the Eastern world. Upon the answer depends whether Christianity and civilization shall be allowed free growth and absolute development.

Amongst the Shazli converts was a private soldier of the Nizam, or regulars, aged 23, and bearing the highest character. About five months after the movement commenced, the soldier, Ahmed el Sahhár, being in barracks, retired to a corner for prayer and meditation, when suddenly our Saviour stood before him, and said, "Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God? I am He." The youth at once replied, like the man blind from his birth, "Lord, I believe." Jesus said to him, "Thou shalt not always be a soldier; thou shalt return free to thy home;" upon

which Ahmed inquired, "How can I set myself free?" Jesus again said, "I will deliver thee," and with these words the beatific vision disappeared.

The young soldier had fallen into a state of ecstasy. Presently he arose and passed through the barracks, exclaiming, "Jesus Christ is my God! Jesus Christ is my God!" His comrades were scandalized; a crowd rushed up, some covered his mouth with their hands; others filled it with dirt, and all dealt out freely blows and blasphemies. At last it was decided that Ahmed had become possessed of a devil, and, whilst he preserved perfect tranquility, heavy chains were bound upon his neck, his arms, and his legs. At that moment Jesus Christ again appeared to him, and said, "Break that chain!" He said, "How can I break it, it being of iron?" and again the voice spoke louder, "Break that chain!" He tore it asunder as though it had been of wax. A heavier chain was brought, and the same miracle happened once more. This was reported to the officers, and by them to their Bey, or commandant; the latter sent for the private, and after heaping reproaches, abuse, and threats upon him, ordered him to be imprisoned without food or water, and to be carefully fettered. Still for a third and a fourth time the bonds fell off, and supernatural graces and strength were renewed to the prisoner, who made no attempt to move or to escape from his gaolers.

The soldiers fled in fear, and the commandant no longer dared to molest the convert. The case was represented to Constantinople, and orders were sent that Ahmed must appear at the capital. He was dispatched accordingly under an escort, and with his wrists in a block of wood acting as handcuffs. Reaching Diurat, a village three hours from Damascus, he saw at night the door of his room fly open, and the Blessed Virgin entering, broke, with her own hands, the block of wood and his other bonds. By her orders he walked back alone to Damascus and reported himself to his regiment. It was determined this time to forward him with a party of soldiers, but without chains.

Arrived at Constantinople, the accused was brought before a court-martial; a medical man was consulted as to his sanity, and the prisoner was not a little surprised to find himself set at liberty, and free to go where he pleased. Thus the promise of Christ was fulfilled. The neophyte took the name of "Isa," which is Jesus, and returned to Damascus, where his history became generally known. The Turks pointed him out as the "soldier who broke four chains." Some term him the "Majnún," the madman, though there is nothing in him to indicate the slightest insanity; most of the people hold him in the highest respect, calling him Shaykh Ahmed, and thus raising him to the rank of "Santon," or saintly man.

The terrible example of the Shazli's families has not arrested the movement;—the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the Church. But the converts now conduct their proceedings with more secrecy. They abstain from public gatherings, although they occasionally visit Fray Dominic dA'vila, Padre Guardiano, or Superior of the Terra Santa. The society assumed a socialistic character, with private meetings for prayers, and with the other precautions of a secret order. The number of converts greatly increased. At the end of 1869, the males in the City of Damascus amounted to 500; in 1870 they had risen to 1400; and in 1871 they represented 4900, of whom some 700 have been secretly baptized. In 1872 the number was reported to be 25,000. Moreover, I have been assured by the converts, with whom I associate and converse freely and frequently, some of them being men highly connected and better educated than their persecutors, that a small tribe of freebooters living in and about the Druze mountain (Jebel D'rúz Haurán) having been troubled and threatened by the local Government, has split into two parties—Moslem and Christian, the latter known by crosses hoisted on their tent roofs. The converts described to me the Bukáʻa (Cœle-Syria) as a field in which the Gospel has lately borne fruit, and this was unexpectedly confirmed. The peasantry of B——, a little village on the eastern slope of the Lebanon, and near Shtora, the central station of the French road, lately became the property of a certain M. A—— B——. He owned two-thirds of the village, but by working the authorities he managed to get into his hands the whole of the houses and fields, the crops and cattle—in fact, all the village property. The wretches, after being nearly starved for months, lately came up to Damascus, and begged to be received as Christians. In early July it was whispered that the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Mgr. Valerga, was expected to meet, at his summer residence in Beyrout, Mgr. Franchi, the Papal Envoy, that both these Prelates will visit Damascus, and that then these poor souls will ask for baptism.

Protestantism has also had its triumphs. About ten months ago a certain Hanifi Moslem, named Abd el Razzak, having some misgivings about his faith, left his native city—Baghdad—in order to visit the "Bab" or head of the Babi sect, who lives in the galleys of St. Jean d'Acre—what a place for such a purpose! The interview not being satisfactory, he travelled to Damascus, where he came under Protestant influence. Thence he was removed to Shtora on the French road, and finally to Súk el Gharb in the Maronite mountains. There he was enabled to study, and he was publicly baptized under the name of Abdallah. The Turkish authorities had no power over him; but the second case did not end so well.

A certain Hajj Hassan, a coachman in the service of a Christian family

at Beyrout, M. Joachim Najjar, began about 1869 to attend the Protestant service, and for two months before his incarceration he professed himself a Christian, although he had not been baptized. He is described by all who know him as a simple and sincere man, gifted with great strength of will. He was waylaid, beaten, and finally cast with exceeding harshness into prison at Beyrout, by the Governor, Rauf Pasha, who replied to all representations that he was unable to release him; he acted, in fact, under superior authority. The convert was not allowed to see his family, and on Thursday, June 29th, he was sent in charge of a policeman to the capital: this, too, despite the remonstrances of the Consuls-General for the United States and Prussia.

The Superintendent of the British Syrian school, where the convert has a child, took the precaution of dispatching to head-quarters one of the *employés*, the Rev. Mr. Waldmeier, so that energetic action began even before the arrival of Hajj Hassan. The Wali commenced by treating with contempt her Majesty's Consul's strong appeals to his justice; he openly ignored the treaty, blaming him for not having quoted the actual article, and he declined to permit the interference of strangers in the case of a subject of H.I.M. the Sultan. He maintained that he had a right to send for the neophyte in order that the latter might be "counselled;" and for that purpose he placed him under arrest in the house of the most bigoted Moslem in Syria, the chief of police, Mir Alai (Colonel) Mustafa Bey, since twice disgraced. He complained strongly of the conduct of Protestant missionaries in Syria, accusing them of secretly proselytizing, though he admitted in the same sentence that the convert Hassan had openly attended a Christian church for some time. On the next day he ungraciously refused Captain Burton's request that the Presbyterian missionaries (Rev. Messrs. Wright, Crawford, and Scott) might be allowed access to the neophyte. About mid-day on Friday, June 30th, Hajj Hassan, who had been duly disciplined by the police, was sent for, and locking the door, was asked whether the convert was not in fear of being strangled—words which had a peculiar significancy. A price for apostasy, which rose to 30,000 piastres, was then offered. This was stoutly refused by the neophyte, who was returned to arrest. Presently it was known that H.B.M.'s Consul had telegraphed for permission to proceed to Constantinople to represent to his Ambassador the state of things in Syria within his district, and Hajj Hassan was ordered to return under the charge of a policeman to Beyrout. The new Christian, however, was warned that he must quit that port together with his family within twenty days, under pain of being sent to Constantinople handcuffed, or as the native phrase is "in wood."

The case of Hajj Hassan came to a lame and impotent conclusion. He

had been delivered out of the Moslem stronghold, Damascus, to the safe side of the Lebanon. The Protestant Christians of Beyrout, with their Schools, Missions, and Consuls-General to back them up, should have kept him at Beyrout, and the Wali should have been compelled either to eat his own words or to carry out his threat. In the latter case the convert should have been accompanied to Constantinople by a delegate from the Missions, and the Sublime Porte should have been obliged to decide whether she would or would not abide by her treaties and firmans. The plea that exile was necessary to defend the convert from his own co-religionists, that banishment was for his own benefit, is simply absurd. Either the Porte can or she cannot protect her Christian converts. In the latter case they must be protected for her. Never, probably, has there been so good an opportunity for testing Turkey's profession of liberalism, and the Turks are too feeble and too cunning to let another present itself.

In their first fright certain Beyrout European Christians withdrew their protection from Hajj Hassan.

Hajj Hassan was subsequently removed from Beyrout to Abeigh, an Anglo-American (U.S.) mission station in the Lebanon, probably by the exertions of Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," who distinguishes himself in Beyrout by daring to have an opinion and to express it, though unfortunately he stands alone and unsupported. On July 20th, Hajj Hassan was to be shipped off by night to Alexandria, where he was expected to "find good employ." Suddenly his passport was refused by the local authorities, and he was hidden in the house of a Consular Dragoman. The Porte, it was said, had sent a secret despatch, ordering him to be transported to Crete, Cyprus, or one of the islands in the Archipelago, where his fate may easily be divined. At length a telegram arrived from Constantinople, and the result was that, after a fortnight's detention by sickness, Hajj Hassan was sent off by the French mail of Friday, August 11th. Verily, the Beyroutines are a feeble folk. They allowed themselves to be shamefully defeated by the Wali when he was grossly in the wrong.

I saw at the mission in Damascus, and obtained leave to copy, the following testimonial addressed to Captain Burton, and that officer's reply.

"To H.B.M's. Consul at Damascus.

"Sir,—We beg to tender to you our heartiest thanks for your prompt decisive action in the case of Hassan, the converted Moslem, and also to congratulate you on the result of your determination and firmness.

"For some time past we had heard that a Moslem converted to Protestantism at Beyrout had become subject to considerable persecution. A convert more obscure than himself has been put out of the way and

has not since been heard of; and Hassan had been subjected to a series of arrests and imprisonments, and had several times narrowly escaped assassination. The chief Consulates, however, had become publicly interested in him, so that his safety from legal execution seemed ensured; and as he was always accompanied by some one to protect him from assassins he seemed for the time to be safe. But on the 29th of June we were surprised to find that he was being transported to Damascus, having been arrested and bound in chains. The English colony in Beyrout became alarmed, as they declared that none so transported to Damascus ever returned again. Two agents of the mission were dispatched from Beyrout, one preceding the prisoner to give us information as to what had taken place, and the other accompanying the prisoner to watch what became of him. On receiving intelligence of the convert's transportation to this city, the missionaries of the three missions at Damascus resolved to lay the case before you, but on doing so found that you had, with your usual energy, already taken up the case, and categorically demanded the release of the prisoner. And though the authorities ignored the firman granting civil and religious liberty to the people of this empire, and denied your right to interfere on behalf of the prisoner, the unflinching stand you took by the concessions of the Hatti-Sherif, secured the release of the prisoner: you have thus vindicated the cause of humanity, for on the day on which the prisoner escaped through your intervention, the Moslem authorities strangled in the Great Mosque of Damascus a Moslem convert to Christianity. The man had made application to the Irish American Mission for protection, and declared that he lived in daily fear of strangulation. He was imprisoned in the Great Mosque, and strangled as they say by St. John the Baptist, and then carried away by one man and thrown into a hole like a dog.

"This accident proves that your uncompromising firmness with the authorities was an act of pure mercy, and that the worst apprehensions of the Beyrout missionaries were not unfounded. But more important still, you have asserted the binding character of the spiritual privileges of the Christian subjects of the Porte, contained in the firman of 1856, and which, according to Fuad Pasha's letters to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, comprises 'absolutely all proselytes.'

"We are sure, Sir, that your conduct in this affair will receive the unqualified approbation of the best public opinion in Christendom, and we have no doubt it will receive, as it merits, the warm approval of your own Government.

"We who were near and anxious spectators of the proceedings in this affair cannot too warmly express our sense of the satisfaction with which

we witnessed the fearless, firm, and efficient manner in which you conducted this important case until the convert was permitted to leave this city.

(Signed)

"E. B. FRANKEL, Missionary of the London Jews' Society.

"JAMES ORR SCOTT, M.A., Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church,

"FANNY JAMES, Lady Superintendent of the British Syrian Schools, Damascus.

"WILLIAM WRIGHT, A.B., Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church, Damascus.

"JOHN CRAWFORD, Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of North America at Damascus.

"ELLEN WILSON, Lady Superintendent of the British Syrian Schools, Zahleh.

"Damascus, 12th July, 1871."

Captain Burton's reply to the Rev. E. B. Frankel, Rev. J. Orr Scott, Miss James, Rev. W. Wright, Rev. John Crawford, Miss Wilson :—

"Beludan, July 19th, 1871.

"I have the pleasure to return my warmest thanks for your letter this day received, in which you have formed so flattering an estimate of my services as Her Majesty's Consul for Damascus. Nor must I forget to express my gratitude to you for the cordial support and approval of my proceedings connected with your missions which you have always extended to me. This friendly feeling has greatly helped to lighten the difficulties of the task that lay before me in 1869. You all know, and none can better know, what was to be done when I assumed charge of this Consulate; you are acquainted with the several measures taken by me, honourably, I hope, to our national name, and you are familiar with the obstacles thrown in my way, and with the manner in which I met them. My task will encounter difficulties for some time. Still the prospect does not deter me. I shall continue to maintain the honest independence of H.M's. Consulate, to defend our rights as foreigners in Syria, and to claim all our privileges to the letter of the law. Should I meet, and there is no fear of its being otherwise, the approval of my Chiefs, who know that an official life of twenty-nine years in the four quarters of the world is a title to some confidence, I feel assured that we may look forward to happier times at Damascus, when peace and security shall take the place of anxiety and depression.

"Meanwhile, I recommend to your prudent consideration the present state of affairs in Syria. A movement which I cannot but characterize

as a revival of Christianity, seems to have resulted from the peculiar action of the authorities, and from the spirit of inquiry awakened in the hearts of the people. It numbers its converts by thousands, including men of high rank, and it is progressing even amongst the soldiery.

"I need hardly observe that it is the duty of one and all of us to labour in the grand cause of religious toleration, and to be watchful lest local and personal interpretations are allowed to misrepresent the absolute rights of all converts to life and liberty. And I trust that you will find me, at the end as in the beginning, always ready to serve your interests, to protect your missions and schools, and to lend you my most energetic aid in the cause of right.

"I am, with truth and regard, yours faithfully,

(Signed) "RICHARD F. BURTON,

"H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus."

When the depositions of Hajj Hassan were taken at the Consulate, Damascus, he declared that a Moslem friend of his, named Hammud ibn Osman Bey, originally from Latakia (Laodicea), but domiciled at Beyrout, had suddenly disappeared, and had not been heard of for twelve days. Presently it became known that Hammud, about two years ago, when in the employ of Mr. Grierson, then Vice-Consul of Latakia, was drawn for the army, but had not been called upon to serve. He was in the habit of hearing the missionaries preach, and on more than one occasion he declared that he would profess Christianity—a course from which his friends dissuaded him.

Hammud determined, in the beginning of 1871, to visit Beyrout, and Mr. Grierson gave him letters of introduction to the missionaries and to the superintendent of the British Syrian schools, requesting that he might be taken into the service of some European family. Here he again openly committed himself by declaring that he was a Christian. His former master, knowing that the eyes of the police were upon him, made immediate arrangements for his leaving by the steamer to Latakia, where he had been recruited, giving him at the same time a note for the colonel commanding the regiment. Hammud, however, on the evening before his journey, imprudently walked out in the direction of the barracks: he was seized and put in irons—probably to be "counselled."

Mr. Grierson, when informed of this arrest, at once addressed Toufan Bey. This officer is a Pole commanding one of the regiments of the "Cossacks of the Sultan," the other being quartered at Adrianople. Visiting the military Pasha of Beyrout, he begged that as Hammud's passage had been taken for Latakia, where his name had been drawn, the convert might be allowed to proceed there. The two officers sent

for the man, and gave the required directions respecting him. But Hammud was already in Moslem hands; and the normal charge of desertion was of course trumped up against him. He was sent with a number of other conscripts to the Capital with tied hands, and carrying the rations of his fellow-soldiers; and presently a report was spread that he had been put to death.

Hajj Hassan, on returning to Beyrout, informed Mr. Johnson, Consul-General for the United States, that during his arrest at Damascus the soldiers had threatened to "serve him as they had served Hammudeh." He went at once to Rauf Pasha, who replied that the man had been arrested and sent to head-quarters because he had been conscripted two years before at Latakia and had deserted. This was directly opposed to the statement made by Mr. Grierson, namely, that the man had never been called upon to serve. Mr. Johnson could do no more, as Hammud had made himself amenable to the law of the land, and he seems not to have taken any steps to decide whether it was a *bonâ fide* desertion. He inquired, however, what the punishment would be, and was told that it would depend upon circumstances.

Several people at Beyrout wrote to the Consul at Damascus, begging of him to institute a search for the missing man. Shortly afterwards letters were dispatched from Beyrout, stating that Hammud had been found in the barracks alive and well, and contented with his condition as a soldier. What process he has been through to effect such a wonderful change we are not informed, nor where he has been hidden during its operation. The "counselling" has probably compelled the convert by brute force to conceal his convictions.

Another story in the mouths of men is that a young man, the son of a Kazi or judge, has lately suffered martyrdom at Damascus for the crime of becoming a Christian. This may possibly be a certain Said el Hamawi, who disappeared three or four years ago. Said was a man of education, and a Shaykh, who acted Khatíb (or scribe and chaplain) to one of the regiments. He was convicted of having professed Christianity, and was sent for confinement to the Capital. When let out of prison he repeated his offence, and he has never been heard of since.

On the morning of the Saturday (July 1) which witnessed the unjust sentence of exile pronounced upon Hajj Hassan, a certain Arif Effendi ibn Abd el Ghani el Nablusi was found hanging in a retired room of the Great Amawi Mosque at Damascus, where he had been imprisoned. No inquest was held upon the body, which may or may not have shown signs of violence; it was hastily buried. Some three years before this time, Arif Effendi, a man of high family, and of excellent education, had become a Greek Christian at Athens, under the name of Eustathius.

Presently he reappeared in Syria as a convert, a criminal whom every good—that is to say, bigoted—Moslem deems worthy of instant and violent death. He came to the Capital, and he introduced himself as a Christian to the Irish-American Presbyterian Missionaries; to Monseigneur Ya'akúb, the Syrian Catholic Bishop, and to others; nor did he conceal from them his personal fears. He expected momentary destruction and presently he found it, being accused, truthfully or not I am unable to say, of stealing fourteen silver lamp-chains, and a silver padlock. The wildest rumours flew about the city. The few declared that the man had hanged himself. The Nablusi family asserted that, repenting his apostasy, he had allowed himself to be hanged, and the vulgar were taught to think that he was hanged by order of Sayyidna Yahya, our Lord John (the Baptist), patron of the Great Mosque. It was currently reported that the renegade had been sent to the Algerine Amir, the Sayyid Abd el Kadir, who, finding him guilty of theft, had ordered him to receive forty stripes and to be arrested in the Mosque, at the same time positively refusing to sanction his execution as his accusers demanded. This proceeding, though irregular, is not contrary to Moslem law; the Ulemá claim and are allowed such jurisdiction in matters concerning the mosque.

Her Majesty's Consul at Damascus, fearing foul play, applied on the 3rd July for information upon this subject to the Wali, who rudely refused to "justify himself." Eight days afterwards the Governor-General thought proper to lay the case before the Tribunal. The result may easily be imagined. That honourable body cast the blame of illegal imprisonment upon the Amir Abd el Kadir, because he saved so many Christian lives in 1860. They delivered a verdict that the convert had been found hanged by his own hand; they, it is said, antedated a medical certificate that the body bore no marks of violence; and they asserted, contrary to fact and truth, that the deceased was decently washed and buried, whereas he was thrust into a hole like a dog.

And now I will answer the question prominent in every reader's mind: "These men are Turks, are we bound to protect them?"

I simply reply we are.

It is obviously our national duty to take serious action in arresting such displays of Moslem fanaticism as those that have lately taken place in Syria. Mr. Gladstone cannot forget his own words: "We would be sorry not to treat Turkey with the respect due to a power which is responsible for the government of an extended territory; but with reference to many of her provinces and their general concerns, circumstances place her in such a position that we are entitled, and indeed, in many cases, bound, to entertain questions affecting her internal relations to her people, such as it would be impertinent to entertain

in respect to most foreign countries. . . . All that we can expect is, that when she has contracted legal or moral engagements she should fulfil them, and that when she is under no engagements she should lend a willing ear to counsels which may be in themselves judicious, and which aim solely at the promotion of her interests. . . . . As regards the justice of the case, we must remember that as far as regards the stipulations of the Hatti-i-Humaioun, we are not only entitled to advise Turkey in her own interest, in her regard to humanity, in her sense of justice, in her desire to be a civilized European power, to fulfil those engagements, but we also are entitled to say to her that the fulfilment of those stipulations is a matter of moral faith, an obligation to which she is absolutely bound, and the disregard of which will entail upon her disgrace in the eyes of Europe. . . . We are entitled to require from Turkey the execution of her literal engagements."—(Debate on Crete and Servia. Mr. Gregory's motion for Correspondence and Consular Reports on the Cretan Insurrection, etc., as reported in the *Evening Mail* of February 15-18, 1867.)

These memorable words deserve quotation the more, as throughout the nearer East, especially among the Christian communities, England still suffers under the imputation of not allowing the interests of Christendom to weigh against her politics and her sympathy with the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Even if we care little for the propagation of Christianity, or for the regeneration of Asia, we are bound to see that Treaties do not become waste-paper.

The only step to be taken in North Syria, and to be taken without delay, would be to procure the recall and the pardon of the twelve unfortunates who were banished in 1870 to Tripoli of Barbary, and to Murzuk in Inner Africa. This will be a delicate proceeding: imprudently carried out it will inevitably cost the lives of men whose only offence has been that of becoming Christians, and it will only serve to sink their families into still deeper misery. But there should be no difficulty of success. Our Consul-General at Tripoli could easily defend the lives if not the liberties of the neophytes. Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Constantinople should be directed firmly to demand that an officer of high rank be sent from head-quarters, and that he should be made duly responsible for landing the exiles in safety at Beyrout. Thence they should be transferred to Damascus; their pretended offences should be submitted to a regular tribunal, whose action would be watched by Her Majesty's Consul, and when publicly proved to be innocent these men should be restored to the bosoms of their families, whilst the police should be especially charged with their safety.

Thus will the unhappy province—a land once flowing with milk and

honey, now steeped to the lips in poverty and crime—recover from the misery and the semi-starvation under which it has groaned during many years. Thus also Christianity may again raise her head in her birth-place and in the land of her early increase. Thus shall England become to Syria, and through Syria to Western Asia, the blessing which Syria in the days of the early church was to England, to Europe, and to the civilized world. Let her discharge her obligations before her God.

* * * * * * * *

Surely it is time to press for the immediate return of the twelve unfortunates exiled to Murzuk, and to impress upon the Ottoman authorities—who, upon the death of the Grand-Vizier, Aali Pashi, appeared ready to reform a host of abuses—that the friendship of England can be secured only by scrupulous fidelity to treaties, especially to those which concern religious toleration."

* * * * * * *

The Catholic is only bound by Faith to believe in the miracles wrought by Jesus Christ; yet at the same time other miracles are not condemned by the Church, if we devotionally subscribe to them. I have therefore stated the facts laid before me. You must admit that the story is very interesting, and you will ask my opinion of it. I think that if these things happened in the West I might be staggered, but then nothing is extraordinary which happens in Syria. I know that Mrs. Grundy does not approve of pilgrimages and miracles, but happily Damascus is too insecure a place to be visited by that lady. Long may it remain so! Till then we shall call a spade a spade.

Fray Emanuel Förner, before mentioned, was my Confessor; to me he confided his great troubles relative to these people, concerning whom I know a great deal more than do the authors of the above written story. He begged of me to induce my husband to help him by extending English protection to them. Captain Burton, however, felt that it was going beyond the boundary of his Consular prerogative to interfere in a matter which concerned the national religion—he therefore desired me to tell my Confessor that his position obliged him to abstain from interfering in so interesting a matter, although he could do so in cases where the Protestant Schools or Missions formally claimed protection against the violation of the treaties and concessions of the Hatti-Sherif. He added that the Spanish Consul was the right person for Fray

Emanuel to apply to, and that it was his duty likewise to restrict me from taking any active part which might compromise the Consulate. With this we were obliged to be content, and to pray for the sufferers. Fray Emanuel died rather abruptly, and although I was living thirty miles off for the summer, I and many others never heard of his death till three months after it took place, when I went to seek him as usual in the confessional, and found his place filled up by another monk. In 1872, after we left, when it began to be officially asserted that 25,000 of these "secret Christians" were longing for baptism, the Patriarch Valerga, of Jerusalem, at European, and I believe at English, request, sent openly and clumsily to know the truth. Every man who had come forward to own himself a Christian would have been killed, so only 400 were found ready to brave martyrdom. I believe the twelve original men are still confined in Tripoli, but it is long since I heard of them. You say that if I believe in this I must also believe in the miracle of Paray le Monial. I see no reason to doubt what so many cleverer and holier people than myself have accepted; at the same time I understand the difficulty of the world at large doing so, as they are not born on consecrated ground, and their brains are formed for disbelief. It then requires the grace of faith to counteract the want of a something, which an Arab has, and which is natural to him, but which is only granted to a few in the West—to the few who are to be saved by the "election of grace," although we do not inherit it as compatriots of our Lord. They are those of whom our Lord spoke when he said, "Other sheep I have which are not in this fold." I believe that St. M. M. Alacoque saw our Lord in a vision, even as these men did; that the taking out of the heart was an emblem of the love that our Divine Lord bears to His creatures, and that it was the intention of our Saviour, who always spoke in parables, that the Saint should communicate that to us for our comfort; also that we have received the message in a proper spirit, and replied to it by honouring it accordingly. And, I think something more—that it is excessively wicked of those who have chosen to confound religion with politics, and to make it appear unpatriotic and un-English to honour the message of our Divine Master, and it is doubly malignant to fasten such a stigma upon the old Catholic aristocracy of England. Show me loyalty

like unto ours? Who fought, and bled, and died? Who sacrificed their lands, and wealth freely, as our ancestors did in all times, out of loyalty to their King? It is convenient now to pander to vulgar prejudice, to taunt us with a slight and a sneer on the smallest pretext, or without one, in the hopes of ousting us from the Court and from the World. But wait a little; the world's life is not yet over, and if the Throne, through weak policy, should ever totter, which may God avert from us, we shall joyfully go, as one man, woman, and child, with our hearts and our lives and all we possess in our hands, as we did before, to offer it upon the altar of our loyalty. It is no use to discuss the matter now, in times of peace; the hour, when it comes, will prove which is loyal and disloyal, which is patriotic and unpatriotic. We will show all these men, who to-day dare to talk of loyalty to *us*, whether "blue blood" and old Faith, or Cotton and Cant, love the Throne best. I ask nothing better than to prove it in the name of all the old Catholics of England; and Pius IX., our good Pope, would be the first to bless us for the deed. No Pope has any temporal power in England, nor could wish or expect it. The army would march to-morrow wherever the Queen ordered, and fight, without asking a question. A relative of mine who has the honour of being A.D.C. to our beloved Queen, and who is the rigidest of all rigid Catholics, said, when the question was first raised, "By ——! the man who tells me that I am not loyal, had better be a couple of stone heavier than I am!" We are still brought up with that old-fashioned loyalty, as if it were part of our religion, and we are ready to do as we did before when our Sovereign needs us. We should almost as soon think of going into our Church and tearing the Cross down off the Altar, as of showing any disrespect, presumption, disloyalty, or indifference to our Queen or her children, much less treachery. And in the name of all ancient Catholic England I throw my glove down to those who accuse us of it, be they who they may. I do not pretend to know anything about our converts, but we who have been Catholics from all time "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

I once heard a story of a lieutenant in some regiment, who was honest, steady, and quiet, full of sterling qualities, but he was dull,

reserved, religiously inclined, or less brilliant than his brother officers. They laughed at him, and associated but little with him. He was well-born, but poor, and without interest, so he remained without, in the cold shade, both as to promotion and the warmth and cheerfulness of friendship or society. But he never complained, he lived on, and did his best.

Then at last came the Crimean war. A battery was to be taken, and the guns were so well pointed at this particular regiment, which was the storming party, that they were forced to give way. But, in hopes of rallying his own company, this young fellow passed all his brother officers with a laugh. He flung his shako before him, and sword in hand rushed through a breach into the battery, followed by his handful. They never came out again. At the mess that night there was not a man but who wished he had better understood his brother officer. They now remembered a thousand good qualities and incidents that ought to have endeared him to them, and they vainly tried to recall any little kindness that they had shown him. All felt ashamed of the contempt with which they had treated one in every respect their superior. Of that stuff we are made, and when the occasion comes we will prove it.

It is difficult to guess why so brilliant, so clever a man as Mr. Gladstone, should have deemed it necessary to quit office with a parting sting to some millions of her Majesty's most devoted subjects who had never injured him. We regret it!

These pages were in the publishers' hands some time before I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. J. H. Newman's dignified and conclusive letter to the Duke of Norfolk. Needless to say that every word of that "strong sweet voice" comes home to our hearts; that we thank him for his noble defence of our much maligned faith, for his rebuke of our powerful and bitter religious adversary; and that our greatest gratification is to see the absolute agreement of our sentiments upon this and all other Church subjects.

CHAPTER XV.

PALMYRA, OR TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS—STABLES AT HOME AND IN CAMP.

My friend has now left me. She was recalled suddenly to England on account of the illness of one of her sons, and the following pages are taken from the journal which I kept for and forwarded to her periodically.

Captain Burton had wished for some time to visit Palmyra. The Tribe El Mezrab, which usually escorts travellers, had been much worsted in some Desert fights with the Wuld Ali, and was at the moment too much weakened to be able to guarantee our safety. My husband, who never permits any obstacle to hinder his progress, determined to travel without the Bedawin, and gave me the option of going with him. I was too glad to do so. Everybody advised us "not." Every one came and wished us good-bye, wept, and thought the idea madness; indeed, so much was said that I set out with a suspicion that we were marching to our deaths. I now see that the trip was not dangerous, but that we were the first to try going alone. After we returned many followed our example, but you might go safely eleven times, and the twelfth time you might fare ill. When we first spoke of it, many of our threateners said that they wanted to come, but when the matter was decided, and the day and hour were fixed, one had business at Beyrout, another had planted a field, a third had married a wife, and so forth. Our faithful ones dwindled to two—the Russian Consul, M. Ionin, and a French traveller, the Count de Perrochel.

Two days before we started, Lady A—— and her husband

came into Damascus almost destitute. Near the Dead Sea they had been attacked by a party of Bedawin, who had nearly killed their Dragoman; their escort had run at once, as escorts mostly do; the ruffians had made them dismount, had cut away their girths, stirrups, and bridles, and had robbed them of everything. Lady A—— saved a very valuable ring by putting it into her mouth. The bandits then made them sit down, and sat themselves in a row, pointing their muskets at them, while they consulted together. Doubtless they agreed that they would eventually get the worst of it, for Mr. N. T. Moore, at Jerusalem, is an active and zealous Consul, so the travellers were allowed to go free after being properly plundered. The proceedings were more the action of the bad characters round the town, who call themselves Bedawin, than that of real Bedawin.

I took Lady A—— to see Abd el Kadir, who was delighted with the visit, as her father was chiefly instrumental in moving Napoleon III. to release him from the Château d'Amboise.

On the morning of our departure we had a very picturesque breakfast, surrounded by every kind of Eastern figure. The Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief, and a large cavalcade saw us out of the town, and we exchanged affectionate farewells. We made only a three hours' march, a good plan for the first day, to see if everything is in order. It cleared us out of the town and its environs, and placed us in camp early, on the borders of the Desert.

You would be charmed with a Syrian camp. The horses are picketted about, wild and martial men are lying here and there, and a glorious moonlight lights our tripod and kettle, and the jackals howl and chatter as they sniff savoury bones. Travellers talk of danger when surrounded by hungry jackals. I have always found that they flew away if a pocket-handkerchief were shaken at them, and that it was only by remaining breathless like a statue that one could persuade them to stay in sight. It is the prettiest thing to see them gambol in the moonlight, jumping over one another's backs; but it has a strange effect when a jackal smelling the cookery runs up to or around your tent whilst all are asleep; the shadow on the white canvass looks so large, like a figure exaggerated in a magic lantern. All travellers

will remember at some time or another feeling a little doubtful of what it was, and seizing their gun. When first I heard a pack coming, I thought it was a ghazu (raid) of Bedawin rushing down upon us, and that this was the war-cry. Their yell is unearthly as it sweeps down upon you, passes, and dies away in the distance. I love the sound, because it reminds me of camp life, by far the most delightful form of existence when the weather is not rainy and bitterly cold.

Our usual travelling day was as follows:—the people who had only to get out of bed and dress in five minutes rose at dawn; but all of us who had responsibility rose about two hours before, to feed the horses, to make tea, strike tents, pack, and load. The baggage animals, with provisions and water, are directed to a given place, or so many hours in a certain direction. One man of our party slings on the saddle bags containing something to eat and drink, and another hangs a water melon or two to his saddle. We ride on for four or five hours, and dismount at the most convenient place where there is water. We spread our little store; we eat, smoke, and sleep for one hour. During this halt the horses' girths are slackened, their bridles exchanged for halters; they drink if possible, and their nose-bags are filled with one measure of barley. We then ride on again till we reach our tents. If the men are active and good, we find tents pitched, the mattresses and blankets spread, the mules and donkeys free and rolling to refresh themselves, the gipsy pot over a good fire, and perhaps a glass of lemonade or a cup of coffee ready for us. If we have been twelve or thirteen hours in the saddle, we and the horses are equally tired, and it is a great disappointment to miss our camp, to have the ground for bed, the saddle for pillow, a water melon for supper; and it is even worse for our animals than for ourselves. In our camp it is my husband's business to take all the notes and sketches, observations and maps, and to gather all the information. I act as secretary and aide-de-camp, and my especial business is the care of the stable and any sick or wounded men.

On this trip, however, I never had to think of personal comforts —my favourite Dragoman, Mulhem Wardi, a Beyrout Maronite, was with us. In Syria we all have our pet Dragoman, as most

people in England have a pet doctor or pet clergyman. We swear by him, and recommend him to all our friends. I may say of travelling Dragomans as is said of the London tailors, "Any of them can make a coat, the difficulty is only to find one who *will*." And the same man who is perfection to me may not suit you: therefore I am stone blind to his defects, if he has any, though wide awake to those of your Dragoman.

Mulhem makes camp life almost too luxurious. He is honest, hard-working, and unpretentious—a worthy, attached and faithful man, with whom I could trust a sack of gold or my life. I found him most intelligent and thoroughly understanding comfort and luxury in travelling. He was never tired, never cross, yet I do not know when he could find time for rest; always singing over his work. Ask him for anything day or night, at any hour, and you have it as soon as mentioned. There are no starved horses or mules, no discontented, grumbling servants; he is always cheerful, never forward or presuming, and as brave as a lion. I have known him throw himself between a woman and a vicious horse, and receive the whole force of the kick intended for her on his chest. He is a man I should always like to have in my service, and were I about to travel in the East, I should consider it worth my while to telegraph to him from London to Beyrout to meet me at Cairo or Alexandria, and to secure his services for my whole tour. His brother Antún also came with us. He is a "dandy" Dragoman, very much liked by the French *noblesse*; but give me good, honest, plain Mulhem. The two are fairly described by the adjectives "useful" and "ornamental."

It was bitterly cold at dawn, when the camp began stirring, the morning after our departure. We boiled water, made tea and coffee for the camp, and hurried our toilette; saw the animals fed and watered, the tents struck, the things packed away in proper sizes, and the baggage animals loaded and started, with orders to await us at Jayrúd. We always found it better to see our camp off, otherwise the men loitered, and did not reach the night halt in time. They go direct, whereas we go zig-zag, and ride over three times as much ground as they do, to see every thing *en route*; this gives them ample time to settle down before we arrive. Jayrúd is about fifteen hours' from Damascus, if you work your

horse humanely, and about twelve with half of it *ventre à terre.* We lost two horses this day. It was all a sandy plain, with a patch of houses or a village at long intervals. We passed Duma and Kutayfeh. A village on the outskirts of the Desert means twenty or thirty huts, built of stones and mud, each shaped like a box, and exactly the same colour as the ground. The most remarkable feature was a mountain, whose outline showed a succession of low domes. A Ghazu of Bedawin attacked and killed, only yesterday, a poor solitary man, for the sake of robbing his donkey and his shirt; then they scraped a hole, put the corpse in it, and rode away. I was asked to stop and breakfast here, but the tale had taken away my appetite. So we breakfasted in a ruined mosque outside Kutayfeh.

We then came to a vast plain of white sand and rock, which lasted till we reached Jayrúd. Here we were caught in a sand-storm, which those who have once been in will never forget. My husband and I were both well-mounted; he made me a sign in what direction to go, and we both galloped into, and against the storm, as if we were riding for a doctor. This continued for three hours, until we reached our night's halt. I had bought my horse a little while before, and it afterwards became a good friend; it proved itself so clever, and saved my life three times whilst I was in Syria. The wind and sand so blinded me, that I could not see that I was riding straight at a deep pit, and although Arab horses seldom or ever leap, mine cleared it with a tremendous bound. From that time, whenever I could not see I threw the reins on Salím's neck, for his eyes were evidently better than mine.

Jayrúd deserves notice. It is a large village, whose chief is an Agha (border chieftain), and whose family are all fighting-men. He has 150 free-lances, with which he was supposed to keep the Bedawin in check, and for some time he was employed by the Turkish Government. But he made such bad use of his power, and committed so many atrocities, that the Government withdrew their protection. The whole time, however, that my husband was in Syria, Da'as Agha was a useful public servant, and almost redeemed his good name. But as soon as we were recalled from Damascus, and the pressure of my husband's presence was taken off, Da'as broke out in worse form than ever. He

and his brethren are fine, stalwart-looking men; they dress partly like Bedawin, and they look as wild and lawless as possible. It was their hospitality we received that night, and an offer of Da'as himself and ten free-lances from among his brethren, to accompany us to Palmyra. We were always on excellent terms, and whenever the Agha came into Damascus he rode to our house. I was left in the country for some little time after Captain Burton returned to England, and the last thing Da'as did was to catch two unhappy Bedawin, with whose tribe he had a "Thár" (blood feud), to tie their hands and feet, to collect wood and pile it around, put them in a hole in a salt pit, and then set it on fire, whilst he sat at a little distance peppering them with his revolver. For this crime he was brought to Damascus in chains, and put into prison to be tried for his life. He sent to ask me to intercede for him; I did so, because I had eaten bread and salt under his roof, but with infinite unwillingness. He escaped, but I left without knowing how the matter was finally settled.

Jayrúd is a large, clean village, with a population of 1000, in the middle of a salt and sandy plain. The house was roomy, and the spacious halls were dignified by high and raftered ceilings. Da'as had also a separate house, with luxurious rooms, for a nice and pretty wife and five children. One of them, looking like a naughty cherub of six years, came to stare at us eating our supper. The swallows at that time were very numerous; it was unusually cold, and they flew in and about the village, and clustered on the houses with perfect fearlessness of human beings—they almost let me take them in my hand. The boy had caught one, and as he watched us was swinging it round like a wind-mill by a string to its legs. I have thought since what a true "chip of the old block" he was. Being the only woman present, I asked him before his father to make me a present of the bird. He was pleased, and readily gave it to me. I said to him, "If I let this go, will you promise me not to catch it again, and will you promise me not to catch another?" He looked as if he thought me a fool, and that it was a shocking waste of power to let the bird go. His father ordered him to promise, and when he did so, said to me, "When he has once given his word he won't break it; he knows what that means." He watched me untie the string from the bird's leg, and lay it

down on a little projecting piece of wood, from which it could fly into open space. For a long time it lay as if it were dead with fright and pain. I did not move till it gradually revived and flew away. I tried to explain to him how cruel he had been, how Allah had made that bird, and how angry he must feel at seeing him ill use it thus. I thought the idea of Allah being angry rather amused him, so I asked him how he would like a big giant to swing him round by the leg with a rope? He understood that better, and listened with open mouth and beautiful large eyes, so that I thought I was making some impression. But five minutes afterwards I found him in "full cry," spearing the Pariah dogs through the village with his father's lance: it was no use trying to alter Nature. Crowds of villagers collected to see us, and the court-yard and the house were filled with, and surrounded by, all sorts of guests from different Bedawin tribes. Camels were lying about, baggage was piled here and there, and horses were picketed in all directions. It was a picture; and this motley crew looked up to Da'as as to a master.

A sad affair happened that evening. I had unfortunately engaged a man as head servant and interpreter. My husband told him off to wait upon me during the journey, and to ride after me if needful. Unfortunately, cleverness and goodness do not always go together. When we arrived at Jayrúd I dismounted, and taking my husband's horse and my own, walked them up and down to cool. As soon as Zahrán and another man came up I gave them the reins, saying, "After our hard ride in that sand-storm, take as much care of those horses as if they were children." He replied, "Be rested, Sitti;" but an unpleasant smile appeared upon his face. When my back was turned, he threw my reins to a by-stander, and drawing a sword, which he had been entrusted to carry, he cut the throat of the good, useful little beast which had been hired for him. I saw many people running, but being very tired I did not turn round. The cruel act was kept concealed for fear of distressing me, but somebody at supper let it out. I rose from my seat to dismiss the man at once, but my husband wisely stopped me, and desired me to put a good face on the matter until the end of the journey.

The explanation of the ruffian's conduct was this:—he had

been negociating for a thorough-bred horse, which he meant to pay for out of my pocket, but he had been outbid by Antún Wardi, my Dragoman's brother, and his rage had been uncontrollable, especially as he saw the coveted animal perpetually caracoling before him. He afterwards avowed that he wanted a good horse, so as to fly at the first appearance of danger, and he thought, with that Levantine and Italian gift of short-sighted, petty intrigue, like the unripe cunning of a badly brought up child, that if he killed his own good, useful, but unpretentious beast, he would ride my second horse. I saw the case at once, and mounted him upon the worst thing in the camp.

In the morning we saw large salt marshes and gypsum mines not far away. The salina is white and glistening, and the heat spreads over it a white mist, when it appears like the Mirage, bearing fantastic ships. I remember feeling very faint at Jayrúd from the alternate cold and heat, and the natives thought that the salt marshes produced this state of temperature and its unpleasant effects.

The hubbub in the court-yard awoke us early. Mules, donkeys, camels, horses, and mares, were objecting to their loads or saddles, and to one another's presence, and were expressing the same by screaming and kicking—the men running about screaming and swearing. We rode over the plain to the next village, Atneh—the last settlement, the last water, and the last human abode between Jayrúd and Karyatayn. Da'as and his lances accompanied us. At Atneh, hearing of some underground buildings, we stopped to dig a deep hole, and found an old hypocaust. Then we rode considerably out of our way to see the salt marshes. We breakfasted in the harím at Atneh, the women having all gone out. When they returned the men retired. It was the house of a bride, so her garments hung all around the walls, like a Jew's old clothes shop, to show what she had brought with her to her husband. On the same principle we display *trousseaux* and presents, and put a list of donors in the "Court Journal," *pour encourager les autres.* The village women were covered with coins and bits of stone, made into necklaces and charms against the "evil eye."

After this, we had a long Desert ride in wind and rain, sleet and hail, and the ground was full of large holes. The Arabs, in gaudy

jackets, white baggy trowsers, and gold kufíyyehs, were galloping about furiously, brandishing and throwing their lances, and playing the usual Jerid tricks. We encountered a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, and between times a fiery sun rained down its beams upon the parched plain. The ground—that of the Desert—is alternately flint, limestone, and soft, smooth gravel; not a tree or shrub, not a human being or animal, is to be seen. The vegetation is stunted and withered—the colours are yellow sand and blue sky, —blue and yellow for ever. At dusk we arrived to find our tents pitched. Our horses cared for, we dined, and that night, for the first time, we slept in our clothes, with revolvers and guns by our sides. The men took turns to keep watch, that we might not be surprised by a Ghazu, and the mules were unbelled, so as not to attract attention. A "Ghazu" of Bedawin means 600 or 700 of a tribe, the Wuld Ali, or Rualla, who go out for marauding purposes. They charge in a body, with their lances poised and quivering in the air, shouting their war-cry, and they only stop short at a foot from your horse. If you stand your ground without blinking, they will not touch you; on the contrary, they will worship your bravery, and only take their black mail; but if you do not happen to know this, and show either fear or fight, they will touch you up with the spear, and cast you loose in the Desert, naked, and on foot. In many cases it would be much more merciful to kill outright.

We rose before the cold, dark, misty, and freezing dawn. We had some difficulty in starting our camp. The horses were shivering and shaking, the muleteers and camel-men objected, and I saw Mulhem laying about him desperately with a Kurbaj (hide thong). My husband and Count de Perrochel, being impatient, walked on, and very fast too. M. Ionin and I remained behind, to induce the camp to start by the moral pressure of our presence. I suppose this took a longer time than we calculated, for we rode through the same sort of country as yesterday for a length of time, without seeing anything of our pedestrians, whose horses we led. At last we saw on the horizon a small rise of stones, with a fire, and men at the top of it. We were frightened for our missing ones, as there is only one sort of people out in these parts; we galloped as hard as we could towards it, and we found it was

themselves. We then had a long and lonely ride through the same desolate valley-plain, banked on both sides in the distance by naked, barren mountains, and we were thankful when the sun came out. We breakfasted at a ruined Khan (Caravanserai) in the midst of the desolation, one of the many built to accommodate and shelter travellers, in the days when Tadmor was in her splendour. Though now in ruins, they are massive enough to withstand the elements for many centuries. Here we stayed for an hour, and those who had second horses changed saddles.

Then we rode on and on, it seemed for an age, with no variation; not a bird, nor a tree, nor a sound, save our own tramp. At length, within an hour of Karyatayn, we had a little excitement. On a slightly rising ground, which was now a horizon about five miles distant, we beheld something which, by the aid of Casella's field-glasses, we discovered to be a large party of mounted Bedawin. We carried sharp dog whistles, which I bought from the old "Bishop," of Bond Street, before sailing, and which in silent places are heard a long way off. We sounded them, and waved to our stragglers and waited until all were collected. I must here remark that from the hour of our leaving Damascus, stragglers joined us at every instant, from every garden, and in every village. They were natives who wanted protection from one settlement to another. Many of them would not otherwise have reached Karyatayn. Moreover, as the laws of hospitality oblige us to entertain both man and beast, our troop was a Godsend to them. They do not mean fighting, and they are like camp followers to an army, serving only to swell the numbers. But they contributed, on this occasion, to our assuming an important appearance. Our Kawwasses and servants were six in all; Da'as led ten men; and the muleteers, camel-men, cook, and camp-followers, numbered some eighty in all. As we all wore the kufíyyeh, and Da'as and his men dressed much like Bedawin, I have no doubt that we looked like a small Ghazu.

As soon as all our stragglers had reached us, we formed into line, and the opposite party did the same. We then galloped to meet them, and they did likewise; in fact, they copied us in everything, without glasses. When within a quarter of a mile we pulled up, and they pulled up. We fully expected a charge

and a skirmish, and they were more numerous than us; so we halted and remained in line, consulting — it was also their manœuvre.

Three of us then rode out to meet them; three horsemen of their line did likewise. They hailed us, and asked us who we were, and what we wanted. We told them that the English and Russian Consuls were passing to Palmyra, and asked in our turn the same questions. They replied that they were the Shaykh of Karyatayn and his fighting-men, and the Chief Priest under the Archbishop of Damascus, bearing invitations for us. They jumped down from their horses, and kissed my hand. We were then joined by both sides; all the men embraced, and we were escorted in triumph to the village, the men riding Jerid, firing from horse-back at full speed, hanging over by one stirrup, with the bridle in their mouths, quivering their long lances in the air, throwing them and catching them again at full gallop, yelling and shouting their war-cry. Their many-coloured dresses, their mares, and the wildness of the whole spectacle, were very refreshing. We learnt that Omar Beg, a Hungarian Brigadier-General in the Turkish service, was stationed here with 1600 troops, in hopes of reducing the wild tribes to submission. So we went to the house of the Shaykh, and dispatched a note to him.

The Shaykh of Karyatayn's dwelling was a mud house, with a large reception-room, where we had a big fire, and dined and slept —that is, my husband, M. Ionin, and the Count de Perrochel. The rest were littered about in various corners of the house. Our animals stood in the stable, and the others were picketted about the court. There was a separate house for the harim, which appeared numerous, and I slept there, with a room to myself.

Whilst we were enjoying our fire, and sitting round a rug, a fat young Turkish *sous-officier* entered with an insolent look. Thinking he had come with a message from Omar Beg, we all saluted in the usual manner. Without returning it, he walked up, stepped across us, flung himself on our rug, leaned on his elbow, and, with an impertinent leer, stared at us all around, till he came to my husband's eye—which partakes more of the tiger-cat's—then he started and turned pale. The Russian Consul and the French Count jumped to their feet. My husband, who saw

that it was an intended insult, said, "Sit down, gentlemen; this is no work for you. Kawwasses!" The Kawwasses and the two Wardis ran to the call. "Remove that son of a dog." They seized him up, fat and big as he was, as if he had been a rabbit, and, although he kicked and screamed lustily, carried him out of the house. I saw them give him some vicious bumps against the wall as they went through the door, across the courtyard, and out into the village, where they dropped him into the first pool of mud which represented the village horse-pond.

By-and-by Omar Beg came down to dine with us. We all sat on the ground around the large brass platter (table size), and ate of several dishes, chiefly a kid stuffed with rice and pistachios.

Omar Beg was delighted to see Europeans, for it was lonely work camping out in this deserted village. He would not hear of our going to Palmyra without troops, and he told off eighty men and two officers. We also had to take seventeen extra camels to carry water, and a camel with a Tahktarawān, in case any one should meet with an accident. It proved very lucky that we did so, for Habíb, Captain Burton's favourite servant, fell grievously ill with fever, and could not have returned in any other manner.

We then reported to Omar Beg the conduct of his *sous-officier*. He said that we had done very well, and that he was glad of the opportunity of making an example of him. It appeared that he had been secretary to some military authority, and that he spent all his leisure time in drinking, *malgré* the Korán, in oppressing the poor villagers, walking into their haríms, insulting their women, appropriating their things, and beating his own wife. The peasant at all times prefers the robbery of the Bedawin to the oppression, the insults, and the cruelty of the Turkish soldier. This one appears to have out-Heroded Herod, and the peasants worshipped our party for having given him that mud-bath. Omar Beg immediately dispatched two orderlies to arrest him. The offender sent word to his wife to get up out of her bed, where she was ill with fever, and she came at his order to save him from punishment. The poor woman told us and Omar Beg that he had been boasting that he knew European manners, and was going to astonish the Consuls with his knowledge. She added, in conclusion,—"He ordered me to get up and beg pardon for him. I do so from fear

of a beating, but I think he would be much better if he had a few days' confinement." By-and-by the culprit was marched in between two soldiers, livid with fear, and scarcely able to stand up for shame before his Brigadier, whom he beheld dining in intimate friendship with the people he had insulted. Omar Beg sentenced him to prison until further orders.

The action he committed would have been insolent in any part of the world, but in the East it was trebly so; and had he not been treated as he was treated, his next move would have been to assault us. If you wink at a slight here, you court the insult that is sure to follow. Syrians are, when they choose to be, the most courteous of people, but you must keep them in order, and if there is any defection it is your fault. The badly-disposed in this part of the world would delight in offering an insult, understood by all native bystanders, but not understood, and therefore not resented, by a European. They look at one another with grave faces behind your back, and enjoy the joke extremely. It behoves you, therefore, quickly to learn what the common Eastern modes of insult are, and to resent one at once. In all probability the first will be the last time it will be risked. "Hu bi'arif" ("He knows"), they will whisper to one another. A *gamin* who knew both English and Arabic was once escorting an English naval officer, when the latter espied an Eastern gentleman passing whom he had met before. Turning to the lad, he said, "I want to say something civil to that gentleman in Arabic. Teach me what to say." The lad quickly replied, "Say, 'Kayf halkum Effendum; Yala'an Abúk'" ("How do you do, sir? d—— your father"). The Eastern, who saw the lad with his tongue in his cheek behind the naval officer, appreciated the joke, and noticed it as it deserved. Saluting very courteously, he answered, "Ana mabsúta kattir khayrak ya Sidi Beg; Yala'an Jiddak" ("I am well, I thank your Excellency, but d—— your grandfather").

The next was a pleasant, lazy day. There were some Baths to be seen, a ruined Convent, a Catholic Chapel, a Mosque, and the Village generally. We rested, read and wrote, looked to our horses' shoes, and to the backs of the hired ones, and made a few extra preparations for the march. I also had the pleasure of making, in that very queer and lonely spot, an acquaintance which

ripened into a friendship—the wife of Omar Beg, the daughter of the German savant, Mr. Mordtmann, who is well known and appreciated at Stamboul. I need not say much more in praise of Omar Beg himself than that he is a Hungarian gentleman, and all the world knows the brave and independent race. He married this charming German lady, and keeps her secluded in harím, like a Moslem woman. She was living with her husband quite contentedly in this desolate place under a mud hut, and her only companions were a hyena and a lynx, which slept on her bed like two lap-dogs. The hyena received me at the gate, and, though not prepared for it, I innocently did the right thing, as she afterwards informed me. It came and sniffed at my hands, and then jumped up and put its fore-paws on my shoulders, and smelt my face. "Oh," I thought, "if it takes a bit out of my cheek, what *shall* I do?" But I stood as still as a statue, and tried not to breathe, looking it steadily in the eyes all the while. At last it made up its mind to befriend me, jumped down, and ran before me like a dog into the house, where I found the lynx on the divan. No. 2 pet sprang at me, mewed, and lashed his tail till Madame Omar came. She told me that when people began to scream or drive the hyena away it took a pleasure in worrying and frightening them. I went afterwards to the husband's reception-room. He had gone out for a short while. The hyena had got in, and I found my husband, the Russian Consul, and the French gentleman all sitting on the divan, with their legs well tucked-up under them, clubbing their sticks, and looking absurdly uncomfortable at the *affreuse bête*, as the Count called it. I had a good laugh at them, as the hyena and I were already on friendly terms. Madame Omar also had a cottage piano, which she travelled about with on a camel. Not a single note was in tune, or retained any proper sound of a piano. She was a first-rate musician, but she had been there so long she had no idea when she played that nobody could possibly guess what air it was, until I told her. She said, with the utmost good nature and innocence, "Is it really so bad? I amuse myself with it for hours, and would rather have it than nothing, and after all it keeps one in practice."

The people of Karyatayn are very poor. They have the soldiery to oppress and rob them; and so much do they hate and

fear them, that wherever the uniform is seen all scuttle out of the way as if from a serpent on the path. We could not even get a peasant to carry our note to Omar Beg, who is the kindest and most benevolent of men, and we had to send a Kawwass. When the military leave, the villagers' natural enemy will resume their place, the tribe of the Seba'ah, who from time to time sweep down upon them, and carry off their sheep, goats, and grain. The doors are mere holes in the wall, so that only one man may pass at a time, and that in a bent position, when the owner can shoot them down as fast they come in. Some of the old Shaykhs begged to be allowed to examine my revolver; they could not make out "how such a small gun could make such a noise and hit so far:" and also they thought, as many do in wild countries, that when once it is fired it goes on till it is told to stop. At night, when I went to the harím, about fifty women paid me a visit. I gave a pair of ear-rings to the head wife of the Shaykh, which act of generosity caused fearful jealousy and quarrelling. Long after I was dying to go to bed they sat talking in my room, till at last the husband or brother, with an instinct of delicacy, came of his own accord to tell them to take leave, and upon their refusing he drove them all out like a flock of sheep. I fortunately had a fastening to my door, so that when they were once gone I was able to shut them out. My sleep was, however, very disturbed, for they kept on trying the doors and shutters till very late. They have an insatiable desire for information concerning European and Christian women, and during my toilette I could see fifty pairs of eyes at fifty chinks in the windows and doors. Dressing *en Amazone* seemed to afford them infinite glee, and when I arrived at the cloth nether garments of my riding habit, they produced shouts of laughter equal to those which greet the drollest farce in London. Count Perrochel and I being Catholics, went to Church. The Chapel was a very poor little place, and Mass was celebrated according to the Syriac rite. We then assembled in the Square of the village, and found our horses being led up and down by the soldiers; our camels with water in goat skins, our baggage beasts, mules, and donkeys; the hired Tahktarawān and our Jayrúd Free-Lances drawn up on one side. Omar Beg accompanied us out with a troop of cavalry, and

started us with forty dromedaries, each carrying two soldiers, the two officers being on horseback. The cavalcade looked very bizarre as we wound out of Karyatayn, and when Omar Beg took his leave of us, we were about 160 strong.

We had a long day of Desert marching, with distant naked mountains to our left, and we passed through a wild defile, climbed up a mountain, and rested on the top. There was a ruined village with a dry well at the foot of the mountain, and we went up to get the exact plan. It was very hot, and this diversion from our route was an expenditure of strength, both for man and beast. We then returned to the plains, and in the afternoon we saw a mirage—castles, and green fields, but, as my husband knew what it was, we did not ride to see them. I often think that the reason one views such strange things in the desert is, that the brain becomes fanciful, and the sight weak with heat and fatigue. We were slow in finding our tents, and rather tired, but still able to gallop in. Again we did not undress, and slept with our weapons by our sides.

The next morning we set out at 6.30. The ground soon changed its character, and consisted for the first four hours of sharp little flints and big slabs of rock, alternately. To-day again we left the plain, and after four hours rode towards a mountain in the distance, and defiled by a picturesque and somewhat dangerous ledge amongst craggy peaks for upwards of an hour. We had heard for the first time that Bedawin knew of a water hereabouts, and we determined to find it. This discovery destroyed the worst difficulty of travellers in visiting Palmyra. The well is called there Ayn el-Wu'úl (spring of the oryx antelopes).

When we reached this well, which was full of the purest water, we rested our horses, and we wished to see a Ghazu, or Bedawi raid, because we were in such a splendid position for repelling it. Whilst talking thus some guns echoed like thunder through the rocky peaks, and we all thought our prayer was granted; but it must have been some Bedawi signal out of sight—very likely it meant, "The travellers have found our well; they are strong, well armed and well mounted." We descended once more into the arid plain, and the day was dreary, the heat intense. At last we

dimly sighted the Khan that was to be our night halt. It seemed quite close to us, but the farther we rode the farther it seemed to retire. This is a very common thing in the Desert, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, and it always distresses beginners. I heard of a lady and gentleman who sat down and cried under similar circumstances. We seemed to be about twenty minutes from our Khan, and yet it took us four hours of good riding. It was a fine old pile, that solitary, deserted building, and it looked splendid in the sunset; our camp by moonlight will ever live in my memory. The black tents, the animals picketted, the camels, the Turkish soldiery, the wild men, and the muleteers singing and dancing barbarous native dances.

You have all heard that camels can go for a long time without water. The camel which carried our empty Tahktarawān looked very thirsty. I called the driver during the evening, and asked him when he last gave his camel to drink. He replied last Thursday, this being Monday. I was exceedingly angry with him for having left Karyatayn, where there is plenty, to make a Desert journey, where there is none, without having allowed his camel to drink its fill. I immediately sent for a large tub, and ordered the men to empty one of our goat-skins into it. To my great surprise the camel would not drink, nor then, nor until we arrived at Palmyra, on the sixth day after it last tasted water.

The next day, our eighth from leaving home, saw us out of camp at 6.30, and riding over the hot, stony Desert for five hours. Suddenly we descried a small lake, but about 150 Bedawin were there before us. Our soldiers were all very well to protect the baggage on the march, but as they were on camels and on foot, and we upon horses and well mounted, we were always an hour or two away from them. The moment the Ghazu, as we supposed it to be, was sighted, the Count, the two Wardis, the Russian Kawwasses, Habíb, and Da'as, with his best men, rode off to reconnoitre, begging my husband, M. Ionin, and myself to advance in a straight line, or to wait for them, but not to ride up to them unless they fired a shot. We whistled and waved in our stragglers, but it was little use; those who followed us simply for their own protection, and whom "noblesse" did not "oblige," began to make their horses prance about and wheel round in

curves, every curve widening, which here is always preparatory to running away. About half-a-dozen, amongst whom were Ali our Kawwass, and our servants, remained steady. Zahrán executed a curve or two, but my husband called out, "The first man who bolts I will shoot him in the back." This brought them all in, and steadied them at once. We looked to our arms, and spying a little eminence at a short distance, we rode up to it, and planted on a spear a certain red flag with the Union Jack in the corner; in the Desert it can be seen for miles.

Then we took off the saddle-bags, and I spread the breakfast. Our party soon returned, they had found only 150 of the Sebá'ah watering their animals, and they could not attack us till they had time to collect 600 or 700 strong. Meanwhile, to divert attention, I asked my husband's leave to make a display of "tir." We put an orange on a lance point, seventy yards off; they gave me the first shot; by good luck I hit it, and by better luck still they did not ask me for a second shot, so that I came off with a great reputation, hardly deserved. Everybody fired in turn, but except Da'as and an officer, for our soldiers came up whilst this was going on, no gun carried far enough. We were now together, baggage and all, and mustered 160 souls—strong enough to fight any Ghazu. My husband spoke a few words to the men who were not soldiers. We changed our horses and mounted the fresh ones. He and the officer in command then formed the men into single line. They cheered and sang war songs all the remainder of the day, and I am sure we must have looked awfully imposing.

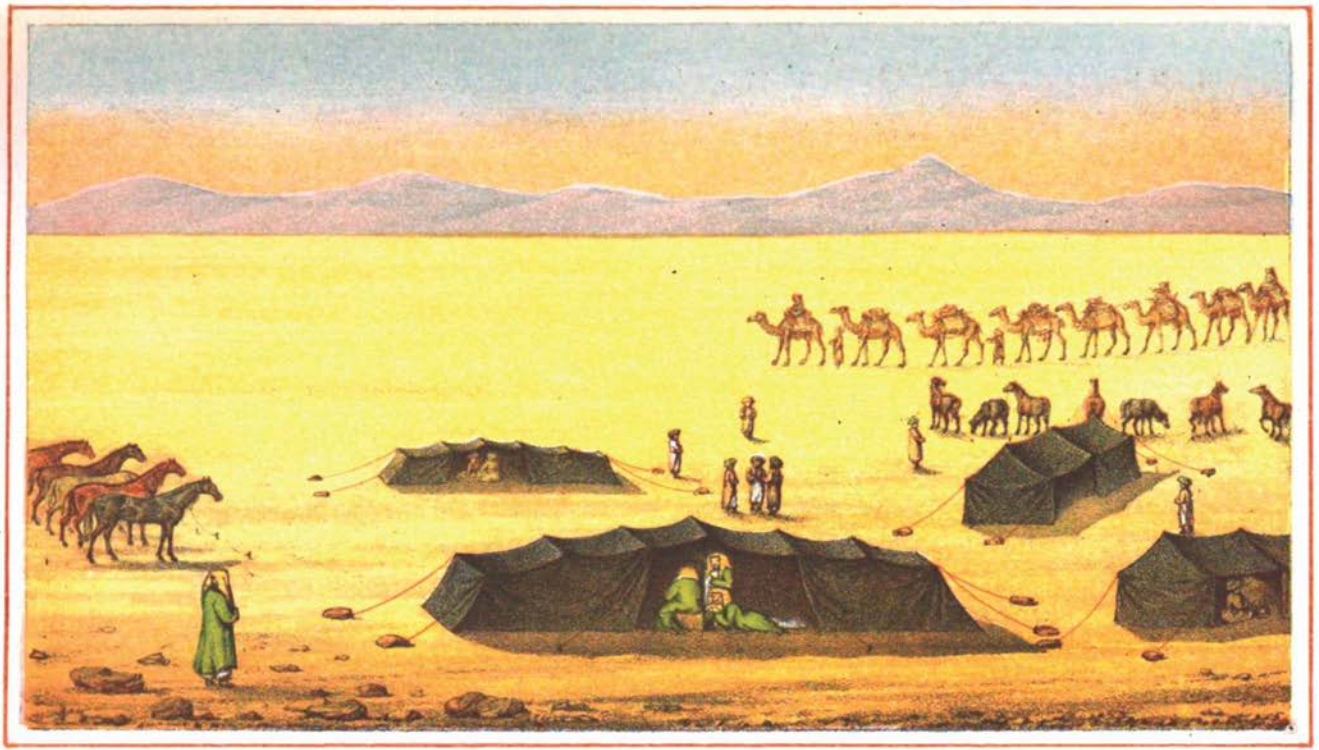
The first sight of Palmyra is like a regiment of cavalry drawn out in single line. There was the same deceiving effect as to distance. Then gradually the ruins began to stand out one by one in the sunlight, and a more imposing sight I never looked upon. So gigantic, so extensive, so bare, so desolate, rising out of and half-buried in a sea of sand. There is something that almost takes one's breath away about this splendid City of the Dead, when you are alone and gazing in silence upon her solitary grandeur. You feel as if you were wandering in some forgotten world, and respect and wonder bid you hush like a child amidst the tombs of a long closed and forgotten churchyard. This was

the Tadmor built by Solomon as a safe halt for the treasures of India and Persia passing through the Desert (2 Paralipomenon, or Chronicles, viii. 4.). "And he built Tadmor in the wilderness, and all the store cities, which he built in Hamath." Read also 3 Kings, or 1 Kings ix. 18.

The Shaykh and his people came out to meet us. They saw the Ghazu pass down to the water as we did, and were half afraid we were the other part of it. Our horses hoofs soon clattered over the blocks of stone that formed the pavement, and up a flight of broad steps under massive archways, to the door of the Shaykh's house. The village resembles a group of wasps' nests on a large scale, clinging to the inside walls of a gigantic ruined temple. The people are hideous, poor, dirty, ragged, and diseased. Everybody has ophthalmia, and you feel to catch it by looking at them; there is not a sound eye in the place, and I longed to find a convict oculist who would take a free pardon to settle there. They look as if born for misery. What have the descendants of Zenobia done to come to this?

In the Shaykh's house we had coffee and pipes. We were compelled to dine there, he would take no denial, and we did not wish to hurt his feelings. We ought to have camped on a threshing-floor near the spring, with three palm trees, but our muleteers placed us close to the east of the grand colonnade, for the sake of being near to the wells. Our camp consisted of our five tents, and ten for the eighty soldiers. The animals were picketed as much as possible in shelter, for we suffered from ice and snow, sirocco, burning heat, and furious sou'westers.

I cannot describe the beauty of our camp. We had two sulphureous wells, one to bathe in and the other to drink out of, and a larger water, which more resembled a pond, at the back of the tents, served for the animals. Some steps led down to our bathing well, where there was a place to sit in exactly like a full length bath, with the lukewarm water perpetually rushing through it. The only drawback was that there were sometimes snakes in it, but they were quite harmless. Everybody felt a little tired, and we went to bed early. It was the first night we really undressed, and bathed, and slept, and it was such a refreshment that I did not wake for twelve hours. We accounted



OUR DESERT CAMP

ourselves safe here, though if a Ghazu had chosen to come down upon us amidst the ruins, it could have attacked us just as well as in the open desert. But Bedawin cannot fight where they cannot ride, and we should have had the advantage of them, as it would have been impossible to charge and wheel in circles amid the fallen columns and *débris*. The villagers would not have helped us; they would have had to consider their own interests, for they are exposed to their raids all the year round.

My journal of the following morning contains a very short notice: "We were considerably refreshed, attended to our horses and several camp wants. We lounged about till breakfast, and wrote our journals. It was scorchingly hot weather. We are here for five days, so did not begin serious work until noon."

I would give one bit of advice to tourists in Syria, and that is, never to think of bringing out English tents, but always to use those of the natives, which are provided for them. English tents may be delightful for Aldershot, but are useless in these latitudes. They tear, they blow down, they let in wind and rain. They don't keep out the sun. They are heavy, and ill-adapted for mule-back over mountains and rocky countries. My husband always uses a Bedawin tent, so did Mr. Drake and Mr. Palmer.

You will say that we performed this eight days' journey to Palmyra in a very lazy, easy manner; so we did, but I do not feel sorry for it. If I were to tell you that I had ridden sixty hours on a camel without stopping, and had only drunk one cup of coffee the whole way, you might have admired my powers of endurance; but so many have done this and described it, that I am glad to have gone to Palmyra in a different manner, and to be able to amuse you by the petty details of the route.

I am very much amused, and very much pleased, to learn that all along the road I have been generally mistaken for a boy. I had no idea of any disguise, but as soon as I found it out I encouraged the idea, and I shall do so in future whenever we are off the usual beaten tracks. After all, wild people in wild places would feel but little respect or consideration for a Christian woman with a bare face, whatever they may put on of outward show. It is all well in localities where they daily see European women, but otherwise, according to their notions, we ought to be

covered up and stowed far away from the men, with the baggage and beasts. This is why they possibly thought I must be a youth. As such I shall meet with respect only second to the Consul himself. As such I shall be admitted everywhere, and shall add to my qualifications for travelling. This is how I dress for our mode of wayfare. I wear an English riding-habit of dark blue cloth—there are but three riding-habits in Syria, and mine is the only "latest fashion." I wear a pair of top-boots, and for the convenience of jumping on and off my horse I tuck in the long ends of the habit, and let them hang over like native big, baggy trowsers. Round my waist I wear a leather belt, with a revolver and bowie. My hair is tucked up tightly to the top of my head, which is covered by the red Tarbush, and over that the Bedawi Kufiyyeh, the silk and golden handkerchief, which covers the head and falls about the chest and shoulders to the waist, hiding the figure completely, and is bound with the fillet of chocolate-dyed camel's hair. I have a little rifle slung to my back, that I may shoot if we meet game.

This was a very decent compromise between masculine and feminine attire, quite feasible on account of the petticoat-like folds and drapery of Eastern dress. So attired I could do what I liked, go into all the places which women are not deemed worthy to see, and receive all the respect and consideration that would be paid to the son of a great man. My chief difficulty was that my toilette always had to be performed in the dead of the night. The others never appeared to make any except in a stream, and I did not wish to be singular. I never could remember not to enter the harims. I used always to forget that I was a boy, until the women began screaming and running before me to hide themselves. I often wonder that my laughter did not incense their men to kill me; I remember once or twice, on being remonstrated with, pointing to my chin to plead my youth, and also to my ignorance of their customs. In the East a man of high rank or respectability is not expected to do anything unusual, to drink, to sing, or to dance, in public. All that I had to do towards maintaining my character was to show great respect to my father, to be very silent before him and my elders, and to look after my horses.

This was the way in which I found out what they thought, and what put the idea into my head: one day, during a halt, we were sitting on a divan, with Shaykhs, Moslems and Christians, and all were paying great attention to my husband. Suddenly the village priest (Greek Orthodox) looked over and pointing at me said, "Háthá ibn-ak yá Sidi Beg?" ("Is that your son, my Lord Beg?") My husband, with the gravest face in the world, answered, "Aywá yá Abúna" ("Yes, O Reverend Father"). I saluted him in the usual fashion, and my husband quickly turned to another subject.

CHAPTER XVI.

PALMYRA, ANCIENT TADMOR (PRONOUNCED TUDMUR)—STABLES AT HOME AND IN CAMP.

So many travellers have described Palmyra, the City of the Palms, that I shall be voted a bore if I attempt it again. A description and sketches of it are also found in most books of architecture. Still, I may make a few common remarks for those who prefer light literature. The situation reminds one of Damascus. It is backed by a range of white limestone mountains, which answer to Jebel Kaysún, but having no river it lacks the verdure of Damascus, so that the City rises out of sands, which, smooth as the sea, stretch away on all sides for ever and ever. Savants are of opinion that long before Solomon, Palmyra was a great station for Eastern trade to India. The Bible induces a belief that it was built by Solomon, whose ships from Ezion-Gaber visited the East Coast of Africa, and his traders traversed the deserts of Arabia to convey the luxuries and wealth of foreign lands to his kingdom; therefore, to make the route secure for the caravans that imported the treasures of India, Persia, and Mesopotamia, "he built Tadmor in the wilderness" (1 Kings, ix. 18; 2 Chronicles, viii. 4). Pliny also mentions it as a great City. Zenobia was the "great Queen of the East," who ruled Palmyra in its days of splendour (A.D. 267). She was an extraordinary woman, full of wisdom and heroic courage. She was conquered by the Romans after a splendid reign of five years, and the Emperor Aurelian caused her to be led through Rome bound in fetters of gold.

The City must formerly have consisted of a magnificent plan of streets, both broad and long, running parallel with or crossing one another at regular intervals, the principal formed of two rows of

gigantic columns, which are sixty or eighty feet high, with carved capitals. Most of them have inscriptions, some are fluted, others consist of one solid shaft, and others are made of huge blocks joined. Some have very large bases, and might have served for the beginning or end of a street, or a *point de réunion* whence four streets branched off. It seems that every street began and terminated with a Temple, whose grandeur corresponded with that of the thoroughfare. At almost regular intervals are spacious and carved arches and gateways, remnants of Temples, wells and springs, and wonderful unique Tower-Tombs.

The Chief Temple is that of the Sun, which has a square court 740 feet each side. It is enclosed within walls seventy feet high, and clinging to the inside walls are the fifty wretched huts which I described as being like wasps' nests. The principal street was evidently what is now called the Great Colonnade. Its remnants begin about 300 yards from this Temple in an oblique direction. Turning our backs to the Temple, we pass, at 300 yards from it, under a central or triumphal arch, with two smaller side arches—evidently a triple gateway. This is built in the bend of the street leading to the Temple, and as it now stands alone it has an effect more striking than classical. Its carving is elaborate, and but little destroyed.

You may walk down the High Street till you reach the mountains, perhaps for a mile or more. It is so long and ruined here and there, that one has to take it up at intervals, but there is no mistaking its direct line. From the triumphal arch to a very marked *point de départ* in about the middle, the right side of the street is in ruins, but after that the left side is almost completely ruined, whilst on the right hand here and there the columns remain perfect. This street also terminates at a Temple, six columns supporting a *façade*. Here, on turning to look back, one perceives that the Great Colonnade must have had two lesser streets of the same kind, like the aisles of a cathedral. Doubtless the large road would be intended for equestrians and carriages, and the two side paths for pedestrians.

You can stand on the top of a spacious arch which must once have formed a magnificent gateway; now it is buried in sand. In the particular instance of which I now write, a muleteer is sing-

ing upon that noble perch, unconscious of anything grand, and wonders what I am staring at. Whilst so engaged a flight of storks darken the air—one small white butterfly, which must have been the scape-goat of the butterflies, and charged with their sins, myriads of small black beetles burrowing in the sand, and the snakes in the bath underground, complete all the live stock of Palmyra the Old.

I can even to-day shut my eyes and walk all over Palmyra, and tell every column standing *in situ*. Being so near the mountains at the further end of the High Street, it is as well to ascend to the castle, which is built on a little detached peak of the range which backs the City. It is cruised round, with an infinity of labour, to form a moat, and the ascent, steep and slippery, tears hands and knees, clothes and boots. On two sides of it are mountain ranges, and on the other two the Desert stretches away into the horizon. This is quite the best point from which to look down on the plan of the town, and this is the general view of the ruins at your feet. More striking than all, and immediately below you, is a fine Temple—the Great Colonnade beginning from it, and terminating a mile off in the Temple of the Sun, whose walls hide the only eyesore, the disgraceful village which is thereby sheltered from weather, and less exposed to Bedawin. The ruins visited by travellers and tourists are simply the official tour of temples, forum, and theatres, but Captain Burton traced out the "native" or "black town" by the different colour of the soil, composed of organic matter, and especially ashes.

The colonnades strike you most, and set you to work trying to trace out the plan of the city; they evidently formed the streets, and everything indicates that all tended towards the principal one. Shut your eyes, and think of a city composed of streets formed of colonnades cross-barring one another, each one beginning and ending with a temple, and you see Palmyra.

At our feet lies this City, surrounded by the old walls of Justinian, much ruined, forming a large circle, joined at one end by the Temple of the Sun, and at the other by the mountains. Wherever there is a spring or well there are patches of garden enclosed by low stone walls, none of them bigger than large rooms; in these patches the wretched natives grow barley, and

plant pomegranate, dates, and olives. When ripe, the swooping Bedawin eat them; and even these tiny oases would not exist but for the springs. All the rest of the view consists of these patches of garden, chiefly round the Temple, and they look like green spots on a yellow ground.

Streams, wells, and springs of the hot, sulphureous water, and tombs—of which more presently—lie everywhere. The intervening space is covered with remnants of temples, with isolated columns, porticoes, and large fallen stones. There are buildings which might have been prisons, barracks, offices of justice, and other public buildings. During the whole of our wanderings amongst the ruins we constantly found caves and vaults. There are several little squares of standing columns, which might have been pavilions or nymphœums, covering fountains. I counted seven of them. All the busts have had their heads knocked off, and most of the coins represented a woman sitting—of course, supposed to be Zenobia.

The architecture is in bad taste and coarse, but the carving very elaborate, much of it still almost perfect. It is a barbarous idea of splendour, all Columns and Temples. The chief objects of interest are the Tower-Tombs, which are strictly Palmyrene, and here represent the Pyramids. They line not only the two wild mountain defile entrances to the City, but they also dot the roots of the mountains which back it, corresponding with the Salahíyyeh graveyard on the roots of Jebel Kaysún.

We spent five days at Palmyra. The first was devoted to this general inspection. The second morning to the Temple of the Sun, which is composed of huge blocks of limestone from the neighbouring mountains. It has fine carved cornices, still perfect. The central door is 32 feet high and 16 feet wide. The Naos, or temple itself, has one hundred standing columns. It is encompassed by walls 70 feet high; the wall at the back slants, as if it had been arrested in falling; but I tremble to think what an earthquake would do for Palmyra. In the afternoon we commenced our *fouilles*, and visiting the Tower-Tombs. These buildings are tall, square towers, 80 feet high, and 30 feet broad on each side, with a handsome frontage. Inside they are four stories high, and each tier contains *loculi* for bodies, like a honey-comb.

They have beautiful ceilings of stone, stuccoed and painted, and the entrances are lined with dwarf pilasters and busts. There are about one hundred principal, and the earliest date is A.D. 2. All over the rest of Syria the tombs are hewn in the rocks. These must have been for the grand old families, and their ruins and desolation, with no language left to tell their tale, is replete with mournful interest.

The Palmyrene district must have extended much further than anybody suspected, for my husband found Palmyrene inscriptions in the Jebél D'rúz Haurán, much further south-west than any one thought. Whilst they were digging, I devoted some part of each day in endeavouring to cure the poor people of ophthalmia, and was on the road to succeeding before I left. I owe all I know to our celebrated London oculist, Mr. White Cooper, who, from the generous motive of doing good in countries to which he was perhaps never likely to go, gave me several instructions and receipts which I could always practise with safety. The blessings, therefore, which have been heaped upon me, more properly belong to him. Excepting cases which required an operation, I have cured or bettered all the bad eyes I have met with, and in the East one can have as much practice in that line as would fill all one's time. I have tried to improve my knowledge since, in the hope of some day going back; and I trust one of these days that some enthusiast who wants to do good, will salary an appointment for a good oculist to reside at Damascus. Sight is one of the greatest blessings, and I know of no part of the world where the eyes are so beautiful and are so diseased as in Syria. The discouraging part of it is, that in the East ophthalmia usually proceeds from flies and want of cleanliness, and you know when they are cured they will return to it. I have spent much time in lecturing them upon the uncleanly habits of the fly, and "hear, hear" is represented by choruses of "Máshálláh, alhakmek. Mafi mithlek" ("By Allah, thou art right. There is none like [equal to] thee"). But you see what seems from a little distance to be a baby with a pair of eyes the size of a crown-piece—you call out to the mother, she waves her hand over the baby's face, and they dwindle down to the size of a sixpence. About two hundred flies had been there for

hours, and will presently return. It is fearful to think what diseases they must communicate. They are physically what a mischief maker is morally. Born and bred out of dirt, they feed upon dirt, engender it, and communicate it to their fellow-creatures, from which results a pestilence which kills off the weak, and from which the strong stand aloof with dread. I should like to dress all Syrians in "*Catch 'em alive*,"* and wish we knew of any prescription of equal moral value for Society.

On the second night of our arrival the two officers, the Shaykh of Palmyra and Shaykh Faris, dined in our tents. We strolled about the ruins by moonlight, and when tired we sat round in a large ring on the sand, and the soldiers and muleteers gave us music and singing—they danced the sword dance with a wild grace, to their barbarous but musical accompaniment and weird songs. My greatest pleasure, however, was to wander about alone, to enjoy the beauty and the majesty of the ruins by moonlight. I did not want European talk; I did not want Syrian chatter; I did not always want scientific lore nor books. It is a place where you prefer nature, solitude, and meditation.

We were here on Good Friday, and the Simúm blew so hard that we had great difficulty in keeping our tents over our heads. The Count de Perrochel and myself, the Dragomans, muleteers, and part of the servants, who were Catholics, performed a service at three o'clock under the shelter of some rocks.

We discovered caves, and found human bones, skulls with the hair on, hands in a good state of preservation, coins, tesseræ, and a few large slabs—all were sent to the Anthropological Institute, except the latter, which were too heavy to carry away.

Entering Palmyra, we crossed a sulphureous stream which issues from a cavernous hole in the mountain, and runs with a rapid current through the City. Not far from it are apparently separate springs of the same quality, bubbling up in the sand. It is as bright as crystal, tepid, with the properties of Vichy water. Damascenes send to Europe for mineral drinks—why do they not get this bottled, which is so near them?

How different Frenchmen and Englishmen are with regard to

* A paper sold in the streets of London in summer, sticky and poisonous. It attracts the flies, and once they have pitched upon it they die.

their ideas of our sex. The Count de Perrochel was shocked with me for not being afraid to sort the bones into order to help my husband with his work: he said, impatiently—

"On voit bien, madame, que vous êtes Anglaise. Une Française se serait au moins evanouie, ou aurait été prise d'hystérie, et vous êtes tellement calme et pratique, qu'on dirait que vous classifiez des colifichets et non des ossements humains, et j'avoue que cela me repugne; que je voudrais voir un peu plus de sensibilité."

I was quite taken aback. I appeal to you, reader, whether one would not be a bore to a travelling and scientific husband if, when one was wanted to lend a hand to carry out some project, one's tender sensibilities overcame one, and one fell into shrieking convulsions. What a happy life! what a pleasant companion for a sensible man! I replied that there were so many women in the world whose mission it was to dress and sit on the sofa all day, receiving visitors, making an effect, talking well—or ill—and being admired, that they were intended by Providence to do all that sort of thing *pour nous autres*, who are obliged to face the realities of life.

Women's duties appear to be portioned out to them very decidedly. Some are told off to be good mothers to children and good housewives, which is woman's natural vocation; others in single blessedness with missions; and others in a public useful career. Some are told off to convents to pray for the active ones; and some, like stinging insects, to make the rest uncomfortable.

A traveller's wife must cultivate certain capabilities—ride well, walk, swim, shoot, and learn to defend herself if attacked, so as not to be entirely dependent upon the husband; also to make the bed, arrange the tent, cook the dinner if necessary, wash the clothes by the river side, mend and spread them to dry—for his comfort; nurse the sick, bind and dress wounds, pick up a language, make a camp of natives love, respect, and obey her; groom her own horse, saddle him, learn to wade him through rivers; sleep on the ground with the saddle for a pillow, and generally learn to rough it, and do without comforts. She must be thoroughly useful to her husband, and try never to want anything of him. She ought to be able to write, and to help

him in taking his observations; and if she can sketch or paint, she is indeed a happy woman.

It is very seldom that travellers have not servants with them to cook, wash, to groom horses, and arrange a tent; but they are less likely to strike work and to run away if they see that you can do all this yourself. Also, your servant for either of these offices might be down with fever, and then you must help yourself.

The next morning my husband's servant, Habíb, fell ill with fever, and had quinine. We passed our day in the ruins, writing descriptions of our journey, and of Palmyra, and also of our *trouvailles.* We had all retired to rest when I was awoke by hearing a moaning and roaring like that of a camel when being loaded. I ran out to see, and, being guided by the noise to the servants' tent, I found Tannus, the kitchen assistant, taken with curious convulsions, and the rest all holding him down. It is a Syrian disease, called El Wah'tab; they say it is congenital; to me it looked like a mixture of epilepsy and hysteria, if the latter term may be applied to Tannus. In old times it would be considered "possession," and they would have called in an exorciser. A bump rises out in the back, and when the patient feels it coming on he lies on his face and asks some one to tread up and down him, like pressing grapes; there is a superstition in favour of a first-born child. The men seemed to be much alarmed lest he should die. I ran to the provision basket and medicine chest, and mixed a glass of strong hot brandy and water, with sugar, peppermint, ginger, camphor, and *sal volatile;* and getting one of the men to open the lad's locked teeth with a spoon, I sat down on the ground and managed to get the whole glassful down his throat, a small teaspoonful at a time. He was perfectly quiet almost directly, and instinctively turned over on his face, I suppose to have his back trodden; but I did not let them do it. I wanted to see what effect the brandy and restoratives would have. He came-to in an hour and a half, quite well and sensible, but very tipsy. They told him what I had done, and he kissed my hand and thanked me, and said,—"I am quite silly now, but I shall be able to speak to you as I ought in the morning."

On Easter Sunday we continued visiting the *fouilles,* or excavations we were making, and also the ruins, and performed our

Sunday service in one of the temples, wrote our journals, and had our usual pleasant evening, but it was bitterly cold; we also prepared for departure on the morrow. We had been here five whole days, not counting that of arrival or departure.

This evening I exclaimed, "I wish I had a narghíleh." They talk of the little cherub who sits up aloft to take care of poor Jack, but I am sure every single hearted person has something of the kind. One of the party answered me, "But you have a beautiful silver pipe, why do you never use it?" I answered, "Where is it?" "With Zahrán," they said. I began to feel very uncomfortable—how is it possible that I have a silver narghíleh and have never seen it? At dinner time I called to Zahrán, who was waiting, and said, "I am told you have a pipe of mine. Pray how long have I had it?"

"I bought it, Sitti, for £3 at Karyatayn, and I want to sell it to you for £7." This was said without a falter or a blush. "Very good," I said, making up my mind to inquire into the matter. "Who sold it to you?" "The Shaykh." But for that simple remark of mine, "I want a narghíleh," and the answer purposely made to let me know that something wrong was going on in my name, I should have incurred a disgrace without knowing it, as I shall show on our return home.

On Easter Monday, 18th April, we left Palmyra. We should have done better to have remained there fifteen days. I wish that we had taken ropes, hooks, and ladders to reach 80 feet, planks to bridge over broken stair-cases, and a stout crowbar. The heat of the arid Desert, the fierce winds, snow, ice, biting cold, scorching sun, blistering heat, want of water on the journey, chances of attack, and the destestable water of Palmyra, from which we were all suffering, and from which our horses weakened and lost flesh, would have been doubly and trebly repaid if we could thoroughly have examined Kasr el Zayneh, Palace of the pretty; Kasr el Azba, of the maiden; and Kasr el Arús, of the bride—the three best Tower-Tombs.

Captain Burton, having now seen everything, determined to lose no time in getting back to Damascus, which we were ordered to accomplish in four days, at thirteen hours a days, fifty-two hours' riding. That is hard work, whatever it may sound to read,

kept up for any length of time, especially for those who work the four hours, besides riding the thirteen.

We left camp at dawn by a different way. We had come by the Baghdad or eastern route, the Darb el Basír, and we returned by the Darb el Sultani, the main or direct route, with a slight digression of three hours to the newly-found well, Ayn el Wu'úl. If the traveller has seventeen camels loaded with water, he may go a more direct road, *viâ* a Roman fort in the desert, which looks like a chapel, called Kasr el Hayr, and the remains of the aqueduct. He may, in point of fact, go where he likes, and as slow as he pleases, whilst the water lasts; but if he rides horses, and takes no water, he must make the journey in two days, and camp his one night at this spring, with three hours' digression. Here he should water on arriving at night and on departure in the morning.

It was a terribly hot day. We saw several hoopoes, and had one or two false alarms. We saw something drawn up in line at a great distance, and could not make it out. Some said Bedawin, others riderless horses. At last, by the aid of the glasses, we made out wild boars. Away flew everybody, as fast as horses could lay legs to the ground, utterly forgetful of robbers, and we had some very good sport, without, however, anything like a bag.

We encamped at 8 p.m. in the mountain defile, at the Ayn el Wu'úl. All were dead beat, and so were the horses. At night I had fever, and a hurricane of wind and rain nearly carried our tents away, succeeding the scorching heat of the day.

Our second day homeward bound was miserably long—from dawn till sunset—with a driving wind, and sand in our faces, filling eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. It made the horses restive and tiresome. I felt so cold, tired and disheartened, being weak with fever, that as I sat in my saddle and galloped along I cried for about two hours, and my husband and the others laughed at me. Whilst I was crying we saw a body of mounted Bedawin dodging about in the mountain to our right, and looking at us in the plain. So I dried my eyes, and rode on with a good will till we reached Karyatayn at sunset; but I had to be lifted off my horse, and could not stand for some minutes.

Omar Beg dined with us, and I visited Madame Omar Beg in

the harím. After dinner my husband sent for the Shaykh of Karyatayn and for Zahrán, and, in the presence of all, questioned the former, saying—

"That silver narghíleh was once yours, Shaykh. How did it happen to go with us to Tadmor?"

"Yes," said the old man; "it was a great family treasure, handed from father to son; but Zahrán told me that the Sitti admired it, and that I had better give it to her for Bakshísh; and, sooner than she should leave my house unsatisfied, I told him to put it in her baggage."

I could not remain silent.

"Listen, O Shaykh! I did not know that a silver pipe was in your house, or in my baggage, until some one who knew what a shameful trick my servant had practised upon you informed me of it. I then asked him (Zahrán) concerning it, and he told me he had bought it of you for £3, and wanted to sell it to me for £7. Whereupon I was resolved to learn the truth from your own lips. Here is your narghíleh; I could not accept it for all the world. It would be contrary to the customs of my country."

The poor old fellow, much as he pressed me to keep it, could not conceal his joy, and then added, timidly, "The day your sunshine departed from my poor dwelling my best carpet could not be found. Not that any of your Highness's servants would have touched the homely thing, but perhaps they might assist me in finding it."

Zahrán immediately pretended to bustle about to go and help to find the carpet. My husband desired him to remain where he was, and ordered the Kawwasses to search the baggage under his care. It was found stowed away under his saddle cloth. My husband restored it to the old man, and then begged of him to search his house, and see if he could miss anything else, but said not one word to Zahrán, who was pale and trembling.

All clamoured to remain one day at Karyatayn. We had already been out for two days, at thirteen hours each, and the alternate bitter driving wind and blinding heat had greatly fatigued us. The muleteers mutinied; they said their backs were broken, their beasts dead beat. The soldiers were glad to

have returned to their quarters. There was only one person in the camp not tired, and that was Captain Burton, who is certainly made of cast-iron. However, he said, "You may all remain here, but I shall ride on alone, for to-day is Tuesday. I have Wednesday and Thursday wherein to get home; Friday the Baghdad and English mails come in, and I must be at my post." All the reponsibility fell upon me. Everybody said, if I would remain they would be glad; but the idea of my husband riding on alone through two days and one night of Desert, infested with Bedawin, would never have been entertained by me for one moment, though I think if any man on earth could do it with impunity he could. I always ride a yard or two behind him. I may not ride alongside or before him; in the East it would not be considered respectful, either for wife or son.

I at once decided to go, and we left very early. Habíb was still ill with fever, and had to travel in the Tahktarawān, or Shugduf. A balance was wanted for the other pannier, and as no other could be found I got into it; but I had overtaxed my good-nature—it bumped me and tired me so unmercifully, that after half an hour I begged to be let down, and made the driver sit in himself.

Camel-riding is very pleasant if it is a *delúl* with a long trot, but a slow walk is horridly tedious, and I should say a gallop would be utter annihilation. A Shugduf, or Tahktarawān, shakes you till all your bones are sore. How people travel in it to Mecca and back is a mystery to me.

I then mounted and galloped after the rest, with a small military escort, sent as a compliment by Omar Beg for the day's journey to Jayrúd. I did not pick the rest up till the breakfast halt, and found them at the same Khan where we had bivouacked one night when going to Palmyra. We then rode on to Jayrúd, which we reached at dark, having done our third thirteen hours. To-day, at sunset, we saw hovering near our baggage party in the distance, fifty or sixty mounted and armed Bedawin. We pushed on, to let both parties keep us in sight, that the one might hesitate, and the other feel confidence. They eventually retired to the mountains; but on reaching Damascus we learnt that during our whole journey all these bandits watched us from the moun-

tains, and deeming it too risky to attack us, seeing how far our rifles carried, they let us go by. As soon as we were well out of sight they fell upon the villages in our rear, and carried off everything, sheep, goats, and grain.

The 21st of April was our last day. Our little military escort left us early to return to Omar Beg, but Da'as and his men asked leave to see us safe to Damascus. We started at sunrise, and rode all day, reaching home at 8 p.m. Now I know and can tell you how it is that Damascus has been exalted into a garden of Paradise. I have been out in the Desert seventeen days only, and I cannot describe to you the sensation of first viewing the plain of Esh Shám. From the day of my arrival to this date I did not know that Damascus was beautiful; to-day I learned it, but I did not love her for her beauty—that came upon me at another date, a little later. If fresh from any very beautiful country, or much attached to the flesh-pots of London or Paris, it is just possible that, like me, at first you would wonder what meant all those extravagant praises common to authors. But go to the Desert, even for seventeen days as we did, and you will bestow the same.

You first see a belt of something dark lining the horizon, and long to reach it, and for hours it seems to recede from you. Then you enter by degrees under the trees, the orchards, the gardens; you smell the water from afar like a thirsty horse, and you hear its gurgling long before you come amongst the rills and fountains. You scent, and then see, the fruit—the limes, figs, citron, and water-melon. You feel a madness to jump into the water, to eat your fill of fruit, to go to sleep under the delicious shade. You forget the bitter wind, the scorching sun, the blistering sand, and you dream away the last two or three hours, wondering if it is true, or if your brain is hurt by the sun, or your blinded eyes see a mirage. But your tired, drooping horse tells you it is true. He pricks up his ears, knows he is near home, would like to break out into a mild trot if he could, stops to drink at every rill, and with a low whinny of joy gathers a mouthful of grass as he passes every crop.

At last we reached our own door. Our cottage at Salahíyyeh looked to me like a palace, and so full of comfort that it was worth while to go away. A warm welcome greeted us on all sides.

Everybody was tired except Captain Burton. Every horse and other beast was dead beat, so all accepted our hospitality for the night.*

Here I ask permission, as many of my sex love their horses, and would like to know when their grooms treat them properly, to say a few words about stables. Do not imagine that I have the presumption to write for sporting men, before whom I must appear but an ignoramus. The next few pages are especially for ladies who are first-rate riders, and go across country two or three times a week, and who really care about their horses, but who see them only when they mount at their door; and who, when they dismount, hand the reins to the groom, and perhaps do not see them for a week, except to have their clothing taken off to show them to a friend, or to give them a bit of sugar in the stables. Under these circumstances there is no steady attachment between a horse and its rider; the former is merely then a thing for locomotion, and one will do as well as another, if he only goes as well. The owner must believe and do exactly what her stud-groom tells her. It is like a mother leaving her child to a nurse. The child gets to know better, and will grow fonder of the nurse than the parent. I do not say anything against grooms; they are a necessity, and first-class ones are a treasure, but the commoner order were born to spoil with their roughness the best brute's temper. I have often felt amused in English country houses, where the host has sixteen or twenty horses, to hear the hostess say almost timidly to her fat, powdered coachman—

"Barker! do you think that I might have the carriage to-day?"

Barker (very crisply): No, my lady, you can't!

Lady (timidly): "Oh! never mind, Barker; I didn't know!"

Know what? The sacred mysteries of an English stud? That the horses are choking with food, till it bursts out in disease —that their chests, and consequently their fore-legs, are so affected by being pampered that they cannot do the slightest work with impunity; that the stables are kept so hot that it is worth a fatal cough to take the beasts outside it—that the under-

* I sent an account of our expedition to the Editor of the *Times*, which he was good enough to insert, but it had necessarily to be brief, and lacked all these details.

strappers give them a sly kick in tender places occasionally, when they get out of temper over the grooming, and the stud-groom is in another part of the stable. It makes no show outside, but how he must laugh when he hears you wondering why your horse falters a little in the hind-quarters, or why he is so shy and nervous in the stall.

Many of my friends came out to Syria, and a few to South America, when I was there. They rode beautifully, but they knew nothing about their horses, which got no kind of care, and consequently they wondered why they fell down, why they were thin, why they died long before the journey was over, and why they had wrung backs. Doubtless they went away thinking them a sorry lot. I picked up rudiments of stable knowledge in England, as a young girl in the country; and when I went to live in out-of-the-way places—now fourteen years ago—I had to be my own stud-groom, to learn all the "wrinkles" of each new place, and then to make the grooms work under my directions.

Nature's groom, in these parts, will water the horse at the place most convenient to him, and when he remembers it; he will give the horse a bundle of grass or herbs, but if he has the chance he will put the corn, or rather its money, into his pocket. He will curry-comb the horse just before he is going out, and leave the perspiration and dust on for days, if he does not go out. He would rather die than pick up his feet and clean them out—luckily "thrush" is not so prevalent here as at home. He will give him a sly kick in the stall, or tug at his bridle like a bell-rope when you are visiting or shopping, and nobody is looking. He will always leave the saddle on till the horse is cool; if there is a gall on the back it dries and sticks to it, and then he pulls off the saddle, skin and all. I do not for my own part like an old native groom, with his formed habits; I prefer a raw boy, who knows nothing and is more docile. I engage him in this manner: "Now, I will teach you for a week, or a fortnight, and I shall be in the stable five or six times a day. If I see that the horses neigh and rub their heads against you when you come near them, I shall know that you are a good boy. If I see that their ears go back, or that they lash out or move away from you when you come near them, I shall know that you worry them whilst you

groom them. When they have been out half a day, if they turn a hair I shall see whether you feed them properly, or whether you steal the corn. If they like you, you stay; if they dislike you, you go; because, though they can't speak, they have forty ways of telling me, and I will change once a week until I get a good one. Meantime you shall have every chance—good wages, every comfort, and every kindness."

In this way, during my Syrian life, I made three first-rate grooms out of five. On journeys I had every animal tethered in a line before my tent. In the East we tether fore and aft by a soft hobble round one fetlock, attached to a rope, the other end of which is driven into the ground by an iron peg, a foot or more long. It does not prevent the animals moving, or lying down, but acts as a restraint upon fighting. When camping in dangerous places, you fasten the two legs of a valuable horse with an iron chain and padlock, of which you keep the key; because Bedawin cannot take a horse away in this condition. This is like spiking a gun, and it does not hurt the horse.

I rise two hours before we start—which is either at dawn or sunrise. If it is warm the animals are rubbed down gently; if it is cold they are well groomed, to warm them. If it is hot they are taken to water. If cold they are not taken to water, except in the event of our having a long, thirsty day; but in this case they refuse drink when offered. The food of the horses in Syria is barley, and "tibn," or sweet straw, sledged as fine as mincemeat. In South America they eat capím, which is coarse grass, five feet high, and Indian corn (maize) whole. If a horse is dainty you bruise it, wet it a little, and add a pinch of salt. Their nose-bags are put on with one measure of barley, well mixed with as much "tibn." Then they are saddled, but the girths are not tightened, nor is the bit put in the mouth till the last moment, because they are going to work twelve or thirteen hours in the heat, and who knows if we shall find water? All these little observances enable a horse to bear a hard day with far less distress. He will perhaps be almost restive for two or three hours. If you pass noon without meeting water, he will begin to droop, and appear distressed; if therefore, after the sun is up, or before, if warm, you meet with water, jump off, slacken his girths, take out his bit, and let him

drink his fill. Never listen to what your Dragoman or your Sais tells you. If it is bitter cold do not water him before sun-rise, because he will have cholic—after that water him whenever you find an opportunity. If he is very hot, and it is past noon, leave the bit on for drinking; if he is only warm before noon take it out. The meaning is this—he ought to have one good drink once in the morning, but if he wants to drink many times after that before evening, and is very hot, the bit makes him drink slower, and he does not get his fill so easily; but you must be guided entirely by how many times a day you can get water. I know how to do myself, but it is dangerous to lay down rules for people who do not. In cold weather a horse must have two good drinks a day, morning and evening, without girths and bit; but in hot weather he wants much more, like ourselves. Remember this, that if you can do no better for your poor animal, a slackened girth, the bit off for a quarter of an hour, or a mouthful of grass, when it can be found, helps him through his hard day immensely. I hope I have made myself clear.

When you halt in the middle of the day for an hour for breakfast, before you do anything else, slacken your girths, take off the bridle, and apply the halter which is slung to the saddle, put on the nose-bag with another measure of barley, and water if convenient. He will go twice as far, and it is not a bit of trouble. On my first travels we often came to a deep well, where there was no stone basin or trough for animals, as is usual in Desert countries, and nothing to draw water with, so that the man could go down the steps, and get a cupful, but the poor beast could only smell the water. I have seen the tears roll down their cheeks with thirst. This set me inventing. I had made for about two shillings a large goat-skin pouch, exactly like a tobacco bag, with loops of hide, and a stout rope. It rolled up to nothing, and hung at my saddle like a lasso. When we got to these wells I had only to untie and lower it, and bring up a pailful at a time, so that during our hour's halt at mid-day every horse could drink its fill; and after that, if there were a stone basin, or trough, we worked until we left it full of fresh, sweet water, for some unhappy wanderer without the same means. I do not understand those who are very good people, very good Christians, perhaps, but who—

utterly ignoring that when God made Man King over Creation He recommended the animals to his mercy—have no heart of compassion for them, and treat them like steam engines—how they ride them all day up and down the steepest rocky mountains in the burning heat, never get off to ease them a little, never give them to drink, even when water is there. I have even heard a young native girl, in whom you would expect to find a little tenderness, say—"What matter, it's only a *hired* horse!" as if that were the poor beast's fault; and at the end of the day turn them loose to anybody's or nobody's mercy. Nobody in our camp would dare do this, for they would be discharged at once; but I have seen it done in other camps, where I had no power to say much, only to suggest politely—and yet I have heard those people canting about "keeping holy the Sabbath day."

When you are engaging horses for a journey—you who make tours in Syria, and have no horses of your own—have them drawn up in line, and bare their backs. You will find some with holes you could put a tumbler into. Do not take them, firstly for humanity, and secondly because the man knows they are going to die; and if he is lucky enough to secure their dying in your service, he sheds a shower of tears over his ruined fortunes, and you have to pay him the money. Have them walked up and down before you; if you see a shadow of lameness, have the shoes off, and you will find a nail, two inches long, somewhere in the soft part of the foot. Overhaul the mules in the same way. If you, O tourist! will do this, humanity will perforce come into Syria. There will be no wrung backs, no lame creatures crawling and dying over the rocks, with three hundredweight of baggage on their hidden sores.

At sunset, when we ride in and dismount, my husband finds ready his divan before the tent door, a sherbet, or cup of coffee, a narghíleh, and very often an ovation of Shaykhs and villagers. I, in my character of son, run up and hold his stirrup to dismount, salute him, and leaving him to do the *grand seigneur*, I walk off with the horses, which is what I like best.

The Sais is waiting for me with all the stable traps ready, and the men to help. Every saddle and bridle is off in an instant. The back, where the gear has been, and the spine especially, are rubbed

into a lather with a handful of Raki, the spirit of the country. The Lebád, or clothing, is on immediately. They are led about for a quarter of an hour. Their nose-bags are then put on, with a little "tibn" only. As soon as they are cool they are led down to the water, or watered by goat-skins, when we have to carry it with us. Their nose-bags are then filled with two or three measures of barley, and a little "tibn" mixed, making in all four or five measures in the twenty-four hours, with from nine to thirteen hours' work. No horse ought to have less than four, or more than five. They can be groomed after the men have had their supper. If a horse does not eat after his work, and he is in good health, he is either too tired, or his groom has not watered him. You must first try water, and if it is not thirst, set the food by him for the night, and he will be sure to eat it after he is rested. In camping, tether your horses either in a line before your tent, or in a ring, and make your groom sleep in the middle of them, with his rug and abba. It is advisable not only to attend to your own animals, but to see that every master of hired animals does the same thing, at the same time, so that no one can shirk. The poor brutes got to know me quite well long before the end of a journey. Once a hired mule had been driven all day, in a burning heat, over the rocks, with a heavy load; he had been badly shod, and evidently had a nail in his foot—his face was the picture of pain and despair, tears streaming out of his eyes. The driver would have goaded him on in that state to the end of the journey, till he died of exhaustion and a broken heart. But he hobbled up to me with his load, holding up the foot he could no longer set upon the ground, with an expression of mute, patient pain which plainly said, "You are my last hope; can you do nothing to save me?" I called to the driver and said, "Unload that mule." He grumbled a little bit, but hastily obeyed. "Now," I said, "go and fetch me the man who acts as farrier amongst you." He called him. "Pull off that shoe." He grumbled, and assured me the shoe was all right. "Pull it off, and don't answer me." He did so, and a nail about two inches long came out of the frog covered with blood. "But," they said, "Sitti, how could you know? we did not see it." "No; because you are greater brutes than the mule; he knows better than you do, and

he came and told me himself; and if I ever see a lame animal in the camp again, you will get your simple pay, but not a piastre of Bakshísh over and above, when we return." We filled the hoof with tar and tallow, and put a bit of leather over it for the night, and next morning a light shoe gently laid over that till it was healed. I never had a lame animal from that time in any expedition. I believe they thought that the beasts really did talk to me.

I do not see how ladies are to attend to their own animals on these journeys, much as I wish to induce them to do so; they are always in the hands of their Dragoman; and I have generally seen Dragomans and Saises who are hired for a single journey combining to give the animals homœopathic quantities of nourishment, and put the money into their pockets. They tell the ladies it is all right, and they believe it; but surely some man of the party might take the same trouble I always did. I could quote many cases, but it is not my object to prevent poor men from earning their bread. And I certainly exempt the Wardis from this fault. They always kept the animals well. I remember when I first began to look after horses myself, in Brazil, I never could make out why they came to me in good condition, and soon became thin and spiritless. It was suggested to me that the groom stole the corn. I tried to "dodge" him in a hundred delicate and lady-like ways, and was always outwitted. At last I found that a very good way was to put a Bramah lock on the corn-bin, and to keep the key; go down at feeding time, night and morning, see the corn measured and put in the manger, turn the groom out, lock the stable door, and put the key in my pocket, and give it to him an hour later. You will naturally say, "But were not his feelings hurt?" I must answer "Yes; his feelings were very much hurt in several ways, but he knew what a wise woman I was, and he and I both knew that the horses got fat and in good condition, and carried us well; and, moreover, that I did not throw my husband's money into the manger for him to pick it out." Depend upon it, even from selfish motives, the beast who carries you should be your first consideration—you will go further and fare better if he is cared for; and for my part, both from selfish and unselfish motives, nobody except my

husband is allowed to drink a glass of water until the horses have been attended to. I give the example by sharing their privations.

As to stable management at home: the horses should be turned out to grass every spring for at least a month, and if possible longer. Our grass here is tall and coarse-bladed, a foot high, full of sap, and very refreshing. They do not know English grass and hay. You must hire a field, or part of a field, if you have not one, and you must tether your animals by the head only, with ropes long enough to permit of their clearing a certain quantity of ground in the day. They are not quiet enough to turn loose as in England. The groom lives with them the whole time, day and night, his tent being pitched in the middle; his business is to water them, and shift the tethers as required, to see that they are not stolen, and do not break loose and fight. When you want to take them up, you change the diet very gradually for a few days, giving one measure of barley at sunset, and when you put them in the stable for hard feeding, you give them in like manner a few bundles of grass at sunrise the first three days.

In warm climates, stables should be kept as clean as the houses, and ought to have windows and doors at each end all opened in the summer. I take my windows out to make sure, and put them in when it gets cold. In winter, shut only what keeps out the wind. It is far healthier to open the rest, and put the clothing on, then a camping expedition is no trial to them, if the weather is fresh, and also you never have coughs and glanders. A stable should always be light, for nine out of ten horses shy only because they are kept in the dark till the sight becomes defective. In the stable, with ordinary work, one measure of barley is quite sufficient in the morning, "tibn" several times a day, and two measures of barley at sunset. Watering, during tropical summer heat, should be attended to four times a day—the first thing in the morning, at 11 a.m., at 4 p.m., and at 8 p.m. In winter twice, about 10 a.m., and at 4 or 5 p.m. Grooming should be regular, the first thing in the morning.

At first I could not, either here or in South America, induce my servants to wash the hoofs inside as well as outside. They objected to picking them up until I did it myself; and when they saw that the animals liked it and stood still, they took to it and did

it very well. I used to make them wash the horses all over with soap and water, douche them with pails of water, and dry brush and glove them till they shone like golden-sherry coloured silk. All my animals were "red horses," as the Arabs call bays, dark and light. I used to go round in the morning with a white kid glove, and see if I could rub off any dust. I always burnt stable combs, for they used to spoil the manes and tails. In summer I used to send them to the Turkish bath to be cleaned, and the horses used to enjoy it immensely.

If I went out for several hours, rode hard, and returned without a hair being turned, I used to make the groom a little present. I changed five times in two years. The first was an old man with formed habits—he could not stand the discipline, and he liked best his own slipshod ways. The second was an incorrigible rascal, and ruined my camel. Of the other three I made capital grooms, and who gets them will be fortunate. Two men were discharged by my husband for disobedience to orders, but not for being bad grooms. When a groom does his work methodically he has plenty of time to himself. I had two horses of my own. My husband—who finds little rides a bore, and cares only to go out for a few days or weeks or months at a time—rode two Rahwans, ambling Kurdish ponies; one of these, just before we bought him, ambled, for a wager, his seventy-two miles in eight hours, and was none the worse for it. I also had a mare that I won in a lottery, a white donkey, and for a while a camel, and this completed our somewhat curious stud. Yet my last three grooms always resented any offer of assistance in the stables when stationary, and seemed hurt and jealous if aid were proposed. Syrians do not take all this trouble by nature, but do their best for a thorough-bred mare, because she represents money. The Kaddish, however useful, gets scanty care, like a cab horse; the hired beast nothing. The consequence is that these animals all look miserable and ill used, as if life were a bore, and they last but half their time. A freshly bought horse put into my stable, used to tell me a world of woes in a thousand little ways for two or three months.

CHAPTER XVII.

ZAHRÁN'S END—CHAPELS—DRAGOMANS—VILLAGE SQUABBLES—PARIAH DOGS—HUMANE SOCIETY.

On the 22nd we were up early, and all the party, having settled their accounts and other affairs, dispersed to their respective homes.

Every time a journey is made there are certain things to be done the day after arrival, such as drawing off the horses' shoes, turning them out—groom and all—to grass for a month, if in spring; cleaning the weapons, and burnishing and repairing the sadlery, or the stable would soon be in ruins. The donkey, who has been idle all this time, now takes up the work; he is also better for the town.

To-day my husband went down to the Consulate to see the mails arriving, and shortly afterwards two soldiers came in and marched Zahrán off to trial. He was condemned to six weeks' prison, and when he came out he married a widow and set up as a cobbler with the money he had made by three months' stewardship with us. Since that time I heard nothing more of him.

We have a small Catholic chapel on the mountain side in the outskirts of Salahíyyeh, under Bishop Ya'akúb, and served according to the Syrian rite by one Padre E——. He is a gentlemanly, well-bred, well-instructed, liberal-minded man, and sincerely religious. This priest was once a Bishop, and went to the Crimea in the time of the war. Report says that he tried the religions all around, and finding his own (Syrian Catholic) the best, he has come back to be a simple priest, and wears a badge of penitence. I know that his Bishop values him highly. The poverty of our

chapel, a room in the dirtiest part of the village, greatly distressed me; but as our congregation mustered only about fifty poor Catholics, of which a native doctor and I represented the richer part of the community, that is, we could give a franc where the others could give five paras (a farthing), I did not see how it could be remedied unless by interesting English Catholics. When I afterwards saw the chapels of the interior, this seemed rich by comparison. How this was all set straight I shall presently mention.

We used to have prayers at eight o'clock every evening during May, but one day Padre E—— came to inform me, with a long face, that he would have to shut up the chapel and go into Damascus for safety; that, during our seventeen days' absence at Tadmor the Kurds had begun to stone the Christians coming from Mass, and had even ventured to threaten and insult the Bishop. We begged of him not to leave, but to show a firm front, and to inform us the next time it happened.

Shortly afterwards I was returning from prayers one evening at about half-past eight, accompanied by the Christian part of my establishment, and one or two women, when a soldier caught hold of me in a little dark street, and said something insulting, cursing the Cross, which is the custom when mischief is meant. The women began to call out to me, "Run, run, Yá Sitti, he will kill you, he is saying bad things." "Not so! I want to hear what he is saying, and I want to see his face." Emboldened by this the men servants laid hold of him. I struck a match, and satisfied myself that I could recognize him again, and then told the servants to let him go. That night every man who had been engaged in insulting the Christians ran away. So that we knew who they were. Next morning came Hanna Misk, a person who deserves some notice. We told him what had occurred. By my husband's wish he quickly had these men caught and tried at the Diwán, and sentenced to prison.

Hanna Misk was chief Dragoman of the British Consulate in the time of Mr. Consul Wood, who with Lord Strathnairn and Captain Burton are the three Consuls who have left a name loved and respected in Syria. He is a remarkably clever man, and in his younger days he must have been a useful "right hand."

Endowed with wonderful instinct, if he had been educated in Europe he might have risen to anything. As it was, he is one of those curious specimens of equally balanced good and evil one so frequently sees in the East. He was always full of politics, intrigues, and Government affairs. He knows more of Syria than any man I have met. His head, which was marvellously like a walnut, contains a budget of miscellaneous information. He knew what was going on all over the country. He could ride hard, and rough it; was capital company, and warm-hearted. The difficult line to draw for an honest soul was to know when you were making a proper use of him, without letting him make an improper use of you. I have seen him blush with pleasure when detected in a lie or an intrigue. Personally, I had a very kindly feeling towards him, and something of gratitude; he used to teach me scraps of Arabic, and amuse many a dull half-hour; he always saw the comic side of a situation, and was ever a welcome guest, either in house or camp. He used to like to be called my especial Dragoman, for now he was only honorary Dragoman to the Consulate; he had, however, one fault which ruined all his virtues. He could never be faithful to any master or employer, and he betrayed his friends, not for any fixed project, but simply to "keep his hand in," like Fákreddín. Whenever there was any business between my husband and the Wali, he was all alive, and used to run and fetch and carry, and stack the fuel on with all his might. My husband knew all that, and valued his reports accordingly; but the Pasha was a weaker man, and he succeeded in two years, after the fashion of water dropping upon a stone, in turning what should and might have been a friend into a bitter and unjust enemy. This was ungrateful to a Consul who had supported his claims with regard to a village which had been taken from him and given to a Frenchman; and who continued to do so even after he left the country, because he knew that Hanna Misk's claims were just.

Whilst we are speaking of Dragomans, I will run through our list, as they all come into our Syrian lives. There was our able and faithful Dragoman, M. Awadís; but the cleverest and the most useful of all was M. Hanna Azar, who consequently suffered, as many good people do, by fearlessly exposing a wrong.

There were also the two sons of a very remarkable man before mentioned—Dr. Meshaka. He was of an advanced age, and all the time we were in Damascus was almost bed-ridden. In his younger days he had studied the Bible, and became a Protestant from conviction. He did not force his religion on his family, but he brought them up well, and was himself a sincerely good Christian. He spent his whole time in writing Arabic works, chiefly on mathematics, religion, and music; it is to be hoped they will be translated and given to the world. It was one of our greatest pleasures to pass an hour upon his divan.

The country is governed by Dragomans (I speak in a general sense, for no official ever had a more faithful Staff than Captain Burton). All Turkish authorities, Consuls, and other officers, have several of these Secretaries. Their masters are mostly puppets. If a great man wants to see another great man, A.'s Dragoman goes to B.'s Dragoman, and arranges the visit. Messages and letters likewise pass this way, so that they arrange what they like, and take care that the messages shall make their Chiefs friends or enemies, as they please; and there lies the mischief and scandal. Two men meet each other attended by three Dragomans, who repeat every word of the conversation through the town. Most Dragomans are jealous of one another. There can be no secrets. A Cabinet Council or secret meeting is held with servants bringing narghílehs in and out of the Hall, with Kawwasses standing on guard in hearing. The Turkish Government secrets ooze out by the Majlis and Diwán, and Consular secrets by the Dragomans, and the House privacy by the numbers of attendants. You live literally in public night and day. No room or hour is sacred from visitors. I never spoke privately to *any* person for a single minute all the time I was in Syria. You get used to belonging to the public after a little while, and cease to remark it.

I resume my village story. After a week had passed, the Shaykh of the Mosque next door, who was my friend, came and begged me to petition that the Moslems who had maltreated the Bishop and the Christians might be released from prison, making that touching gesture as if to rend the beard according to the old custom. A little crowd came to ask pardon, and the old mother of the soldier came and cried. I went to my husband, and he

arranged with the Pasha that they should be sent up, escorted by a Guard. This was *my* quarrel, so I asked them before the people if they were not ashamed of the manner in which they had behaved to the Bishop and the priest, to me and my co-religionists. I said to them, "My husband has come out to live in this lonely place to benefit you, and protect you. I am like your mother—I feed your poor, I clothe your children, I cure your sick, we spend all our money amongst you, and yet you allow one of your men to insult me in the street. I thought I was living amongst friends, and I went out unprotected, thinking to find a guard in every man, from one end of the village to the other. (Cries of 'We are! we are!') I should have thought you would have protected me from any insult. Must I go about amongst you armed, as if you were enemies, as if we were in the Desert?" This is the way to touch them. Some of them knelt, and some cried, and some asked me to tread upon them. "No," I said; "not that, but you, O Shaykh! make a covenant between you and my husband to keep your people in their proper minds, or something serious will happen. Neighbours must be like relatives. We do not want these occasional quarrels and insults. We want to be friends with all; agree that if a Moslem insults a Christian, and we tell you of it, you will get him imprisoned, and that if a Christian insults a Moslem, and you tell my husband, he shall procure him double punishment." They were quite delighted with this idea of justice; the more so as it was not likely that our poor, humble, frightened fifty would try to insult 15,000 rough and lawless Kurds. The men were set free, they begged pardon of the Bishop, the priest, and myself. The chapel was left open, the priest remained, and order prevailed. Ever after we were always the best of friends, and I would from that time have gone out at any time of the night without fear. My husband constantly went away and left me alone. My bed-room window and the Mosque's minaret adjoined. I slept, when warm enough, with all the windows and doors open. If this quarter bears a bad reputation I can give my evidence that from this time it was undeserved. I never missed the smallest thing, and I never met with anything but kindness and respect. It took only five months to change its character from a desperate quarter to a quiet and safe one, and

not by violence, but by kindness and a little firmness. In proof of its safety, I may quote that a present was brought to me of a gazelle trapped in the Desert. I kept the poor, frightened, beautiful little thing till night, and then carried it out in my arms to the mountain and set it free. I was just as safe as I should have been in London at that hour—nay, safer.

A few words about the street dogs, as I have become very familiar with their habits and customs. In all Eastern towns they have sprung up from the time of the Creation; they multiply extensively, they belong to nobody, they are not held sacred, but, as they are the town scavengers, nobody kills them. In Brazil, the vulture, a large, black, repulsive bird, supplies the place of dogs, and is therefore protected by a £20 penalty. With the Moslem it is a sin to take life, but it is allowable, or rather it is the practice, to torture, maim, and ill-use short of death. These poor brutes live on the offal of the town, they sleep in the streets, they bring forth their young on a mud heap, and at a tender age the pups join the pack. They are ill-used by the whole population, and, like Ishmael, their hand is against every one, and every one's hand is against them. The people beat them, kick them, stone them, so that out of 18,000 you will not see a dozen elders with a whole body, or four sound legs. They are so unused to kindness, that if you touched one it would bite your hand off like a wild beast, supposing that you were going to injure it. Were you to remain alone in a bazar at night, shut up with them, it is probable that they would attack you in a pack, and kill you. There is a story of a sea captain who drank a little too much, and lay down in a public place. In the morning, only a gnawed bone or two, his sailor's cap and tattered clothes, told the horrible story. It is quite possible that this should happen, the animals are so starved. Their habits are regulated by laws of their own. I have grown, in the solitude of Salahíyyeh, to learn them. At night, when profound stillness reigns in the village, you suddenly hear a dog coming down from the Kurdish burial ground on the roots of the mountains. He communicates some news to the dogs nearest the borders of the village. There is a chorus of barking; it ceases, and a single dog is commissioned to bear the news to the

dogs of our quarter. They set up a howl, which ceases after a few minutes, and one of our lot is detached, and flies down the gardens to the dogs near the Báb es Salahíyyeh. Whatever the canine news is, in about twenty minutes it is passed round to all the dogs of Damascus.

I cultivated the affections of those of our quarter, and found that in attachment and fidelity they differ in nothing from the noblest mastiff or most petted terrier; every time my husband or I went out, a dog was sent on guard by their community to accompany us to the border of his boundary, when he appeared to pass us on to a friend in the next boundary, to wag his tail for a bow, and to take his leave, as a savage Chieftain would frank you from tribe to tribe. If a stranger comes, they set up a chorus of barking, and follow him in crowds. If a dog goes into another territory, all the others fly at and fasten on him, as if they said—"Who's that, Bill?" "A stranger." "Then 'eave 'arf a brick at him!" If an English dog comes amongst them, they bark around and try his mettle, and he has to settle the question for himself the first day, like a new boy at a public school. A butcher in Beyrout had an awful-looking English bull-dog, which had an ugly reputation, and when he turned out, every Pariah fled from the bazar. I brought with me a St. Bernard pup, a perfect beauty, as big as a young calf. He was so unusually big that I have seen country donkeys and ponies shy at him, probably mistaking him for a wild animal; but the dogs were not afraid of him—he was so good tempered that they used to worry him in packs, just like human beings. But the bull-terriers, though they were only pups, the street dogs dared not even look at. They used to fly at the sight of the leopard, and the leopard worried them, but never touched the bull pups. I established two cauldrons to collect the leavings of the house—the good was given to the poor, the refuse to the street dogs; not less than fifty used to live near, and crowd round our door. Every time I came out they formed a flock around me. There were two in particular that I used to compassionate—one was paralyzed in its hind quarters, and used to drag itself along by the forepaws. I one day rolled up some medicine in a ball of meat, and threw it to the poor creature, who swallowed it greedily, and got well. The other was a half-

starved, mangy, idiotic-looking cur, with one eye, too weak to fight for itself. When the cauldron of food came out it got nothing, so I used to set its portion apart. No matter when I went out, where, or for how long, you would see these two poor misshapen beasts following, sitting patiently at a respectful distance if I stopped anywhere, and accompanying me home, as if they were afraid of losing sight of me, or fearing some accident might befall me without their protection. Long after I left Syria my neighbours wrote that it pained them to see my *protégés* there; that if they could forget me the dogs would shame them, that every time the house door opened, the pack used to rush to it, and then sit and whine because I did not come out. You will say for the food. Yes; but it shows that they have affection, intelligence, gratitude, and memory.

I hope that nobody will take English pet dogs to Syria. My Mount St. Bernard died of decline, during the first great heat, after fifteen days. The two brindle pups lasted a year with great care. The two Yarboroughs lived three and four years, because we left them with Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. One went mad with the heat—though mad dogs are here unknown—and the other withered away in a sirocco. The male dogs were temporarily paralyzed, and bred paralyzed pups with sore eyes. They were very brave when their health was good, and they were good vermin dogs. A cat or rat had no chance with them, and, as soon as old enough, they would pull down such big game as jackals. My Kurdish mastiff and panther also died; they were natives, but they were either poisoned, or surfeited by regular meals. I had a *post-mortem*, and found in the latter case that the gall bag had burst.

There is a pious custom here to the benefit of the lower animals. When a good Moslem is on his death-bed, or when during life he wants a petition to be granted, he does not give to the poor, but he leaves a legacy for bread for the dogs. Often he makes a vow, "If I gain such and such a cause, I will devote so much money to feeding the kiláb:" and you often see some one with a basket surrounded by dogs, throwing the fragments until all is distributed. There is also the Diyyet; if a man kills a Pariah it is hung up by the tail, and he is obliged to buy as

much wheat as will cover the body up from muzzle to tip, which is made into bread and given to the dogs. My husband tells me that in former times, at home, the same penalty was paid for killing the king's cats.

My pups led me into several scrapes. One day when the baker came, one and all seemed to take a dislike to him. I was on the house top, so I saw only a very long man, apparently fighting with the air, screaming and spinning, in a cobweb-like pattern, all over the court-yard. I began to laugh, supposing he was dancing some new measure, or acting a play for the servants. Suddenly, I found to my horror that he had a bull pup hanging to each arm and each leg. I flew down stairs, called them off, gave him restoratives, dressed his wounds, and made him a present, especially a new suit of clothes. I was sincerely grieved and shocked, and he was very good, and never said a word more about the matter. Many people would have brought me to the tribunal. They never did such a thing before nor since. One, however, was a sneaking little thing, who secretly hated the Jews—I suppose she knew them by their dress. Some of them were very much attached to us, but the moment they came in she would go and sit by them, and when no one was looking she would take a sly bite at their legs, and then, instead of running away, sit looking the picture of innocence. None of the other three ever did so, and at first I would not believe them until they showed me the mark of her teeth. I was obliged to correct her, and ever after to shut her up when any of them called.

I scarcely know if this is a good moment to introduce an appeal for a "Humane Society" in Damascus; I believe it could easily be arranged if our Consul-General would ask the Wali to favour the merciful project—if Europeans would form it, and make it rather a distinction to admit influential natives. Whilst I was there I had to be my own "Humane Society," and frequently was in trouble with the natives, caused by rescuing some unhappy brute from their cruelty. To set forth the necessity of the Society, I must detail a few of the horrors I have seen. In doing so I shall rend the heart and excite the anger of my readers, especially of women of fine feeling—I will be judged by them. If they feel so much at reading these things, what must I have felt at seeing

them. In a place where no authority would take notice of such trifles, could I remain a passive spectator?

I lent our camel to groom No. 2. He had to ride seventy-two miles—to Beyrout—wait two days, and return. He knew exactly how he would have been obliged to treat the animal in my presence. Presently I noticed a strange odour in the stables, and found that it did not eat, and that the tears streamed from its eyes. The man said it was fatigued, and would be all right in a few hours. I rode down to the town on the donkey, and then met one of our Dragomans, who said to me:—

"Do you know about your camel?"

"No; what is the matter? I have just seen it."

"When you ride back, make it kneel."

I rode back to the stable, called Hanna, and said, "Make that camel kneel." I removed the cloth that covered him, and to my horror saw a large hole in his back, uncovering the spine. It was already mortifying.

"Explain this!" I said.

The man confessed that he had never taken the saddle off, from the time of going out to coming in again; that the stuffing had given way, and that the pommel, which is like a metal stick, had run into its back and caused a hole bigger than a man's fist; that he only discovered it on returning and taking the saddle off, some eight hours before. Hitherto he had only been guilty of disobedience, and proved himself not to be trusted with an animal out of one's sight; but his unpardonable cruelty was, after knowing the state of the case, hoping to hide the affair for fear of being discharged, and allowing the poor brute to remain in that agony many hours longer than necessary. I at once sent for the "vet.," and ordered warm water. Hanna returned with a saucepan of boiling water, and was about to pour it into the wound. I had kept my temper until then—I was only just in time to save the poor animal from what would have obliged us to put a bullet through its head. Hanna and the saucepan made a very speedy exit out of the stable, never to enter it again. I cured the camel, and after two months sold it for a trifle as unsound.

There was a small Pariah dog that lived about my door. One

night I heard a moaning under the windows, but it was dark, blustering, and bitter cold, and I could neither see nor find anything. In the morning I saw my *protégé* lying there paralyzed with the frost. The poor little thing was past cure, it had only one paw to crawl upon. Whilst I was dressing to go down and take it in—for none of the servants would have touched it—I saw many who passed give it a kick, and the boys trying to drive it about when it could not crawl out of the way of their brutality. At last a crowd began to collect to torment it. Its screams were piteous. I begged my husband to go out and shoot it, but he had too good a reputation to risk it by taking life. My Moslem servants would not. The Christians were afraid of the former, so I got my little gun, threw up my window, and shot it dead. The crowd quickly dispersed with many a Máshálláh at my sinfulness, and all day I could see them telling one another, and pointing at my window.

Another night I heard cries of distress somewhere in the orchards near our house. Thinking it was one of the usual brawls, and that somebody was being killed, I seized the only thing at hand, a big English hunting whip, and ran out in the direction of the noise. Then I perceived forty or fifty boys in a crowd throwing huge stones as big as a melon against a dead wall, from which issued howls of agony. I dispersed them right and left. Some fell down on their knees, others ran, and others jumped over the wall. I was left alone; it was very dark, and I said to myself, "Where can the victim be? it must have escaped in the confusion." I was going away, when I perceived something brown near the wall; I lit a match, and found a large bundle tied up in a sack. I thought perhaps it was a girl, or a baby, but it was a big Pariah dog; they had caught it asleep, laid a huge stone on its tail, bundled head and fore legs into a sack, and were practising the old Eastern habit of killing by stoning. The difficulty was how to let the poor animal out; it would perhaps think that I had done the cruel act, and fly at me. However, I could not go back to sleep and leave things thus, so I mustered courage. Firstly, I cut the strings with my knife, and pulled it off the head and body, leaving the stone for my own protection; and then, finding that it did not hurt me,

I managed with considerable effort to remove the weight. The wretch behaved better than many human beings—he crawled up, licked my hand, and followed me home.

I saw a donkey staggering under a load fit for three, in a broiling sun. It passed our fountain and turned to drink. The man, grudging the moment, gave the donkey a push that sent it with a crash on the hard stones, crushed under its load, bleeding at the nose from thirst and over exertion. Maddened by the loss of time this would entail, the owner jumped upon its head and tried to stamp its brains out with his wooden boots. The servants, hearing the noise and seeing what I was about, thought the human brute had attacked me, and set upon him like hornets. I did not stop them till he had received his deserts. Then we obliged him to unload his donkey, to let the beast drink, to wash its wounds, and to wait whilst it ate barley from my stable. I also sent a servant on horseback to tell the whole story to his master. The fellow had acted, in fact, as a Lancashire "purrer" treats his wife.

A man brought me his favourite cat, with back and hind quarters crushed by a boy, and asked me if I had any medicine to cure it. I said, "Do let me have it killed; one of my servants will blow its brains out—it is horribly cruel to keep it alive one moment." "May God forgive you such sinfulness," he replied; "I will put it in a room, and let it die its natural death" (starvation). Half-an-hour afterwards I saw that the boys were torturing it in the street. I sent a servant to bring it in, and to despatch it with a bullet. The man was very much shocked.

A boy brought a donkey to water at the fountain near our house. It was evidently worn out with fatigue and thirst, and had either a strained back or a disease in the loins, so that the suspicion of anything touching its back was a terror to it. Every time the poor beast put down its head to drink the boy touched the tender place with a switch, which made the whole body quiver. It might have been a cabman establishing a "raw." I called a servant, who took the donkey away, letting it first eat and drink, and sent it back to the master. The boy was never sent again.

I saw a girl of about twelve or thirteen jumping on a nest of

kittens on the road-side, evidently enjoying the distressing mewing of the mother. I have often seen boys steal pups in the mother's absence, carry them away perhaps for a quarter of an hour, play at ball with them on the hard stones, and throw them down maimed and to starve. I have seen parents give pups and kittens to their children for this purpose, to keep them quiet.

The worst thing I saw was not done by a boy or by a brutal boor, but by an educated man, and, moreover, a European, in charge of an establishment at Beyrout. He used to tie up his horse, a good, quiet beast, and with a cow-hide thong beat its head, eyes, and the most tender parts for ten minutes. His sister used to ride the horse, but lately it had become fractious and ill-tempered through bad usage. Any one who understood animals could see that the poor brute's heart was broken from beating and starvation, or from inability to eat. The first time I saw this cruelty I "gave him a bit of my mind." My Dragoman (Mulhem Wardi) held me back—"For God's sake, Sitti, don't speak to him; he will strike you; he is a madman." I begged him to consider his country, his profession, the European name before natives, his pretensions to be a gentleman. "But look," he said in a whining tone; "look what the horse is doing!" The poor beast was standing quite quiet, with despair in its eyes. I could not speak politely. "You make me sick, sir. Your horse is broken-hearted—it hasn't even the courage to kick you." He then said that he was of too nervous and sensitive a disposition; and I told him that in that case he ought to be locked up, for that he was a dangerous man to have charge of a public institution. I told his Consul-General what had occurred, and he agreed with me that it was a scandal that pained the whole community; but it was not an official matter which could be reported to the Ambassador. I heard afterwards that he had lost his appointment for roughness to those under him. It was a thousand pities, for he was a clever professional. I heard a story that is not bad if true—but I will not vouch for it—that a person with a sense of humour sent for him, but put a loaded revolver on the table close to hand. "What is that for," said the horse-torturer. "Oh, that," said the person, "is in case you get one of

your nervous and sensitive attacks while you are attending on me!" It was added that this episode did him good.

I was walking one day through the village of Bludán, our summer quarter in the Anti-Lebanon, and I saw a skeleton donkey standing near a cottage, holding up one foot, of which the hoof was hanging by a mere thread.

I called to some of the villagers, "Whose animal is that?"

An old woman came out and claimed it as her property.

"How came that about?" I asked, pointing to the foot.

"Well, I don't know, Sitti. Hard work over the stones."

"Why is it so thin?"

"You see it could not work any more, and we couldn't afford to keep it idle, so we turned it out, and these four months it has only had what it can pick up on the mountain." (The mountain was as bare of vegetation as my paper.)

"What are you going to do with it?"

"We had arranged to-night to drive it out on to the mountain, and tie it to a stone, and then the wolves will come and eat it."

"Alive?" I asked in horror.

"Why yes, Sitti," she said, looking at me as if I were an imbecile. "Who could carry it there if it was dead?"

"Will you sell it to me for 25 piastres (50 pence)? If I can cure it the luck is mine; if I can't my money is lost."

To this she joyfully agreed, though she could hardly help laughing in my face at what she supposed to be my knowledge of ass-flesh.

I paid my money, and drove home my donkey, but it was so weak that two hours on its three legs were required to reach our garden close by. I need not say that its last days were happy. A thick litter was spread in a soft, shady place under the trees; a large tub of fresh water, and another of tibn and corn, stood by it during the rest of its time; its hoof was washed, bandaged, and doctored daily. It grew fat, but the vet. discovered that a young hoof had begun to grow, and that from total neglect the worms had eaten it away. There was no hope that it could ever move from that spot, so I had it shot, which the villagers thought very sinful. They admired the mercy, but they never could understand the necessity of putting an animal out of its misery.

I will not quote any more cases. What I have said will suffice to show the daily occurrences of this kind, the brutality of the lower orders, and the utter indifference of the better classes. Every person of good feeling will know what a trial it is to witness acts of cruelty and oppression, especially when exercised upon women, children, and dumb brutes. I respect the Moslem's thorough regard for the sanctity of life, which amongst us, perhaps, is too little regarded.* In Europe I should have complained to the police. But here there is no legal penalty for barbarous acts, and one must often become one's own police. But, right or wrong, I could not, and I never will, remain a quiet spectator of brutality. I would rather lose the esteem of those who are capable of condemning me. People of delicate health, selfish dispositions, and coarse minds, can always bear the sufferings of others placidly. These will probably disapprove of me, but I can bear it.

I am sorry thus to be my own trumpeter, and to tell how much good I did; but on these occasions I have sat with and explained to the offenders why these acts are so sinful and shameful, how Allah made the animals, gave them to our care, recommended them to our mercy, and expects an account of our stewardship; how faithful, patient and long-suffering the poor dumbling is; how dependant on our will; how it has all the toil, too often starvation and bodily injuries, at our hands. I often wonder what the brutes must think of the human race, and what a disappointment many of us "higher animals" must be to the lower. The people have listened and thought, and said, "Sitti, I never heard all this before, and I really will try not to do it again;" and they deserve the high praise not only of understanding me, but of allowing themselves to be guided by a woman and a stranger.

During the last fifteen months of our residence no cruel acts took place near my house at Salahíyyeh, or at our summer quarter above Bludán. I maintain that if a Society "for the prevention

* My husband tells me the story of the South American gaucho:—

"Juan, why did you cut Pedro's throat? He was an old chum of yours."

"Ah, señor, the *pobrecito* had a bad cold, and so I put him out of his misery."

of cruelty to animals" were established at Damascus it would quickly bring its own reward.

All of my readers who do not sympathize with the lower animals will find these last pages a "bore," but those who do will think them full of interest. I trust that no bilious believer in the transmigration of souls may read me, or he will certainly incline to the opinion that in a former state of being I was an ill-used horse or dog.

In one respect I may mislead my reader, and I do not wish to sail under false colours. All these conversations with the natives make me appear a first-rate Arabist, whereas I was only a beginner. But I soon picked up sufficient to speak broken Arabic intelligible to the servants and commoner class. The Syrians are excessively intelligent and courteous, and I could always make them understand anything required. I always had some one with me who could interpret to good society. I knew enough to be aware when I was translated wrongly, and to set things right. It requires years of study to speak good Arabic, a language which one must learn all one's life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOSLEM WEDDING—SICKNESS—BEYROUT—EXCURSIONS—SOCIETY, SCHOOLS, AND MISSIONS—RETURN HOME—I FALL IN LOVE WITH DAMASCUS.

On the 12th of May I was invited by a Kurdish harím to attend certain religious rites, which were proclaimed for three days by the beatings of tom-toms in the gardens, and by the joy-cry of the women. I went also to a Moslem wedding of the Sunni sect, accompanied by three or four other women, at about eight in the evening. The street was full of people. Two houses were brilliantly lit up, one for the men, and one for the women. My husband and I went first to the former The men were sitting around on divans, smoking and talking. There was music in the court-yard, which was illuminated by coloured lanterns, and the bridegroom was being dressed by his friends in new garments. These feasts are always more attractive in the haríms, so I soon left my husband and proceeded to the other house. The women were dancing, singing, smoking, and eating sweatmeats, in their best dresses, gaudily painted and be-jewelled.

The bride presently entered, supported by two friends, and her head rested on a third behind, the eyes closed, to represent a fainting state. Her face was painted, her hands, feet and face were dyed with henna in stars and crescents; she was handsomely dressed in silk, and covered with ornaments. Then the bridegroom was admitted below, and the bride, attended by all the women, went to meet him. She kissed his hand, and put it to her forehead, and he, taking her hand, led her upstairs. These two were seated on a divan—the bride in her fainting and reclining position,

and the bridegroom by her side, with his eyes closed, his head bent, and his hands on his two knees, in a serious and devotional attitude. It would not have been "respectable" or "genteel" for them to have stolen a look at each other. An embroidered gold handkerchief was then spread on the floor, and everybody put on it money or presents. I added some money and trinkets. The women danced during this operation, with snapping of fingers; they trilled the "zaghárit" (joy-cry), and then were left in attendance upon the bride. The men had sword dances and native plays until a late hour.

The next day I heard what pained me much. The bridegroom had put away another wife, who it appears was fond of him. She had come a few hours before the wedding to throw herself at my feet to beg my influence, if possible to prevent the new wedding, and, failing that, at least to induce her husband to keep her also. She was prevented by his friends from entering my door, just as other greater people's suites prevent honest people's petitions from reaching their masters, which plays the mischief with the world. I could not in any case have interfered, but I told the bridegroom I should not have thought it right to go to his second wedding if I had known of the cruel injustice done to No. 1.

On the 13th, always an unlucky day to me, a poor boy in the village sent for medicine, saying he had been ill for eight hours, and was in great agony. I went quickly with the medicine chest, but he expired as I got the cup to his lips. It was an isolated case of cholera; his corpse was already a bluish black, and the room had that peculiar atmosphere of cholera. I prevented the people "waking" over him, as they usually do, and he was buried as soon as could be decently done. I made them wash and fumigate the house, and burn the bedding; I also impressed upon them to send for medicine the moment a person was taken ill, instead of waiting for hours. There were two cases, but cholera did not spread. All the cottages on the river side were full of scarlet fever, and of dropsy following the fever. I attended them all; but finding some beyond my knowledge, I formed an alliance with the charitable, kind-hearted French surgeon — poor Dr. Nicora, now dead—who gave me his Saturdays for the love of

God. He attended my patients, and distributed my work for the week.

I wore an outside woollen dress whilst attending cases, which I hung on a tree, and which never entered my house, and a bag of camphor prevented my taking or giving infection. However, at last I was struck down by one of those virulent nameless attacks, which, if neglected here, ends in death. It was complicated by rheumatism, and, finally, I could not move out of a recumbent position without fainting. An instinct warned me to change air, but the doctor refused for eight or ten days, and on my part I felt it would be then too late to move for any place but the rubbish heap outside Báb Sharki. My English maid was desired to engage the whole *coupé* of the French diligence for the next day. A bed was made of pillows and rugs the whole length of the seat. I was moved down to it at three in the morning, and she sat beside me on the floor. Two hours out of Damascus I was able to rise; at the halfway-house in the Buká'a I could eat; and when I arrived at Beyrout after fourteen hours, I felt almost well. I insert this for the use of other travellers, who almost always stop to die. I had three weeks' sea-bathing at Beyrout, which is delicious, except in the too hot weather. I found here the Count de Perrochel, who went to Palmyra with us, and the two ladies, Miss S—— and Miss F——, whose horses I had saved from starvation.

We kept Her Majesty's birthday at the Consulate-General. It is the custom for a Consul on such occasions to make a *fête*, something like my "Wednesday's," only with more pomp, and everybody visits him to congratulate him. We also made several little expeditions to Nahr el Kelb (the Dog river), to the Isle of Pigeons; and my husband and Hanna Misk went to Tyre, Sidon, Carmel, and Juneh. I was too weak that time, yet it would have been such a pleasure to have visited the grave of Lady Hester Stanhope.

We sailed on the 29th of May in an open boat to visit the Dog river, at whose mouth are some *cafés* to which Beyroutines ride on the cool summer evenings. We could not land because the sea was too heavy, so we went farther north, and landed at Juniah, a pretty bay backed by highlands. Villages are scattered or dotted all about the mountain sides. We stopped at a smaller

settlement called Súk, in a cool verandah, where we drank sherbet. Church bells were ringing. It is a very pretty part of the Lebanon, six hours from Tripoli. From here I rode a donkey. Exploring up the winding river, with its craggy, toppling mountain defile opening to the sea and bar, the rushing torrent, lined with nameless green things, the pink oleander thickets in patches on rocks and boulders, the creepers falling over every here and there was delightful; but all this was an additional luxury to us, for what we really came to do was to scramble up these crags, so slippery, so full of thistles and creeping locusts, to see the old Assyrian monuments and their inscriptions. All the figures which wear the Persian *coiffure* Mr. Layard attributes only to Sennacherib, but Robinson to the five kings who came to conquer the country—Phul, Teglath-Phalasar, Salmanasar, Sargon, and Sennacherib. There was a splendid sunset, but we could not get back, owing to the heaviness of the surf; so we had to sleep in one of the shanties, the dew being too heavy outside.

A day or two afterwards we went to the Isle of Pigeons—curiously formed rocks, like big sugar-loaves rising from the sea. They are always covered with pigeons, and contain fantastic caves, into and around which the waves swell and foam with a dull roar. Miss S—— and Miss F—— joined this expedition. The Count de Perrochel sent on his cook, and we ate a sort of gipsy breakfast on the rocks. The next day we made a similar expedition to the Pine Forests, where the ladies sketched. Another pleasant trip is to send the breakfast basket to Ras Beyrout, the extreme end of the town nearest the sands, to dine *al fresco* on a little height, to watch the sun set over the sea, the City, and the Lebanon, and to walk back by moonlight.

There is a pretty legend concerning the Jews of Beyrout, where it is said that in the earliest days of Christianity they were numerous. A Christian who lived near their Synagogue had a crucifix hung over his bed. His house was too small, so he left it, sold it to a Jew, and forgot his crucifix. The new proprietor asked a party of his friends to supper, and some of them, remarking the forgotten crucifix, bitterly reproached their host, and lodged a complaint against him to the Chief Priest. They came in a body to the house, headed by the Chief Priest and the

ancients, seized the crucifix, and, saying, "Our fathers covered Christ with insults, let us be worthy of them," committed many sacrileges, taking the image off, and going through the scene again; but when they pierced the side, to their fright and surprise blood and water did gush forth. They ran for a vase and caught it, saying, "The sect who followed Christ declared he did miracles. Let us carry this to our Synagogue. We will pour it on the incurable sick, and if what they told us were true, the patients will be cured." They did so, and collected all the paralyzed, blind, and lepers of the town, who were forthwith cured. Then the Jews, bowed down with sorrow for their crime, became Christians, and the Synagogue was changed into a Church, and called St. Saviour. Then they sought to find the origin of this crucifix, and proved it to have been made by the Nicodemus who assisted Joseph of Arimathea to take our Saviour down from the cross and to bury Him; it had belonged to Gamaliel, to St. Paul, and St. James. They celebrate the feast of this miracle now-a-days every 9th of November. The then Bishop of Beyrout put the precious blood and water into tiny phials, and sent them to some of the principal churches in the world—one to the Imperial Church of Constantinople, and another to San Marco at Venice, which is there now amongst the treasures of the basilica. All these pious legends I shall relate, with the simple faith in which they are told by the Holy Roman Catholic Church, because we know that the crucifix was utterly unknown in those days. In fact the crucifix, which is and has been for so long an object of veneration to us, was at first made by our enemies to insult the Christians, as was the first blasphemous specimen found at Pompeii.

On the 6th of June we were much shocked by the news of the sudden death of our French Consul's young wife at Damascus. Madame Roustan was a universal favourite.

There are many pleasant people at Beyrout. First and foremost, the French Consul-General, Baron Rousseau, and his charming wife. Their society was a great pleasure, and I used to spend all my evenings on their terrace, which commanded not only the City and the sea, but a magnificent view of the Lebanon. These happy evenings, like all bright things, slipped away only

too soon. He died shortly afterwards, and she left Beyrout steeped in sorrow. The Counts de Perthuis and M. Pérétié were charming French gentlemen, and the latter a savant, with a wonderful collection of antiquities. There is also a colony of hospitable, kind-hearted English residents, each one in a profession or in commerce. At Beyrout, also, are the head-quarters of the Schools and Colleges. I will first notice the Roman Catholic, which are six :—The Capuchin—church and monastery; the French Jesuits—church, monastery, and school; the Spanish (Terra Santa) Franciscans—monastery and school; the French Dâmes de Nazareth—convent, school, and church; the French Lazarist Fathers—monastery, church, and school; the French Sisters of Charity—convent, church, school and day school, orphanage, and hospital. All these schools are very extensive, more than suiting 72,000 souls; indeed, I fear that every boy will presently have his own schoolmaster. The Sœurs de Charité undertake the poor on a very large scale; the Lazarists do likewise. The highest order of education is the Jesuits. It is superfluous to say that they are men of the world, of high intellect, and of finished education—not from the ranks. Their printing-press issues a newspaper, and school-books in Arabic and other languages. The Dâmes de Nazareth teach the girls of the best families; many of the nuns are of the *ancienne noblesse* of France, and consequently the native girls are brought up like the Sacré Cœur or the Fossé in Paris. I often went there, and was present at the Midnight Mass and Communion of Christmas Eve. The girls looked lady-like and well-bred. I could have shut my eyes and fancied myself at home. They sang the service with tenderness and devotion, and no native twang. The six religious Roman Catholic houses educate some thousands, they support many poor, and their hospital cures a still larger number of sick and wounded. In the branch house at Damascus, above 65,000 passed through in my first year's residence, and the Beyrout establishment is four times as large.

I will now pass to the Prussians, or rather Germans, who have a splendidly organized school, conducted by a convent of Protestant sisters. Everything that I have seen or heard of them redounds to their credit. The girls are strictly kept and

well educated. There is an American Protestant establishment, a college where young men receive a good general education; and whose managers—Dr. Bliss, Dr. Post, and Dr. Jessop—are clever and highly respected men. No pains are spared, and all the popular branches of science are attended to. There are also a hospital, and a medical school, with five professor-doctors. Dr. Brigstock (English), a good Christian gentleman and a clever medico. He has mastered Arabic, he gives scientific lectures to the students, and he has set on foot several praiseworthy schemes in the cause of medecine. The others are Dr. Post, Dr. Van-Dyck (United States), Dr. Wortabet (an Armenian), and Dr. Suquet (French).

We have also British Syrian schools. The Maison Mère has twenty-three branches, great and small, all Presbyterian. This establishment was begun under Mrs. Bowen Thompson in 1860, and it prospered exceedingly, but unfortunately she died in 1869. The money and the presents bestowed on these schools by charitable England would be enough to educate all Syria. Those who are interested in the British Syrian schools, or who have girls in them, can learn from other sources what the teaching is, and what it is not. I can only tell what I have seen. The Lady Superintendent of the school at Damascus, in my time, was Miss Fanny James. I watched her with a critical eye for two years, day by day, and I saw her earnestly, humbly, and truthfully doing her duty. She was truly a Christian and a good woman, fitted for her place. All who knew her liked her and trusted her. She loved her work, and did it as if she loved it. I hardly ever saw her take an hour's recreation. When she became, as it were, so wedded to the schools as to have given up her life to them, she was told suddenly that her services were no longer required, and she was sent home as if she had done something wrong. This violent act somewhat scandalized the natives, and still more the Europeans. I also watched Miss Ellen Wilson, of Zahleh, who was entrusted with a similar mission in a very difficult position. I once went to stay with her, in the hope of being of some service, as she stood alone and unprotected in a town inhabited by 12,000 or 13,000 warlike men of my co-religionists, with whom I have much sympathy, and for whom I have great admiration. She

went there at a time when everybody else was afraid—when they stoned out the American Mission, and would not allow them to sleep the night there; but, in her quiet way, that lone, humble-minded woman did establish herself, and so commanded the respect of all men. But I am told that she also has shared the fate of Miss James. The establishment that discharges such servants must have something very uncanny in it.* Besides these two brightest ornaments of our schools, there was a Miss Adie, who, from the way that she examined the children, struck me as having passed at a training college. She also has now left.

Were I about to establish a charitable institution in Syria —school or hospital, orphanage or almshouse, refuge for the destitute, or what not—I should look for what is seriously wanted in Syria for such an office, a *Lady!* I should search England for a real Christian of gentle birth, who wished to forget her rank, her "set," her position in the world, her luxuries, her toilette, and to give herself up entirely to the love of God and His good works. Some woman who, willing but unable to condense herself into a convent, would be God's Apostle in the world. There are hundreds of them in the "upper ten." My "treasure" found, would be humble and patient under difficulties and all kinds of displeasures, always energetic, ever seeing a way out of this or that obstacle, never repulsing faulty human nature, conciliatory instead of aggressive, making all possible concessions to attract people to her fold. She would not strive for mere popularity, nor always be doing what would sound well in England. She would not set Syria on fire with strife, and then, when she found the whole country against her, dress up Musa or Suleimán in a green and gold dress at Exeter Hall, to deceive earnest, generous, unsuspecting English Christians, and sweep their money wholesale into a sieve. My "treasure" would have charge of the schools, but a gentleman of sound college education should be

* I am glad to learn, at this present date, that Miss Wilson, having ceased her connection with the British Syrian schools, is going to start a school of her own in the district of El Metn: and I can earnestly and cordially recommend any person wishing to forward educational projects, to invest their charities by placing native children under her care. Her school at Zahleh, whilst she had it, was universally acknowledged to be the best of the twenty-four establishments called the British Syrian schools. I sincerely hope that Miss James and Miss Adie may join her.

placed over the whole business, especially the pecuniary responsibility. Every branch school, though tributary to the Maison Mère, should have the liberty of corresponding freely with the Home Committee, and the Home Committee should receive complaints and attend to them. I should choose all my young "lady teachers" from those who had passed examinations at Girton or Merton and other training colleges.

I once asked a group of Beyrout girls what they learned in the Beyrout school. I shall not quote their answer, but after a long tirade I said, "Can you make bread and butter, or cook?" "Not I," said the spokeswoman, with a toss of her head and a sneer; "that is common servants' work, and we shouldn't like to learn it. I always make mother wait upon *me*." She was the daughter of very poor people, who have to work hard to maintain their children.

My system of education would be to teach the poorer girls reading, writing, and accounts in their own language; the Bible, plain work, and mending and cutting out; to clean and make their house comfortable; to cook, and make bread, butter, cheese, and pastry; to wash and iron; to make also a little common domestic medicine—in a word, how to make good wives. For the better classes I would add history, geography, grammar, music, English, French, and German. I would teach them how to order dinner and general housekeeping, make them practise teaching for the benefit of their little brothers, sisters, and future children. I would give every girl a little hospital training, in a land where people die wholesale in their village homes for want of doctors. I would teach them to leech, vaccinate, lance children's gums, apply blisters, and bind and dress wounds. I would keep the education of women here down to this pitch, and when they know so much, Syria will be a very different country. I do not care for all that reciting of verses and speechifying which are "coached up" and "crammed" for the hour, and to prepare for which the whole precious year is wasted; nor for that heap of bead and fancy work which crowds the table on examination day. I would dress all my school in uniform, a coloured print on summer week days, and white on Sundays; and a dark merino for the winter. The hair in two plaits, or gathered in a net, *and no ornaments whatever allowed.*

In teaching Syrians, it must be remembered that they have what may be termed a fancy brain. They learn so quickly, and are so intelligent, that they acquire like a flash of lightning, by instinct, what would take an Englishman a year; but there is a limit to what they can compass. There is no power or endurance, and if you push the cerebral spring beyond a certain point it breaks. Therefore it is more essential to avoid the trash to which they, child-like, are inclined. With the Englishman, on the contrary, there is no limit to what he can learn by plodding. His brain is a fine, good old solid-iron machinery, and he can work it till he dies. He begins with heavy mental food when he is four or five years old, and every year he can digest more. I only hope that for five we shall soon read ten, and that little brains will not be crammed so early.

And now a word to young and ardent volunteer Missionaries, who land in the country ignorant of its language and its ways. I offer it not in derision, but out of respect to their good intentions—I would have them master Arabic before they preach; a little mistake is sufficient to produce great amusement. The Arab is too courteous and grave to laugh, but the sermon does not inspire the same respect that it would otherwise do. I will give only one example. For instance, Kelb is dog, and Kalb is heart. You will hear an earnest, well-meaning preacher reiterating with deep emotion "Let us purify our dog, for a contrite and humble dog the Lord never despiseth; let us raise up our dog to the Lord!" I will not dwell upon this, because it seems hardly respectful, but one instance suffices to show my meaning.

A missionary of any persuasion ought not to be allowed to work until he learns something of the people. We all think we know the Bible in England, because we have studied it from our childhood, but we know it only in the same sense that we learn Africa from a book of travels. When, however, we live amongst Bible scenes, amongst Bible people, with the same language, manners, customs, and habits now as then, we do at last manage to understand it. There is nothing changed here from the time of our Saviour. Every day passed there we live Bible lives, we speak Bible language, and it becomes natural that we should do so. Passages that conveyed no meaning to our minds become as

familiar as daily bread. The fresh and ardent missionary's usual manner of accosting a Syrian is, "Do you know Jesus?" The Syrian receives him courteously, and answers him affably, but the moment his back is turned he bursts out "May Allah burn his mother! Know him! I should think I did, better than *he* does. Why, was he not born amongst us, lived amongst us, died amongst us and for us, and spoke our own language—was he not one of our own people? Who should know him if *we* don't?"

Missionaries who live in Syria, and who know Arabic and the people's minds, old "soldiers of the Cross" like Mr. Wright, Mr. Crawford, Mr. John Zeller, and others, never make these mistakes. The amateurs, who arrive by shoals, do it every day. The expression "Do you know Jesus?" with a nasal twang, has unfortunately become a cant saying amongst native Christians when they see a new white tie in sight, or a peculiar cut of self-made missionary (English), or certain of the lady superintendents of the British Syrian Schools. It is also inexpressibly offensive to a Maronite or a Greek when this class of person, after a bad sermon, or some act that they possibly think very contrary to charity, parts with them saying, "Well, I trust you will soon become a Christian," meaning a Presbyterian. I remember a row of school-girls dancing with rage after a long speech from the school-mistress about the impropriety of "worshipping Mary." "We don't worship her," they cried; "we only honour her because she is the mother of God—we must know what we do." And then as soon as she was gone, "We won't come here any more to have our religion insulted; better do without education." "Ah," lisped out a little one who was getting on very well with her English, "but then, Thaaba, we than't get any more dollths."

If I were about to draw up rules for an Institution of my own, there would be a heavy fine upon "cant;" it is so easy to do one's work naturally, and in a natural tone of voice. Quarrelling and mischief-making should be punished by instant dismissal, for the sake of peace and good example. It does not give one a favourable idea of a religion if its chief members keep a whole establishment and a whole province incessantly on the *qui vive*, and to find little private disputes incessantly referred to the Home Government, to the Turkish authorities, or to the Committees, solely for

the sake of self-importance. Their constant reports to England and Constantinople upon the un-Christian sentiments and conduct of such a one who hinders them from "doing their spiriting gently," "walking in the footsteps of Jesus," and "revelling in the happiness of their Christian work," only excite ridicule and stamp out religion. The least sign of such dispositions would debar any candidate from being admitted to *my* school, or dismiss them on their first development—not only for the vulgarity of the thing, but for the evil impression made by civilized and educated Christians upon uncivilized and uneducated Christians. We had better let education alone till we understand our business better, and until we have learnt to introduce our virtues and leave our vices at home. The children will copy their Native Teachers, the Native Teachers will copy the English Superintendents of the branch schools, the Superintendents will copy the Mistress of the whole Establishment. My first care would be to look for my English Apostle-woman, and those likely to imitate her.

I did not know, until this visit to the sea coast, that there exists ill-feeling between Beyrout and Damascus; it may perhaps be summed up in the following way:—

On arriving in Syria, one lands at a pretty town of no very great importance to the world, but the concentration of all that Syria knows of comfort, luxury, and pleasure. Christian and semi-civilized, it has its soldiers and policemen, its ships and sailors, its semi-European mode of living and manners, and its free communication with Europe by telegraphs and regular mails. So far it has the advantage over Damascus. Steamers anchor in the open roadstead—there is no harbour, pier, or landing place, save a few broken, unclean steps leading to a small, dirty custom-house quay—an occasional merchant-ship appears, and at times some wandering man-of-war. It is ruled by a Governor, subject to the Wali, who rules Syria, being in fact Viceroy to the Sultan. This Great Official lives at Damascus, and visits Beyrout for sea-bathing and to make holiday. It is also the residence of the Consuls-General, who represent Foreign Powers and European influence, and are very great people in their way; and also of a large European society of different professions. Beyrout is backed by the high range of the Lebanon, which is inhabited by Druzes and

Maronites, and ruled by a separate Governor, independent of the Wali. After crossing the Lebanon and descending into the plain of the Buká'a (Cœle-Syria), Civilization, Christianity, and all free communication with the outer world are left behind; as are comforts, luxuries, and society, whilst the Damascene is completely at the mercy of the Beyroutine as to how much or how little he may receive of the necessary help such as man should give to his fellow-man. For safety, he is self-dependent on his own personal courage and his knowledge of the East, and woe betide the hapless one who has no friend at Beyrout. Here, again, the Beyroutine has the advantage over the Damascene, who steps forth into the solemnity of Orientalism, which increases upon him during the sometimes dreary and barren seventy-two miles' journey, and he finds himself in the heart of Oriental life in the City of Damascus. This Orientalism is the great charm of "the Pearl of the East." She is still pure and innocent of anything like Europeanism. However much the wanderer may dislike it at first, the life so grows upon him, that, after a time, to quit it would be a wrench. But this is what makes the demi-semi-fashionable of Beyrout hate Damascus, with a spice of fear, knowing nothing of her attractions; whilst she, on her side, lazily despises the effeminate, luxurious, and feeble Beyroutine.

June 15*th*.—As I approached Damascus, I saw how lovely it was, bathed in the evening sun. I cannot tell what changed me, but this day I fell in love with the place, and my affections and interests, my life and work, knitted and grew to that Salahíyyeh home, where I would willingly have remained all my days. The wanderer's life is against and forbids attachments to places, things, or people, which must be constantly torn asunder. It is a sad thing to care for anything that is not one's own by right—happiness which depends on the will of others can be snatched away from us at any moment. Whenever the wanderer lingers a while and becomes attached, Fate falls upon him sternly, and cries "move on." With this presentiment I greedily drank in, whilst I could, all the truths which the Desert breathes, and learnt all that I could of Oriental mysteries, set my hands to do all the good that they could find to do, until they were full to overflowing.

June 18*th*.—I went to visit our poor bereaved friend the

French Consul. How sad his home is now—how gay it was a month ago. I found him in her room, which had remained as she left it—her book turned down, her unfinished work on the basket; and here he sits all day gazing at the vacant chair. I tried to persuade him that the house was unwholesome, and to come to us; but it was useless, he was only the more anxious to stay. To-night all the Consuls dined together, to discuss an important question. They want to fly their national flags, and they cannot, because the Turkish Government says, "We can salute you, but you are unable to return it, so you must not hoist your flag." They refuse a salute at Beyrout. This, of course, is the pretence. The underlying cause probably is, because on the first *émeute* the natives would tear down the colours, and the authorities would have to give satisfaction to the representatives of the European countries.

June 24th.—We had a severe shock of earthquake. My husband and I were sitting in an inner room, when suddenly the divan began to see-saw, and the wardrobe to bow. No harm was done, but it was an unpleasant sensation, and made one feel as if at sea in a gale of wind.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUMMER QUARTERS—BLUDÁN IN THE ANTI-LEBANON—LIFE IN THE ANTI-LEBANON—LORD CLARENDON'S DEATH—VISITORS—MR. PALMER AND MR. CHARLES TYRWHITT-DRAKE JOIN US—WE GO GIPSYING—BA'ALBAK AND THE LEBANON.

As Damascus began to be very hot (105° in the shade), on the 25th of June we moved to our summer quarters, Bludán. It lies twenty-seven indirect miles across country, to the N.W., four and a half hours for *us* in case of necessity; eight or nine hours to slow travellers, and twelve for camels. Nothing pressed, we sauntered along in eleven hours, zig-zagging and making offsets. We rode along the French road to the first station, El Hámeh, and then we struck to our right, across naked, barren, rocky plains, hills and dells, entering the district Ez Zebedani. Here again we sighted the rushing Barada, and a village called Ain Fiji, and following its cool banks we came to a village and gardens, Súk Wady Barada; we rested in an orange orchard, which was very refreshing. Here our baggage joined us, my English maid on a quiet horse, and all the live stock—the Persian cat and the pups in panniers; the pianette was on a camel. I thought perhaps I should be able to bear the sound of my own voice in the mountains, though not in the hushed solemnity of Damascus. Súk Wady Barada is a beautiful spot, all rocky, yet bounded with green forest, and the river rushing over boulders. I often came back to it. We crossed a picturesque bridge spanning a waterfall into the valley of Zebedani; a long, deep plain, flanked by mountains on either side. Soon after entering it, a single large tree and a little green, mark the head source of the Barada, that is, the summer source, which is perennial—in winter the water

comes from a more distant fountain. We passed on our right hand two villages, Ma'arabún and Madáyá, perched on the mountain side on the beginning of the Jebel esh Sharkí (Anti-Lebanon). We then neared the gardens of Zebedani, a large Moslem village in the plain, divided into three parts, which extends to the roots of the opposite range. Then we began to ascend for an hour to our right, what may be called Jebel Bludán or Jebel es Shákíf, and we passed the ruins of old Bludán, and the clumps of trees which in the distance make a landmark. By-and-by we came to foot tracks through trees, with rills and streams flashing like diamonds. After progressing through these, we entered a little more barrenness, and were suddenly surprised to find ourselves topped by a small Greek village, which looked like an old pack of cards. We threaded the alleys of Bludán, ascending steep places, and soon found ourselves beyond the settlement, opposite a door which opens into a garden cultivated in steps or ridges up the mountain. In the middle stands a large barn-like limestone hall, with a covered, deep verandah, from which there is an unrivalled view. Everybody who comes here says, "Well, it is glorious, but the thing is to get here!"

We soon dismounted, and inspected our eagle's nest. The wild waste of garden extends on every side all around the house, and is chiefly remarkable for fruit trees. It is backed by the barest possible ridge; a beautiful stream rushes from this mountain, in two small waterfalls, through the grounds, in all its native purity. The cottage was built by wise and clever Mr. Wood, when he was Consul, 5,000 feet above sea-level; the air is perfect, never hot—except at three p.m. for an hour or two—and we could always bear blankets at night. At the back rises a wall of mountain; in front, at our feet, lies the plain, and the village of Zebedani, backed by the opposite range. From the top of Jebel Shákíf, behind the house, five or six ranges of mountains extend in front, one backing the other. The last visible to the naked eye is Jebel D'ruz Haurán. From the verandah we distinguish to our right the top of Jebel Sannin, Monarch of the Lebanon, and, looking to the left, Hermon, King of the Anti-Lebanon.

We soon settled down and made ourselves comfortable. We passed the first night on the boards. The large reception-room

is in the middle of the house, opening on to the verandah, which overhung the glorious view. We surrounded it by low divans, and the walls became an armoury of weapons. The rooms on either side of the reception-saloon were turned into a study for Captain Burton, a sleeping-room, and a study and dressing-room for me. A large room downstairs, under, and corresponding with, the reception-room, and with the same view, was set apart for guests, and all the rest of the house was devoted to domestic uses. Under the house, in fact, the whole ground floor formed a capital stable, which could contain eight horses. There are no windows, only wooden shutters to close at night. The utter solitude, the wildness of the life, all absence of *luxe*, and no society; being thoroughly alone with nature and one's own thoughts is very soothing.

Next day, the Shaykhs and principal people of Zebedani, Bludán, Ma'arabún, Madáyá, Sarghâyá, and all the surrounding villages, came to pay their respects. Several fatted sheep were killed, and stuffed with rice and pistachio nuts; all feasted, and went away happy. We were now their Jirán (neighbours), and, whatever may be the case in Europe, this tie in the East has its uses and its duties, as well as its pleasures and displeasures.

The following morning we commenced the experiments of baking our own bread, making our own butter, and all the ways of farm-house life. But we eventually found that the Bedawin two or three hours away made better butter than we did, from the milk of their goats and camels; and when we wanted meat, we learnt that the simplest way was to buy a sheep or kid from a passing flock.

Our days here were the perfection of living. We used to wake at dawn, make a cup of tea, and, accompanied by the dogs, take long walks over the mountains with our guns. The larger game were bears (very scarce), gazelles, wolves, wild boars, and the nimr (a small leopard); but for these we had to go far, and watch in silence before dawn. The small game nearer home were partridges, quails, and woodcocks, with hares and wild duck. As regards shooting, I do not like to kill any small, useless, or harmless thing, but only what is needed for eating, or large game, when the beast will kill you if you do not kill it. I cannot bear

to see a gazelle hunted; I dislike the Hurlingham pigeon matches, and the *battu* slaughters in England, the mangled, quivering heaps of half-slain hares and rabbits, upon which I have seen even girls look unmoved. It is all a matter of habit; but this is not my idea of "sport."

The hot part of the day was spent in reading, writing, studying Arabic. At twelve we had our first meal, which served as breakfast and luncheon, on the terrace. Sometimes in the afternoon, native Shaykhs, or English from Beyrout or Damascus, came to visit us, or tourists to look at us *en passant*. We set up a *tir* in the garden, and used to fence, or practice pistol or rifle shooting, or put on the cavesson and lunge the horses if they had had no exercise.

At the hour when the sun became cooler, all the poor within fifteen or sixteen miles around would come to be doctored. The hungry, the thirsty, the ragged, the sick and sorry, filled our garden at that time, and I used to make it my duty and pleasure to attend to them. If it was a grievance, I did not "set myself up as a justice," but I used to write out their case for them as they told it to me, and then write upon it, "For the kind consideration of such a Consul, or such a Pasha." Without such a paper the man would probably never have gained a hearing beyond a Kawwass. This was quite *en règle* in the East, and what was expected of me, or of any lady holding a good position. The Turkish authorities and the Consuls always liked to oblige each other in these little marks of *entente cordiale*—unofficially, be it understood. I only did this in cases of tyranny and oppression, and I am happy to say that no one, Turkish or European, ever rejected one of my cases, or found them untruthful. The others were dismissed with money or clothing, food or medicine, and all with sympathy. If a favourable and proper opportunity occurred, I used to read them a prayer or a text of Scripture suited to their case, and have it expounded by an educated native. This, accompanied with bodily relief and kind words, often lies nearer the heart than a cold sermon upon an empty stomach. I seldom had fewer than fifty a day, half of them eye diseases. A good reputation is so easily earned in such a kind-hearted country, that people used to come on foot from thirty miles to see me.

Before dinner, especially if anybody was staying with us, we used to assemble in the garden to eat a few mouthfuls of leben salad, which I described in my chapter on shopping, and to drink a liqueur glass of raki. This gave sufficient appetite for dinner at seven on the terrace, sometimes a difficult matter in that climate. Divans were then spread on the housetop, and we used to watch the moon lighting up Hermon, whilst the after-dinner pipe was smoked. The horses were picketted out all these summer nights, and the Saises slept with them. The pianette from Damascus enabled us to have a little music. Then I used to assemble the servants, read the night prayers to them, and a small bit of Scripture, or of Thomas à Kempis. The last thing was to go round the premises to see that everything was right, and turn out the dogs on guard. And then to bed. The mails came once a fortnight, and my husband was obliged to ride into Damascus every few days to see that all was going on well.

The first Sunday I had service at home, the Arab servants (Christians) chaunting their parts. After that I found there was a chapel—although a very wretched one—in Zebedani, with a priest from the ranks, and about fifty poor communicants; so I made a point of riding there every Sunday, and very hard work it was. The path was so steep, and so covered with rolling stones, that it generally occupied nearly an hour and a half, the horses sliding down with every step. The people were very devout, but the heat, atmosphere, and noise were dreadful. The fact of my coming with servants and Kawwasses drew a great part of the village into the court, and the Shaykhs and chief Moslems generally insisted upon accompanying me. I always took this public occasion of paying the poor priest as much respect as I should to a Cardinal in Europe, to show them how the clergy ought to be treated, and also to induce my Moslem friends to put him on equal and amicable terms. Mass was celebrated on an old box covered with a bit of ragged print, the priest bringing with him a silver chalice and an incense fumer. After this I used to go to the Shaykh's house, and rode back accompanied by the whole party.

July 7th.—To-day we heard of the sad news of poor Lord Clarendon's death; and we were truly grieved to lose our good

Chief. Few, perhaps, amongst us, but have some happy recollection of that kind, true heart. He belonged to a breed of gentlemen that is fast dying out.—R. I. P.

July 8th.—We set out at four a.m., sending on our cook with breakfast, to the source of the Barada. We walked down to Zebedani, and then rode to the caves on the opposite mountains, and saw the rock tombs and inscriptions. Then we galloped across the plain till we reached the Sources, the Shaykhs and a large train following us. I do not know whether they were accustomed to see women riding or not, but they gave me the idea of looking every instant to see when I was going to fall, and uttering loud Máshálláhs if my horse jumped. We breakfasted under the solitary tree which marks the Sources—the fountain gushes from under a rock, and is beautifully bright and clear. There is a large piece of water, with rushes and grass at the edges, and the middle is full of small fish. During our meal we were visited by a flight of locusts. On leaving, we waded across the river on horseback, and had a rare gallop home.

We were, however, obliged to part with our cook. He was so fat that he could not ride; he had to be hoisted and pushed up on to his horse, which was of necessity a very strong one, and he could never be let down again the whole day.

The following journal may serve as a good specimen of our lives in the Anti-Lebanon:—

July 9th.—Captain Burton went to Damascus on business. We started at four in the morning, and first descended a very steep 1000 feet on foot. We rode along the plain of Zebedani, and branched off to our left over hideous, bleak, stony mountains, where we lost our way. At last we came to the object of our search. On a height stood Abel's tomb, just above Súk Wady Barada. It is a low, two-arched shed, like a box, open on one side to a little garden, containing one holm oak, a wall around of piled up stones; one olive is near it. There are the remains, also, of an old Temple of the Sun, afterwards Christianized, and, if my memory does not fail me, it is in the form of a cross. We also saw a sacred cave, a deep well, and an ancient drinking trough for animals, now full of holes. From these buildings we made

a descent, fit only for goats, into the valley; and we sat all the hot part of the day in a delicious grove, under the path going into the village of Súk, by the side of the rushing Barada. We ate water-melons, slept, talked, and breakfasted. At two p.m., Captain Burton and Hanna Misk rode on to Damascus, and I turned my horse's head back to Bludán, accompanied by Habíb, my husband's servant. When we reached the plain of Zebedani, he dismounted for a moment, and his mare broke loose, which made my horse very restive. We had so much trouble in catching her that we did not reach home till six p.m.

July 11*th.*—We went down to Zebedani, and visited the Súk (bazar) and all the places of worship, which were very poor. We breakfasted at the Shaykh's, who had an Arab dance. They invited the priest and the chief Christians, and all became very friendly, and the Shaykhs and Moslems promised in all future times to protect the latter in case of differences or dangers arising. This day I met a strange mother. An Arab woman had a little crippled child about eighteen months old, whose life was evidently a misery to it. She had let it fall from the roof when a baby. She expected me to heal it. Dr. Brigstock, our kind, charitable friend at Beyrout, took all my poor cases that were too complicated for an amateur, and he has saved many a life for me. He would have cured this poor little thing for me. The parents, however, hesitated; I took them up to our house, and passed the day trying to persuade them. Still they would not; they said they had so many children, that this one being crooked did not much matter. I tried to make them look into the future, and to imagine what the child would feel when grown up, and had to sit in the corner all day, dependent on the others, instead of earning his own living; but it was time lost.

July 17*th.*—We went out before dawn bear hunting, but were not successful. We saw the fresh trail over the mountains, but that was all. The beaters came back dancing, singing, and firing guns, as if we had killed our dozens.

July 18*th.*—We suddenly received visitors, and were very gay for a short time. One day arrived Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Wilson, appointed Vice-Consul near Tarsus. They camped in the garden and lived with us. Mr. Wilson was a clever man, given to literary

pursuits. He recited remarkably well, and was therefore an acquisition, as well as for his good nature in supplying his friends with books and papers. He is since dead.

July 19th.—To-day arrived Mr. E. H. Palmer, now Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and Mr. Charles F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, whose name is so well-known as an indefatigable worker in the Palestine exploration. They also camped in the garden and lived with us, a pleasant way of managing, when you are short of bed-rooms. They were quite fatigued with an extensive tour in Sinai and the Tih, and were glad to do a little easy work with us as a rest. There arrived, likewise, a Reverend gentleman of enthusiastic religious and conversional views. He amused us very much by preaching to the Druzes, who burst into roars of applause, and who he was quite convinced would have come over in a body to his faith. But his Dragoman, who interpreted for him, was only saying—"The Khawaja (mister) is a Kassis Inglese (English priest), and he says the English and Druzes are *sawa sawa* (*one*, side by side)"—which, of course, produced great enthusiasm. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that his Dragoman was coming into "the right way," and that it was a great consolation to him when he preached to see him taking notes in Arabic. I saw the notes, and found that he only knew three letters of the Arabic alphabet, which he kept on writing over and over again. This is a fair sample of what we saw once a week; it makes one feel a sort of pity that so much good feeling and exertion should not be turned in the right direction, the purlieus of London. This same Reverend gentleman was taken to the Slave Market—his honest indignation flew to his head, and made him want to beat the doorkeeper, who had nothing to do with it. His Dragoman afterwards behaved infamously to and ill-treated an English travelling friend of ours when in an almost dying state, and my husband regrets to this day having been unable to punish him.

On the 21st of July we left Bludán, at seven a.m., with the intention of sauntering or gipsying about the country around us —we meaning Mr. Palmer, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, my husband, and myself. We descended from our eyrie into the plain, which to our right is called Wady Dillí; and galloped past a village

marked on maps Ain el Hawar (Fount of the Poplars), pronounced Ain Hoor. Wading through a brook, followed by yelping Pariahs, we then reached Sarghâyá, where several village Shaykhs met us and led us to breakfast. Passing through sterile and rocky mountains, and leaving to our right a bridge and the temple-ruins of Ma'arabún, we came to the valley of Yafúfah, well-wooded, with a beautiful brook or stream (Saradah) running through it. The contrast was sudden and striking between the wild highland divide and the nestling lowland, and this contrast is never absent from Syria. The scenery was bold and beautiful, but the ground bad for horses, and in crossing some of the rocky places we were obliged to dismount, leaving the animals free to pick their own way. The worst part was before reaching Neby Shíth (Seth), which, like all the patriarchs' tombs, is of proportionate length to their age and honour. All the Adamical and Noachian patriarchs are buried, by tradition, about Damascus, except Adam, or his head, at Calvary. Cain behind our house at Salahíyyeh, they say, slew Abel. Abel is buried, as we remember, about Súk Wady Barada. Lamech slew Cain—if he did slay him —on Carmel. Noah reposes at Karak, near Mu'allakah, a suburb of Zahleh. Seth's tomb here has a bird's-eye view of Cœle-Syria, and that of Hám is a few furlongs eastward, both near Khraybah. They generally measure an immoderate size, and, as we might expect, many of them are in duplicate. Naturally enough, whilst the Christian Adam lies close to the Holy Sepulchre, the Moslem Adam is buried near Mecca.

There was a mosque and tombs around Neby Shíth, but in a ruined state. We halted here an hour, and then rode on to Khraybah, where live some excellent neighbours of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Rattray. She is as clever as she can be: deeply read, she speaks many European languages, and Arabic especially well. She rides, shoots, and lives quite in these wilds amongst the natives with her husband, far away from all civilized society. They made a *mariage de cœur*, built a hut, and live here quite in a Robinson Crusoe style; they shoot their dinner, and farm a village. I believe owning a village is something like a farm let out to a person by the Turkish Government, but as I never had one I do not understand it. I should like to have Mr.

Rattray for my Wakíl (agent) if I had property in Syria. We stopped on this occasion and took tea with them. The Roman bridge named in books is a common Mohammedan affair. We crossed it, and then rode to a village called after Hám, who is buried here. We have been circulating widely all day, for I believe, as the crow flies, it is not more than an hour from Neby Shíth. It was delightfully cool, and even cold at night, and we were charmed with the mountain scenery. Our supper on the house roof consisted of leben salad, goats' milk, and the contents of our basket. From our perch we could see our tents, like dots, in the valley beneath. I slept in a room full of ants, with a big dog and a goat, but my sleep was disturbed by noises in the rafters, which I thought were fowls, but which in old houses are often snakes.

In these excursions I keep very little reckoning of time, as we generally count by the sun, and distance by hours. I know that we usually start at dawn, and, with the exception of a short halt, we ride till sunset, and often till dusk. When sauntering about without press of time over rocky steeps, our common pace is three miles an hour, and six miles trotting or cantering in plain; when hard pressed we may go ten. The rest, being *ventre-à-terre*, would be merely a spurt after large game. We might easily in our zig-zagging ride forty or fifty miles on a long, and thirty or thirty-six on a short day. We never ride straight to a place, as there is so much to be seen on both sides off the direct way.

22*nd.*—We spent a lazy morning at the tomb of Neby Hám, on a green and shady hill; there was a ruin above it. We then galloped up the Wady, crossed a divide of mountains to the plain of the Buká'a, here called Belad Ba'albak. The scenery was wild, rocky, and barren, and the ride occupied four or five hours. When we arrived, the Governor and the chief people rode out to receive us. Our horses' hoofs soon rang under a ruined battlement, and we entered in state through the dark tunnels. Horses were neighing, sabres were clanking, a noisy, confusing, picturesque sight. We tented in the midst of the Grand Court of the ruins.

Allow me here to quote a letter which I wrote on the spot to the editor of the *Times*. The trouble of working it into my narrative

does not terrify me, but many readers prefer the freshness of a diary, especially when revised by further experience.

You were so kind as to insert a letter from me last May concerning "Tadmor in the Wilderness," and I shall feel glad if you find a pendant letter about Ba'albak (its rival in the traveller's interest) worthy of a similar favour. Many of your readers have visited, or intend to visit, its magnificent ruins—gigantic remains which Rome herself cannot show—and they will be thankful for the information which my five days under canvas in the midst of its temples enable me to give them.

For some months my husband had been making interest with H.E. Rashid Pasha, Governor-General of Syria, to take certain precautionary steps for the conservation of old "Heliopolis." In the early Saracenic times the temple, or rather temples, had been built up into a fort, whence, as at Palmyra, they are still known to the Arabs as El Kala'ah, the Castle. Of late years the moat has been planted with poplars, dry walls have divided it into garden plots, and thus the visitor can neither walk round the building nor enjoy the admirable proportions, the vast length of line, and the massive grandeur of the exterior. Similarly, the small outlying circular temple, called El Barbáret el Antikeh (La *vielle* Sainte Barbe), has been choked by wretched hovels. The worst, however, of all the Saracenic additions are—first, a capping of stone converting into a burj (tower) the south-eastern wing of the smaller temple dedicated to the Sun, and popularly known as that of Jupiter; secondly, a large dead wall with a hole for an entrance, through which travellers must creep, thrown up to mark the vestibule and the great portal of the same building. Inside it there has been a vast accumulation of ruins and rubbish. A portion was removed for the visit of His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia in 1869, but the whole area wants clearing. Finally, nothing has been done to arrest the fall of the celebrated keystone in the soffit, which began to slip about 1759; which falls lower with every slight earthquake, and which, if left unsupported, will bring down with it the other five monoliths of the lintel and sides, thus destroying one of the grandest, if not the grandest, of all the ancient entrances the world can show.

His Excellency Rashid Pasha sent from Damascus Mr. Barker, chief engineer to the Government of Syria, whose duty it was to undertake the actual work. After examining the Saracenic capping of large stones overlying the south-eastern anta of Jupiter, and which seems to crush down the cornice and to exfoliate the columns at the joints, it was judged unadvisable to remove them. The cornice, broken in two places, inclines slightly outwards, while the stones are disposed exactly over the centre of gravity, and serve to diminish the thrust. We therefore left with regret this

hideous addition, this *bonnet de nuit*, which must now be regarded as a necessary evil. I may here remark, for the benefit of general readers, that no one can form a conception of the size of the stones used for building Heliopolis, unless they have seen them. The three famous ones measuring 64 feet, 63 feet 8 inches, and 63 feet long—each 13 feet in height and breadth, and raised to a height of 20 feet or more—take away one's breath, and compel one to sit before them only to get more and more puzzled, and to think how very superior in stone lifting and transporting the Pagans must have been to us in 1870.

The first work was to demolish the ignoble eastern masking wall. At an interview with the local authorities it was agreed that they should supply labour on condition of being allowed to carry off the building material. During our stay of five days the upper part of the barbarous screen had been removed, much to the benefit of the temple; and it was a great excitement to the small population of the village of Ba'albak to see the huge masses of stone coming down with a thud.

We intended next to expose, by clearing away the rubbish heap at the proper entrance, the alt-reliefs extending on both sides of the great portal. Lastly, we had planned to underpin the falling keystone with a porphyry shaft, of which there are several in the Jami el Kabir, or chief mosque. The prop was to be as thin as possible, so as not to hide the grand old eagle, emblem of Baal, the Sun-God, which occupies the lower surface of the middle soffit stone.

Unhappily, Mr. Barker, immediately on beginning work, was summoned to Damascus by Rashid Pasha, who, having offered to carry out the improvements, changed his mind suddenly, inexplicably, *à la Turque*. He objected to the worthless building materials being given away; the why will not interest your readers. The English nation would have spent hundreds of pounds in such cause, and we could have done it with pence; but you cannot succeed in making an Oriental brain understand that a few piastres in the pocket is not a greater glory than saving these splendid antiquities. The indolent Eastern will only shrug his shoulders and call you majnún (madman), and if he can put a spoke in your wheel—well, it might give him an emotion, and he will not neglect his opportunity. So Mr. Barker was kept doing nothing at head-quarters, hardly ever admitted to the "presence," and after short, rare visits, uncourteously dismissed. About the end of August he was ordered to lay out a road between Tripoli and Hamah—not a carriage road, but a mere mule path, which half a dozen fellahs and donkey-boys could have done as well as a civil engineer. Thus poor Ba'albak has been again abandoned to the decay and desolation of the last fourteen centuries. We do not despair, however, of carrying out our views, and we can only hope that when His Excellency has finished

his mule-path he will help us. Perhaps he would, if he could understand how all civilized people care about this our undertaking, and how much it would redound to the credit of Constantinople to patronize a scientific cause.

I hope my friends who visit Ba'albak will let this letter supplement "Murray," and by all means prefer to the latter the plan of the ruins given by Joanne et Isambert.

The temples are, doubtless, the main attraction, but they are not everything, at Heliopolis. A day may well be devoted to the following programme:—Walk up the hill to the south-east of the Kala'ah examining the remains of the western wall about the gate now called "Bawwabet Dauris," or "El Sirr." Visit the rock tombs and sepulchral caves, the remains of the small temple and Doric columns, and the Saracen Kubbat (dome), under which lies Melek el Amjad, of the Seljukian dynasty. From this high point the view of the ruins and of the valley is absolutely charming. Descend to the nearest makla (quarries) and measure—every one does with different results—the Hajar el Hableh, or "pregnant stone," as the huge unfinished block is called. Our figures were 70 feet long, 14 feet 2 inches high, and 13 feet 11 inches broad. It was doubtless cut and prepared for building, but not detached from the quarry at one end, and the extraordinary sight makes you exclaim, "Something must have frightened the men away before they had time to carry it off. Ride to the Kubbat Dauris, so named from a neighbouring village; its eight columns of fine granite have doubtless been removed from the classic building. Thence proceed to the other quarries to the north of the temples.

After some six indirect miles nearly due west (279 deg. magnetic) of the ruins you strike the sources of the Litani, or River of Tyre, and of the Asi (Orontes), which rise at the eastern foot of the Lebanon outliers, within one short mile of each other. On the way you can enter the tents of the Turkomans, who, though wandering about Syria since the days of the Crusaders, have preserved, like their neighbours, the Nuwar (gipsies), their ancestral language and customs. From the sources turn to the north-east and see the Kamu'a Iyâd, named from the neighbouring village, evidently a memorial column like that of Alilamus still standing at Palmyra. Thence, across the north-eastern quarries, cut in steps like the Egyptian, to the eastern wall of Ba'albak. This must be carefully examined, and its difference from that of Tadmor, a succession of mausolea, should be duly noted.

Most travellers will now gladly return to their tents. If unwilling to expend a second, they will remount about 2 p.m., and follow up to its source the little mountain torrent Ain Lujuj. If the weather be not too cold, they can descend the Najmeh, or shaft, explore the tunnel with

magnesium wire, and extend the subterranean journey as far as the iron door reported by the natives. We found the prospect peculiarly uninviting. Retracing steps down the Wady, and visiting the tombs of the feudal house of Harfush, you strike the valley of the Ba'albak waters at the source known as the Ras el Ain. This is by far the quietest and the prettiest spot for pitching tents, but most people prefer, for convenience, to encamp amid the ruins. Examine the two mosques, the larger built by the Melek el Azad, son of the celebrated Melek el Dhahir, and the smaller, "Jami el Melawiyeh," dating, as the inscription shows, from A.H. 679, and erected by the Melek el Dhahir himself.

Those who have spare time might try digging in the mortuary caverns, which riddle the soft chalky cliff on the proper left of the river valley. Even at Ba'albak little has been done in the way of *fouilles*. The general visitor stays one day, and after looking at the temples goes on his way rejoicing that he has done his Ba'albak. M. Joyau, a young French artist, "*Grand Prix de Rome*," who, employed by his Government, spent some months in measuring and modelling the temples, seems to have made a cross cut on the south of the remaining six columns which mark the great Temple of Baal. There has, however, been no work on a grand scale, and I am convinced that excavations would produce valuable results. Lastly, as the sun is sinking behind the giant wall in front of you, you pass down the valley of Ras el Ain to the tents or house, and you thus end the supplementary ride.

In fine weather nothing can be more delightful than this excursion. The clear, crisp, pure air at an elevation of 3,000 feet above sea level, the abundance of water "more splendid than glass;" the variety, the novelty, and the glorious associations of the view; the sublime aspect of the ruins crowning the fertile valley, and backed by the eternal mountains; the manifold contrasts of stony brown range, barren yellow flat, luxuriant verdure of irrigated field and orchard, and—last, not least—the ermined shoulders of Hermon, Sannin, and Arz Libnan (the Cedar Ridge), thrown out into such relief by the diaphanous blue sky that they seem to be within cannon shot—if these things will not satisfy a traveller's tastes, I don't know what will.

This letter was taken up by John D. Crace, Esq, who tried his influence with the Royal Institute of British Architects, and by letters in "The Builder," to render this service to art and archæology. He mentioned, in the same strain as the ruins of Ba'albak, the Castle of Banias and the neighbourhood of Abila. Finally, in 1874, I hear that a French architect has been sent to Ba'albak.

Nearly a year and a half later Mr. Drake returned, and published the following letter:—

Allow me through your columns to plead for the ruins of Ba'albak.

After an interval of sixteen months I have lately revisited them, and was astonished to see how much damage had been done in that time, chiefly by frost and rain, especially to the seven columns of the Great Temple.

The third pillar from the east is in a very bad state; its base is undermined northwards to a depth of 3 feet: some 5 feet or 6 feet of the lower stone have flaked away in large pieces, and the stones are generally scaling. The cornice above No. 3 and No. 4 is cracked midway between the columns, and as the stone is crumbling away it seems in great danger of falling.

A large mass at the north-west corner of the square base supporting the western column has been broken away by frost, and the column now overhangs thirteen inches.

All the columns have been more or less undermined by the natives, who thus endanger them for the sake of the metal clamps worth a few piastres; and unless something is done the fine columns will soon have fallen.

A few iron bands round the columns connected by bars, and a little careful underpinning, would doubtless preserve them for many years, and I have no doubt that permission to do this would readily be obtained from the new Wali of Syria, whom all speak of as an honourable and intelligent man.

Could not a subscription be made up in England—I believe £40 or £50 would suffice—and then would not some architect or civil engineer, intending to visit Palestine during the ensuing tourist season, volunteer to stay a few days and see the thing done?

I fear that if it be not set about within a year it will then be too late.

I remain, Sir, etc.,

CHAS. F. TYRWHITT-DRAKE.

Damascus, Nov. 20th, 1871.

The first day the Governor dined with us. In the morning three ladies paid us a visit in the ruins: with their blue satin and diamonds they were the best dressed women I had seen for a long time. Our muleteers mutinied and refused to fetch "tibn," but they "gave in" after a time. On Sunday I heard mass at the Maronite Chapel, and returned the calls. We also dined with the

Governor, a civilized, well-educated man, who illuminated his house for us. We passed a most enjoyable evening, I chiefly in the harím. As I could not relate a story in Arabic, the Governor allowed me to blind-fold Hanna Misk, and to take him in as interpreter, he himself being present. One night Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and I lit up the ruins with magnesium. I cannot describe the beautiful effect; but many who are familiar with the transformation scenes of the Princess's Theatre may realize a shadow of it by shutting their eyes, and by fancying a real, gigantic transformation scene in a Desert plain. Every night jackals played around our tents in the moonlight, and made the ruins weird with strange sounds and shadows.

Ba'albak is far more beautiful though much smaller than Palmyra, and can be seen without danger—Palmyra cannot. Palmyra is more romantic, picturesque, more startling, and there is the attraction of being in a desert country. Londoners and Parisians would consider Ba'albak in the Desert, but we in Damascus do not. I do not know a finer sight then Ba'albak from a distant height, lit up by the setting sun. There is one particular pinnacle of rock from which you can behold this Holy Place of the old Phœnicians in all her beauty. On the other side of the plain rises the Lebanon range, its highest point capped with snow. A second ridge below is covered with what looks like bushes, in reality they are stunted holm oaks. Beneath lies the fertile plain of the Buká'a, the black Turkoman tents and camels in the distance, one of which stands, as I write, on a mound, like a statue against the clear sky. At my feet are the fertile meadows and orchards, the rivulet branching and spreading into a net work, and the verdure surrounding the magnificent ruins, which from this point present a most perfect appearance. A village hangs on to the tail of the ruins, not a bad village either, but by comparison it looks like a tatter clinging to an Empress's velvet and diamond-bespangled train.

The legend about the big stone which still lies in the quarry and would weigh over 11,000 tons, is to illustrate the strength of the race which could use such materials. A woman who was with child was carrying it upon her head towards the temple—you are to understand that it was part of her day's work. Suddenly a person ran to meet her, and informed her that her brother had

been killed. In a passion of grief she threw down the stone, and sat upon it to weep; it has remained there ever since, and is called the "pregnant stone."

We left Ba'albak at dawn, and rode six hours and a half before breakfast, passing Nakhleh Yunín and Ras el Hadeth, to the source of the Lebweh (Lybon). It was a dreary ride. My white donkey had a habit of running by my side like a dog, so I used sometimes to catch him, give him a little work, and then turn him loose again. He would keep pace, when not ridden, with the horses, and he did not detain us much when mounted. The source of the Lebweh is a little distance from the village of the same name. The water bursts out from the ground and divides into a dozen sparkling streams—of all the fountains I have ever seen, there is not one so like liquid diamonds. I could not take my eyes from it, and it seemed to possess a fascination which I can never forget. We espied a big tree about twenty minutes away, and walked to its shade, picketted the horses, and slept.

At 4.30, when it was cooler, we rode on to Neby Othman, to Ain el Fikeh, and to Er Ras. Part of this country was black and desolate, but there were occasional contrasts of green, well-watered oases. We passed several people, who, on our asking how far Er Ras was, ejaculated, "Happy people to go there!" so that we looked forward to a paradise. This much vaunted Eden was a desolate spot, not made delightful by a furious rising wind, which nearly blew down our tents. We rode on to El Ká'a, letting the camp halt at Er Ras; but finding that whatever Er Ras might be it was better than El Ká'a, we went back to our camp. My husband's Rahwan was showing signs of distress, and our people told us that we must stop there for a whole day. They put their fingers up his nostrils, and from each took out a little bit of gristle, about as big as a die. They evidently knew what they were about, and it was done in a few minutes. Next morning he began to take his food, which he had refused for some time past. He was on the sick list, and was "led" for a day or two, my husband using my second horse, and "Kubbi," the donkey, taking his share of work. We spent part of the next day at Dayr Már Márún, the sources of the Orontes, and at Hurmul, on a hill rising

from the plain. We returned to our camp, and mounted the cliff at Er Ras—below us lay the small, flat-roofed village, and coils of dried litter to sleep upon in summer. There were cattle, but no grass, a few trees, gardens, orchards, and water immediately around the village. Stretching far away were the plain of the Buká'a, Hurmul like a pimple on the face of the plain, the Lebanon range opposite bordering the view, and far north, although thirty miles distant, Homs was visible to the naked eye. We enjoyed the view until we were tired, and then descended to the camp. I was in favour of going on to Homs next day, but it was deferred for a future expedition.

We left camp at dawn, and galloped across the plain of the Buká'a. Our road then led up a gentle ascent, a beautiful path through woods of stunted holm oak, for over three hours. About 10 a.m. we met with a gipsy camp, and asked for water, but were told that we should meet with none till mid-day. The way became very bad, and the descent of the water-shed was extra steep. In the hollow, or basin, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and I, who were a little in advance, fancied we saw a hyena advancing stealthily. We simultaneously drew our revolvers, but drawing nearer we found it was a Bedawin dog, the funniest looking thing imaginable, easily to be mistaken for a hyena or a bear. We reached the water at last, Ain Arghush 7147 feet above us, and our poor horses were terribly thirsty, as well as ourselves. There was a dispute about the road, so we breakfasted at the stream. Resuming our journey in the afternoon, we rode two hours down a dried water-course, a scatter of stones making very rough work, and along narrow ledges with deep drops on each side. Suddenly we wound round a corner, and came upon cultivation, and a few cottages on the opposite mountain. The Maronite chiefs were Jeríding in the hollow. Our camp was pitched in a clump of trees on a height, and all was very picturesque. The Chiefs dined with us, and I made them a present of some cartridges, which appeared to make them very happy. This was Ain Ata.

The following day we had a hard ascent on the same kind of ledges as yesterday, only sometimes not even so easy, and in two hours we reached a ridge of mountains, with a small snow plateau. This was the narrow summit of a divide, commonly called The

Cedar Col, or pass. It was like standing on a broad bridge, at an immense height, and looking down at the same time upon two countries, one before and the other behind. To reach this we had ascended, on horseback, places that would make the soundest head giddy. The path was not wider than a sheet of foolscap, and here and there it was broken away. I often laid the reins on my horses neck, spoke to him, and shut my eyes. His strong back never failed me in the hour of danger. I was now riding Selím, who knew me so well that his behaviour was perfectly different when I was upon his back to what it was with another. If he was ever so boisterous, and I was tired and sad, or not in the humour to play, I told him so; he understood me, and would quiet himself. Our Harfush's greatest delight was to play me a trick when he could, and "Kubbi" also was more *espiègle* than kind. Neither were to be trusted in a difficult moment. At last we stood upon a mountain range of crescent form, ourselves in the centre, and the two cusps to the sea. The pass is about 100 yards wide, and quite flat. Turning to the side which we had ascended, and looking below, the horizon was bounded by the Anti-Lebanon, with the plain of the Buká'a, and the ruins of Ba'albak beneath, and far away. The skirts of the mountain upon which we stood were dotted with villages, one called El Yamúneh. It would be impossible to see the Lebanon to greater advantage than from the centre of this amphitheatre, whose descent is scooped out like a huge basin. The wild, deep glen, Wady Kadíshah, cuts through it, whose depth is marked by a silver thread to the sea—the river Nahr Abu Ali. B'sherri, Dimán, Kanobím, and other villages, seem to cling on to the sides in hanging positions, and dot it all over. All is bright, smiling, and wild, and every available spot is cultivated. Now we understand "the fruitfulness of the Lebanon." Yonder is the coast, with its white rocks and yellow sand—the sea is freckled with clouds. Tripoli is the most prominent coast mark. We behold the home of 200,000 Maronites, living under their Patriarch, whom we shall see by and by.

From this point we can see the principal heights of the Lebanon, to which we are to make excursions from the Cedars, Jebel Makmal (9998 feet), El Sh'maybah (10,131), Dhor el Khodib (10,018), Tímarun (10,535). Further off were Dhor el

Khebras, Dhor Ain Ata, Dhor Mercé, Dhor el Hebron, but all these were lesser peaks.

We had a painful descent for an hour and a half, to camp under the "Cedars of Lebanon" (Arz Libnan). They from afar look like a tuffet of dark green wool, to stop a hole on the mountain side; but when you have been scrambling over rocks all day in the heat, the sight of any haven makes you glad. There was a beautiful spring in the hollow of our descent, into which we gratefully plunged, horses and all. We then rode up a slight ascent, and found amongst the Cedars, which cover several little hills, our tents pitched under the largest tree. The chiefs were prancing and jeríding for us, but our thoughts were more bent upon food, and it was a bitter disappointment to find that the muleteers had procured none. We were all starved, and I remember being very grateful for a crust of black bread which one of them gave me. To forget our hunger—whilst dinner was getting ready—we talked to the Shaykh and to the priest, and the muleteers played games. The Cedars are scattered over seven mounds, four large, in the form of a cross, and three smaller. There are 555 trees, nine of which are very large and ancient, and their height above sea level was 7368 feet.

We passed a lazy, pleasant morning under the trees—one of those lovely, fresh mornings which exhale the sweetest odours. I went to Mass at the Maronite chapel, close to our camp. It was an old wooden shed; the tabernacle was a lantern with one side out, and a sardine box was one of the vessels on the altar. I felt much distressed—I had heard that Lord Bute had decorated this chapel, but I saw no signs, and I made a mental vow that I would do it myself. On returning to the tents I read part of that pleasant instructive work by Dr. Thomson, "The Land and the Book," and then walked to Súk, in the Wady Kadíshah. The scenery was the same as that which I described from the Col, only instead of looking down upon it from a height, the amphitheatre rose up all around us—the tops so wild and barren, and depths so fertile and cultivated, and covered with various greens of all shades. The Cedars looked small, but we were glad when we got back under their shade. The Shaykh and the priest came to visit us, and we passed a pleasant evening, eating water-melons, and Hanna Misk

found us some good Lebanon wine. I gave the priest ten shillings for a good-sized block of cedar-wood, and some cones, the former to keep as a treasure, the latter to burn, pound, and mix with oil, to rub on the horses' backs when wrung. He took my money, but he forgot to give me the wood.

At last the day came round for us to part—Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and Mr. Palmer *en route* to England, and for us to return homewards. I do not know which of the four felt it the most. We, at least, greatly missed their pleasant companionship. We resolved to visit the Patriarch, and, escorted by the priest and the Shaykh, we travelled over a terrible short-cut and descent of three hours. No one could explain why we chose this goat-path; we might have passed through Bisherri to Dimán, the summer residence of the Patriarch, a conventual, yet fortress-like building on an eminence, commanding a view of his whole jurisdiction.

We were charmed with the reception given to us by His Beatitude (Ghabtatuh) the Maronite "Primate of Antioch and of all the East," Monseigneur Butrus Bulus Mas'ad, of whom his flock says, "Our Patriarch is our Pope and our Sultan," and for once we saw the simplicity and sincerity of the apostolic ages. Since our visit, I have corresponded with His Beatitude, who is a secular author as well as a theologian, and his letters are as edifying as his manners are plain and dignified. We were received by two Bishops and endless retainers. The Patriarch, dressed in purple, sat in a long, narrow room, like a covered terrace. We of the faith knelt and kissed hands, and the others bowed low. He received all day a train of Priests, Shaykhs, Chiefs, and Retainers, some of whom were asked to sit, and others were not. He evidently had a different reception for each, according to his rank, and everybody knew his own place. He seemed delighted with Captain Burton, and at dinner he sat at the head of the table with me on his right, and Captain Burton on his left. We then went to see the chapel and the monks, and the view from the terrace, where we had coffee. He gave me a number of little pious presents, amongst others, a bit of the true cross, which I still wear. We made acquaintance with his chief secretary, L'Abbé Neonat Allah Dahdah, D.D., who was a

polyglot, like Captain Burton, and a friend of poor Cardinal Wiseman's, which made us fraternize at once.

From Dimán we resumed our way through the Jibbah B'sherri, "the village land of Bisherri," which lies on the western or seaward face of the Lebanon. This is the heart of the Maronite region, and like Jezzin, farther south, and Sadad, to the north-east, it produces a manly, independent race, fond of horses and arms, with whom I am not ashamed to own community of faith.

After we left the Patriarch's we found a dreadful road. Our horses had literally to jump from one bit of rock to another; but I was told it might have been worse, for we were in the Kasrawán country, the worst in Syria. It consists of nothing but *débris* of rocks—fields, valleys, mountains, all of large jagged stones. The horses were dead beat long before we had half done our day's work, and we had to struggle forward on foot. Night found us still scrambling in the dark, worn out with fatigue and heat. I felt as if unable to make one more step. At last, about 9 p.m., we saw a light, and we hoped it was the camp. We had yet some distance to go, and when we reached it we found a wretched village of a few huts. It was so dark that we could not find our way into the shed-like dwellings. We had lost our camp altogether. At last, by dint of shouting, some men were brought out with a torch and welcomed us in. Tired as I was, I saw the horses all groomed, fed, watered, and tethered in a warm spot. We were able to eat a water-melon, and were soon sound asleep on our saddle-cloths "in the open."

Our old Dragoman, Hanna Misk, was as hard as a nail. He ate, drank, and slept when he could, and when he could not he was just as contented and never the worse. He and his Rahwan used to go any distance with their amble, and never took anything out of themselves. Every kindness, luxury, or consideration in the camp was always conceded to me, being a woman, and I tried to repay it upon the sick or the beasts, first out of humanity, and secondly that every man might feel content with his "mount."

The next morning's road was as bad, not for the time or the distance, but very little of the Kasrawán goes a long way,

both for man and beast. The scenery, however, was wild and beautiful. After a few hours we found our camp pitched in a lovely spot, Afka. There arose before us a steep wall of mountain, with picturesque rock caves, three waterfalls bounding out of them and joining the foaming, rushing river. The spot is called M'gharet Afka (Cave of the Nahr Ibrahim). It evidently represents the "sacred lake and grove" of Venus Aphacitis, which a modern writer places in "Cœle-Syria, between Biblos and Heliopolis, near the summit of Mount Lebanon"—an impossible situation. Pagan votaries used to throw into the cave water, which suggests the famous fountain of Vaucluse, gifts of gold, silver, and bronze; of linen and of "byssus," or fine cloth. The yearly festival was suppressed by Constantine.

Here we ought to have arrived last night, but neither man nor beast could have done it in the time. Here we breakfasted, and then resumed our second bad day in the Kasrawán. The horses were weak from unnatural action—I mean doing the work of goats, springing from ledge to ledge. We passed Arab black tents, and the dogs rushed out to defend their camp, when the Sais entrusted to carry my little gun was brutal enough to send it's contents into one of them, wounding without killing it. The poor beast ran yelping into his master's tent, who took him in his arms. It made my blood boil all the evening, and I should have been delighted if they had peppered him back. It was one of those cowardly acts which Syrians of his class commit. If he had been alone he would have been frightened to death of the Arabs, but under cover of Consular protection he took advantage to do an act of insolent cruelty. Passing other tents later, I stopped and bought a fine pup of Kurdish breed, and carried it on the saddle to our camp.

The next morning we rode to the top of Jebel Sunnin (above sea-level 8555 feet), one of the three highest points in Syria, and we had another six hours of the Kasrawán, which is what the Syrians call a "Darb Jehannum" (road of Gehenna). All this day I found what is commonly called the Jericho rose, and the ground was covered with what appeared small white snail shells. It was pleasantly cool, and there was a little Khan which gave the best leben I ever tasted. We were so thirsty that it seemed

as if we could never drink enough. I could not help laughing, after draining off my third bowl, when the poor woman, in spite of Arab courteousness and love of pressing one to eat and drink, was obliged to utter a loud "Máshálláh." We were still surrounded by amphitheatre-shaped mountains, with the points to the sea and Sidon. The sunset was splendid, and the air was cool and pleasant. We debated whether to camp or to go on, but the place was so tempting, in ledges of corn-field with a running stream, that we ended by remaining, and we were repaid by a charming evening. I doctored a poor girl with ophthalmia, and left with her remedies and directions. She came to see me afterwards, at Bludán, quite well.

August 3rd.—We rode quietly down the mountains, and my husband made a second ascent to another high point, a continuation of Sunnin (6825 feet high), called Jebel el Kunaysah. We enjoyed the grand view and the pleasant road, though it was as steep as a railway bank; and we came to another little Khan, where we breakfasted. On the descent we could perceive Zahleh, in a hollow, like eggs in a nest. It contains 12,000 or 13,000 of the fanatical fighting Catholics before mentioned. If the Druzes chose to plant guns round the edge of the nest, the poor eggs would be very soon smashed; but they fortunately have no cannon. The Zahleh men are a fine, brave race, and have always kept their independence; their town is the largest Christian settlement in Syria. It is pitched upon the two sides of a valley or ravine, the river and garden filling up the narrow floor. Being on the roots of the Lebanon, it has a good view of the Buká'a plain. The Anti-Lebanon, which rises on the opposite side, bounds its horizon. Miss Ellen Wilson, the lady I mentioned in connection with Miss Fanny James as being a lone, unprotected woman with a dangerous mission to perform, asked us to her house, and we accepted her hospitality instead of remaining in our tents. I wished to put her on a friendly footing with my co-religionists and our religious houses, and we went round and visited them together.

Miss Wilson had in her establishment a bright little girl, native of the Lebanon, born of Greek Orthodox parents—poor but respectable people of the agricultural class. They have a

large family of six children, for whom the father provides from vineyards, fields, or silk-worms. She was then about seventeen, the best native type of my own sex I have seen. She was particularly interesting to me, for she was then all Syrian nature revealed, with its virtues and faults budding. She wore her hair in two long, thick, black plaits, confined by a coloured kerchief; she had a pretty, round, baby face, with that peculiar flat back to the head, and immense length from the eyes to the chin, which some painters admire; large black eyes and long lashes, which were the beauty of her face, dark brown complexion, small nose, and big pouting lips, with two rows of large white teeth, which, until then, had never known or wanted a tooth-brush. The Syrian figure is not generally remarkable for beauty, like the Egyptian; in fact, perfect nature is rather angular. It is never teased by corsets, but only a tight-fitting simple cotton dress. The little girl accompanied me to the Turkish bath, which was most comfortable; the divan was laid out with white cloths for the *siesta* after it, and all the refinements of flowers, incense, lemonade, and coffee, and narghílehs were carried out, whilst the marble entrance was slightly darkened. There we sat and chatted in broken English and Arabic.

August 4th.—The Káim-makám (Governor), with the Kadi and his son, dined at Miss Wilson's with us, and some young men came up after dinner and recited complimentary verses in Arabic of their own composition. The Governor appeared to be well fitted for his very difficult post, and the Kadi was brother to our old friend, Dr. Meshaka.

August 5th.—Miss Wilson and I visited the Jesuits, a monastery of fifty or sixty fathers—Mr. Palgrave's old quarters. We then went to see Noah's tomb at Mu'allakah. It was in a room of 104 feet 10 inches long, 10 feet 2 inches broad, and 8 feet 3 inches high. The tomb itself was the same length as the room. If all were of those dimensions, I wonder how big the ark was? On our return we took the girls down to dine in our camp; that night poor Miss Wilson was taken ill with a fever, which, it appeared, had been through the school.

August 6th.—I went to the sacraments at the Maronite Chapel. We took coffee at the priest's house afterwards, and we then

visited the Governor's wife and all the notables—Umm Salim, Bayt Jeddaun, Bayt Abu Farah, and many others. We also inspected the Latin church and the bazars, and afterwards we received calls at the camp.

Sunday, August 7th.—The Káim-makám came with an escort to take me to High Mass at the Greek Church, after which we breakfasted at the Bishop's, a civilized and educated prelate. Here we met all the Church dignitaries. Then we went to the Súk, which, however, contained only vegetables. In the afternoon we had a Presbyterian service at the schools, and an Arab man-teacher preached. The Greek Church is very handsome, with marbles from Italy, paintings from Munich, and one fine Spanish Madonna. Zahleh has 18 churches, 11 schools, 700 scholars (Catholics), 16 corn-mills, and five telegraph-wires. There is only one Moslem family, and only one English person—Miss Wilson.

August 8th.—The girls dined in camp with us, and we had sword-dancing and music for them. Captain Burton was unfortunately seized suddenly with the fever, from which Miss Wilson had recovered, and had to lie down; his head, face, and neck were scarlet, and it was difficult to walk him up the hill, where we put him to bed and doctored him. I nursed him all night, and caught the complaint. I cannot say what we both suffered, in spite of every attention from everybody in the house.

Previous to my falling sick, Miss Wilson told me that my little friend who accompanied me to the bath had need of change of air, and that the Bludán air for a month would be good for her. By this time the girl and I had taken a mutual liking, and we were both glad of the offer. The only stipulation was, that she was never to be taken to a Catholic Church, and having made the promise, I have kept it in all honour. My husband soon shook off his fever; but I did not, and I fancied I could not get well unless I went home to Bludán, so at sunset on the 11th of August our horses were made ready. I was lifted out of bed and put in a litter. We wound out of the town, descended into the plain, and began to cross it. After an hour and a half I did so pity the men who had to carry my litter that I begged to be allowed to try to ride. I told Selím to be quiet. We went at foot's pace till

one o'clock a.m. in a bright moonlight across the plain. Then we passed rugged defiles, where once or twice the horses missed their footing, and struck fire out of the rocks in their struggles to hold up. At two in the morning I felt that I was going to drop out of my saddle, and cried for quarter. The tents were hastily half pitched, and we lay down on the rugs till daylight, when we started again, and reached Bludán before the sun was hot.

I felt so very happy to get home that I thought I was cured, but the next day parched skin, burning eye-balls, bursting head, dried tongue, throat, and chest, warned me back to bed, when a constant succession of fainting fits and a horror of food, lasted me three weeks. I would not take quinine, preferring to trust to my own good constitution. I believe that those strong remedies are the principal causes why many women come out of the tropics mere wrecks. I used to hear the incessant clatter of hoofs, and constant arrivals of people condoling with Captain Burton upon my death. I gathered that when I was carried out of Zahleh in the litter I lay so still that everybody thought my corpse was being carried home to be buried. The news had spread far and wide, and I had all the pleasure of hearing my own praises and lamentations.

CHAPTER XX.

DISAGREEABLES IN DAMASCUS—MY PATIENTS—CONSCRIPTION—VILLAGE SQUABBLES—MOUNTAIN LIFE AGAIN—VINEYARD HARVEST—MOSLEMS AND CHRISTIANS.

ABOUT this time the Bayt et Tell, one of the two Houses of Zebedani Shaykhs, came up to take refuge with us. They had been somewhat harshly made responsible for a defaulter, and, through enemies blowing up their coals, the Government had allowed soldiers to fetch them to the Diwán, which means to prison, till their case could be tried. The weather was fearfully hot. The confinement, and expense of getting food, would have been terrible. Rashíd Pasha was absent at Jerusalem, and left Holo Pasha acting Governor-General. A friendly note to him obtained the favour of the Bayt et Tell remaining at large, on our being responsible for their appearance when needful.

Upon the 26th of August, Captain Burton received at night, by a mounted messenger, the two following letters from Mr. Wright, Chief Missionary at Damascus (No. 2), and from Mr. Nasíf Meshaka, Chief Dragoman of the British Consulate (No. 1). I give them as they were written :—

No. 1.

DEAR SIR,

The Christians in Damascus are in great alarm ; most of them have left for Saidnayah, and others are about to leave elsewhere. Their alarm was occasioned from the following facts :—signs of crosses were made in the streets in the same way which preceded the massacre of 1860. On the 23rd instant a certain Mohammed Rashíd, a Government Inspector (Teftish), being in disguise, caught a young Jew, twelve years old, in the service of Solomon Donemberg, a British protected subject, making signs

of crosses in a cabinet of a mosque at Súk el Jedíd. Yesterday another young Jew, in the service of Marco, a French Jew, was caught also. Both of these two boys were taken to the Government; being under age, they were at once released by order of Mejlis Tamiz Hukúk. It is believed that the Moslems are the authors of these signs, either directly or indirectly, to stop the Government from taking the Redif (militia), which is managed in a very oppressive manner, that is, leaving many families without males to support them. Such kinds of Redif prefer rather to be hanged than seeing their harims without support or any one to maintain them in their absence. A certain Nicolas Ghartous, a Protestant from Ain Shara, reported to me yesterday that while waiting on Mr. Anhouri, near the barracks of the Christian quarter, being dressed like a Druze, three soldiers of the same barracks came to him and said, "Yakík el 'ijl," a technical term used by the Druzes meaning, "Are you ready for another outbreak?" Ghartous replied, "We are at your disposal." The soldiers replied, "Prepare yourself, and we will reap our enemies from here to the Báb Sharki" (the Christian quarter), and thus they departed. Hatem Ghanem, a Catholic member in the Haurán, came here to recover some money due to him by Atta Zello of the Meydán Aghas. While claiming the money he was beaten, and his religion and Cross were cursed by his debtor, who was put in prison at the request of the Catholic Patriarchate. Twenty to thirty Redifs of the Meydán ran away to the Lejá'a, to take refuge there. The Redifs will be collected next Saturday, the 27th instant, some say at the Castle of Damascus, others at Khabboon and Mezzeh. The report is current that on that day there will be no work in town, and that there will be an outbreak. Although Ibrahim Pasha, the new Governor, arrived on the 22nd instant, he will not undertake his duties till the return of the Wali. The Government, as well as some Frenchmen, through M. Roustan, who is now at Jerusalem, intend to propose to the Wali to leave Holo Pasha to continue occupying his present function under the present circumstances. The Mushir left on the 19th instant. The Wali is absent. The Muffetish, whom you know his inefficiency, is the Acting Governor-General. Consuls are absent (that is the French and English). The presence of the high Functionaries, and especially the Consuls, is a great comfort to the Christians in general.

No. 2.

My Dear Sir,

I have just got in from Rasheiya, and before I sat down several Christians and one Moslem came in to ask if I knew what was coming. They seemed to be very much afraid; but, except that people don't act

logically, I see no reason for fear. The fear, however, does seem *very* great. I know nothing. Any English of us here should be ready at the worst to fight our corner. Many thanks for your prompt action in our affairs. It is something to have

> "One firm, strong man in a blatant land,
> Who can act and who dare not lie."

It appeared that one of those eruptions of ill feeling which are periodical and epidemic in Damascus, resulting from so many religions, tongues, and races, was about to simmer into full boil. The chief hatred is between the Moslems and Christians; the rest are fond of stirring up both, for they reap all the benefit. It appeared that a slaughter-day was expected on the 27th of August—all the chief authorities, by an accidental combination of affairs, were absent, as well as the Consuls, and therefore there would be nobody to interfere, and nobody to be made responsible. This was the night of the 26th. Captain Burton and I in ten minutes made all our plans and arrangements, then saddled the horses and cleaned the weapons. We had never before been in a Damascus riot, but we supposed it would be like the famous affair of 1860. He would not take me into Damascus, because, as he said, *he* intended to protect Damascus, and he wanted me to protect Bludán and Zebedani. The feeling that I had something to do took away all my fever, and though I was before crawling about, I was now as upright and strong as a palm tree. In the night I accompanied him down the mountain. He took half the men, and left me half. When we got into the plain we shook hands like two brothers and parted. Tears or any display of affection would have cost us our reputation.

He rode in four and a half hours to Damascus, put up his horse, and got to business. When he stated what he had heard, the local authorities showed extreme surprise. He was on the best of terms with them all, and therefore said laughingly, "Now, gentlemen, which of you is to be hanged if this thing is not prevented? Mind, it will cost you Syria, and unless measures are taken at once, I must telegraph to Constantinople." This had the desired effect. "What," they asked, "would you have us to do?" He said, "I would have you post a guard of soldiers in every street, order a patrol all night, and I will go the rounds with

Holo Pasha. Let the soldiers be harangued in the barracks, and told that on the slightest sign of mutiny the offenders will be sent to the Danube (their Cayenne). Issue an order that no Jew or Christian shall leave the house until all is quiet." All these measures were taken by eight o'clock a.m., and continued for three days; not a drop of blood was shed, and the flocks of frightened Christians who had fled to the mountains began to come back. There is no doubt but that my husband saved Damascus from a very unpleasant episode. Messrs. Wright and Scott, the Dragomans, and a few staunch souls who remained quietly with him, appreciated his conduct, and he received many thanks from those on the spot. But the feeling between Beyrout and Damascus is, as I have said, curious. Nearly all the Christians and Europeans had tried to leave, and the *diligence* was so much in request that a friend of mine could not get a seat for three weeks. Yet these people, as soon as they sighted the Mediterranean, blatantly vociferated, "Oh, we were not at all frightened! There was no danger whatever." One gentleman, who had lived for seven years safely on the coast, and who had then never ventured up to Damascus in his life, wrote me a pleasantly chaffing letter, "hoping I had recovered my fever and fright," and giving Captain Burton and myself instructions how to behave with coolness in times of danger. I need not say that he was a civilian whose dislike to the "smell of powder" is notorious.

After I had parted with my husband I climbed back to my eyrie, which commanded the country, and as long as the ammunition lasted we could defend ourselves, unless overpowered by numbers. Of course, as it was my first year in Damascus, I had not the slightest idea what was going to happen, except by the horrible accounts my friends gave me of the massacre of 1860. But flying and excited stragglers dropped in every few hours, and from what they said you would have supposed, at least, that Damascus was deluged in blood, and therefore expected that it would spread all over the country like a fire, and that eventually crowds of Moslems would surge up to exterminate us. I often laugh at all my preparations; but yet, even now, knowing Syria as well as I do, if I were living in any part of it, except at the Beyrout side of the Lebanon, which is always safe, if I were told

that I was going to be attacked I should do exactly the same, and be glad to find that it was a false alarm. Twenty times you are threatened and it is a case of "wolf;" the twenty-first time you do not believe it, you are not ready, and are killed. Firstly, I collected every available weapon, and all the ammunition. I had five men in the house: to each one I gave a gun, a revolver, and a bowie knife. I put one on the roof with a pair of elephant guns, carrying four ounce balls, and a man to each of the four sides of the house, taking the terrace myself. I planted the Union Jack on the flag-staff at the house top. I turned my bull terriers into the garden to give notice of any approach. I locked up my little Syrian girl, who was naturally frightened, being a Christian and very young, in the safest room. My English maid, who was as brave as any man, was to supply us with provisions, attend to our wants, and be generally useful. When everything was done, I consulted with our old Afghan Kawwass, Mohammed Agha, and he agreed with me that if they surged up in hundreds against our house we could not keep them off long with our small arms, so we filled all the empty soda-water bottles full of gunpowder, and laid fusees ready to stick in and light, to fling them in amongst the crowd. I then rode down to the American mission, and begged them to come up and shelter with me; and then into the village of Bludán to tell the Christians to come up to me on the slightest sign of danger; and, lastly, to Zebedani, whose population is nearly all Moslem. I gave the same offer of shelter and protection to the handful of Christians of both churches here, in the event of any sign of trouble. I rode on to the Shaykhs' and asked them how things would be if the news proved true, and the Moslems were to rise in our part of the country. They told me that there would be a fight. "Our half of the village will fight with you and yours," they said; "the other half will destroy the Christians here and at Bludán. It would be doubtful if they attack your house; but if matters are so bad as that, they shall pass over our dead bodies, and those of all our House, before they reach you." A brave speech, and kindly meant, but if anything had happened I should have been to the fore. Every night the chief Shaykh and his brothers came up and picketed in the garden, but I would not for the world have let them think that I wanted their protection

against their co-religionists, and I only allowed it on the ground that they were permitted by the authorities to go free on my husband's responsibility. However, we waited and watched, we watched and waited, but no one came, except more flying stragglers with exaggerated news. I was never destined to do anything worthy of my ancestor, Lady Blanche Arundell, who defended Wardour Castle, for one midnight a mounted messenger rode in with a letter from my husband, saying that all was well, but that he would not be home for a week. During the three days we were in suspense a very large vulture kept perpetually hovering over our house and sitting on the tops of the trees. The people said it was a bad omen, and I fetched my little gun, though I rather begrudged the cartridge just then, and when it was out of what they call reach, I had the good luck to bring it down. This gave them great comfort, and a boy climbed the tallest tree and hung the dead bird to it.

The following days were passed in small rides about the mountains, sometimes a long pic-nic in the mountains with my usual train, learning Arabic under shady trees by bubbling streams, or sitting in the vineyards eating grapes with the peasants. These villagers seldom kill sheep during winter, so they begin early to provide for cold weather. A flock is driven in by the Kurd shepherds, and those who want to buy choose one or two, the brown being considered the best. Each marks the sheep of his choice. If he has the means, the buyer fattens the sheep himself, but if he has not, the shepherd fattens it, and when it is killed they divide it. To fatten the wether, they tie it up in an outhouse, and it must not be frightened or startled, and feed it on fine grass and vine leaves for ten weeks. The first month it does not put on much flesh; the last month they force it to eat, and girls sit all day stuffing it with mulberry leaves, and giving it salt, onions, flour or bran; they also bathe it twice a day. The Syrian sheep have a different tail from ours, more like a large flap of meat. An Eastern, when he sees English mutton without tails, thinks we have cut them off to eat. This appendage weighs 7 Ratls (about 35lbs.), and the body about 28 Ratls (or 175lbs.) altogether. When the sheep is cut up for use, they melt the tail like butter, and the proceed looks like white lard. They chop

it very fine with two knives, like mince, and put it and all the fat in a big saucepan to dissolve. They cut the lean in slices, and hang the meat on ropes. It must all be done by "a pure man living on grapes," whatever that may mean. He must also neither smoke nor drink; he adds pepper and salt to the butter, boils it till clarified, and lets it cool. He prepares earthenware jars, with large mouths—boiled first in ashes, water, and fig leaves to cleanse them. He pours in the grease cool, till three-quarters full, the third part is filled with pepper to keep off animals, and covered with leaves. They then lute it with clay till it is wanted—this in winter is used instead of butter and meat, and they eat it in alternate layers of dried meat and fat, cooked together.* The first cost of the sheep is 180 or 200 piastres (100 piastres is 16 shillings), and, with economy, one wether so prepared will last a large family three months, though I think it is rather a case of "bread and point."

We went through the grape cure for a fortnight, *i.e.*, eating nothing but bread and grapes. I saw my patients as usual for two hours a day. People say that it is a very risky thing for amateurs to practise medicine; but I found that with some natural instinct about medicine, and a few good books, by dint of daily experience, by never using any but the simplest remedies, and not those unless I was quite sure of the nature of the illness, that I managed to do a great deal of good. I found that native doctors killed numbers, whereas I not only did not kill but cured. When a case was too complicated for me, I used to put the invalid on a mule, and send him down with a man to Beyrout, fifteen hours away. Our garden presented the strangest scene in the afternoon—fever patients making wry faces over quinine wine, squalling babies guggling oil, paralytic and rheumatic Bedawin being shampooed, and gouty old women having joints painted with iodine. One day I was late, and a Syrian girl, who had watched me like a monkey, and thought she knew all about it, ventured to administer doses to an old woman and a child; it resulted that the child drank the eye-wash, and the old woman rubbed her eyes with the oil of the male-fern, but I never heard

* My husband tells me that this is the well-known "kavurmeh," which, as travelling food, ranks with the North American "pemmican."

that they were much injured. They used to come to me for the most curious things. Perhaps one would point at his head. "Do speak, O thou silent one, I am not inspired." He might answer, "In the morning my heart goes round like that, and in the evening it goes round like that," making a circle with his hand like a wheel in different directions. They always speak of the heart instead of the stomach or the chest. "Kalbi bi-yuja'a," ("My heart hurts me") is the commonest complaint. Whoever wants to be charitable here must keep a chemist's shop in the house, well stocked with English drugs, packed in tins to prevent the sea and climate affecting them; and whoever wishes to succeed, must multiply an English dose by four. My husband often, when he saw me unhesitatingly give a large dose, used to exclaim in an agony, "I know you will kill somebody." However, these are the only cases who slipped through my fingers.

A fine, strong young mountaineer, who had breakfasted on two Ratls (4 or 5 lbs.) of unripe mishmush (apricots) at the mountain spring, and immediately showed cholera symptoms, was ill for seven hours when they sent for me. I found him clinging to the beams of the shanty, and literally shaking its walls, crying, "For the love of Allah, save me, save me!" But it was too late; all my efforts were unavailing, and he expired at the end of an hour.

The second was a small boy of two years old. His father, a Jew, begged me for some medicine, and carried it home; but he yielded to his fanatical neighbours, and conceived a prejudice to a Christian tumbler and Christian drugs. I said to him, "Your boy will die if he does not drink that;" but, religion getting the better of him, he dashed the tumbler and contents to the ground rather than defile his child. The boy did die at the hour I said, and the poor father has never forgiven himself. He was an only son, and that, to an Oriental Jew, was much like Isaac to Abraham.

The third was a poor youth who showed symptoms of cholera. I was not sent for till he was almost blue-black, and he expired before I raised the cup to his lips.

I received, however, a very equivocal compliment one day. A poor woman came to me to beg for medicines, and described her symptoms; the doctor was with me, but she did not know him.

He said in French, "Don't give her anything but a little effervescing magnesia. I won't have anything to do with her; it is too late, and it risks reputation." I did as he bade me, simply not to seem unkind. At twelve next day I sent to inquire after her; she was not better nor worse, but at four p.m. I was told she was dead and buried.

Soon afterwards a young man, about twenty, came to me, and said, "Ya Sitti! will you give me some of that nice white bubbling powder for my grandmother, that you gave to Umm Saba the day before yesterday. She is so old, and has been in her bed these three months, and will neither live nor die."

"Oh, thou wicked youth," I answered; "begone from my house. I did but give Umm Saba a powder to calm her sickness, but it was too late to save her, and it was the will of Allah that she should die."

Once a girl sent for me to a village, saying she had broken her leg. I had a litter constructed, hired men, and went down, meaning to send her to Beyrout. When I came near the place I met her walking. "How can you be walking with a broken leg?" With many tears she showed me a scratch on her knee that an English baby would not have cried for.

Some would come and ask me for a medicine to make them young again. Others had spots on their faces, others a sun-burnt patch. Several women wanted me to make them like Sarah of old. I gently reminded them of their ages, and that I thought no medicines or baths or doctors could avail.

"My age?" one screamed; "why, what age do you take me to be?"

"Well," I replied with politeness, "perhaps you might be sixty." (She might have been seventy-five.)

"I am only twenty-five," she said, in a very hurt tone of voice.

"Well, then, I must congratulate you on your early marriage, for your youngest daughter is seventeen, and she is working in my house."

When a child is born to a house, the mother keeps her bed, drinking strong pepper-water, eating chicken diet, and not washing her hands or face for forty days. The child goes through many wonderful operations, which are supposed to

make it strong and healthy, and the skin inpervious to chafes. Firstly, the nurse puts her finger down its throat to clear the passage, cracks all its joints, and moves all its limbs about in a gymnastic fashion; then she swaddles it. She boils sea-salt till it is very strong brine, and lets it cool. On the second day she washes the baby in this liquor, and when dry she mixes oil and Rihan (basil), and glues every joint, with the idea that it will never be sore afterwards, and powders it with basil. She then kohls its eyes. These operations are in full vigour for eight days, and even for a month.

On the 3rd September the Russian Consul, M. Ionin, the pleasant colleague who went to Tudmur with us, came to pay us a visit. It was at this time that Holo Pasha sent me the leopard so often mentioned, as a mark of his esteem and appréciation of my husband's efforts in helping him to quiet Damascus. The people called him Abu Fáris (father of the horseman), because this animal, like the Indian cheetah, is used for hunting deer, and is usually carried on the rider's crupper. He grew in size and beauty, and became my dearest pet. He had bold, bad black eyes, that seemed to say, "Be afraid of me." He soon learned to know he was not to worry any of the household, but he delighted in fighting all my animals, particularly my Persian cat. There was an armed peace between him and the bull-terriers. He used to sleep on my bed, and on one occasion an English stranger, not knowing the house, walked into my room at *siesta* time, and found me asleep, with the leopard curled up on my feet. He ran off in a fright to my husband, to beg him to come quickly with his gun.

The "Nimr" used to hunt me round the garden, playing hide and seek in the trees. I always got the worst of it, but when he bit too hard I used to box his ears, which kept him quiet.

His end was that he worried the same baker who was once before bitten by the terriers, and who must have had something uncanny about him that brutes saw and humans did not. I shall always remain under the impression that Abu Fáris was poisoned out of fear by the villagers. When in the height of his beauty, he was playing one day in the garden; a Shaykh was paying me a visit under the lemon trees, and admired him much, and said, "I

have often killed the Nimr in the Desert, but now that I see how it can be tamed, and how beautiful it is, I shall never be able to kill one again." Shortly afterwards he withered away, and nothing I did appeared to do him any good. He always lay amongst the horses for warmth, and one evening, about a fortnight after he had been ill, when I went round to take the last look at the stables, he crawled from under Selím, and put his paw up to me. I sat down on the ground, and took him in my arms like a child, and in about half an hour he died.

September 4th.—We went off in a body at daylight, to accompany the Russian Consul on his way to Beyrout. This is the second European officer with whom the Governor-General has quarrelled, and whom he has succeeded in removing. M. Pilastri, Italian Consul, was the first, and he was only too glad to exchange for pestilential Bombay. It is now M. Ionin's turn, and possibly ours may come next. The Wali is strongly supported by Aali Pasha, the fanatical and Christian-hating Grand-Vizier—now (1872) defunct; and whilst the Turks support their *employés*, European nations show their justice and liberality by throwing over men who cause trouble or give offence by doing their duty. The fault lies, however, not at home; all depends upon the representations made by the Consul-General at Beyrout, whose interests are mostly synonymous with those of the Wali in keeping down the Consuls at the Capital, to the Ambassadors at Constantinople, who are more or less obliged to trust to reports, not being on the spot to know the truth, and who are not in direct communication with Damascus, and who should always be men who know no timidity or weakness.

September 10th.—The Redíf, or conscription, was in full force. Said Beg, a gentlemanly and enlightened Turkish officer, came round with a little Turkish subordinate. The Bludán village begged me to intercede for them. They told me that the whole community produced only twenty-five men, and that if these were taken they would starve. I rode down to Zebedani, to see these officers, who were quartered at the Shaykhs'. The sub. was there when I arrived, and received me sitting, with as much contempt as if I had been the village cat. I immediately seated myself and did not address him. The old Afghan Kawwass came up

boiling with rage, and saluting me said, "If he does not get up in two minutes, Sitti, I shall give him the kurbash (cow-hide whip)." "Not so," I replied; "but wait till his superior officer comes in." Presently a rustle was heard, and all put themselves in respectful attitudes to receive Said Beg. My little Syrian girl said to me, in an agitated tone, showing the attitude of the Christian before the Moslem, "Rise, Sitti, to receive the Beg!" "I rise" (said aloud, and somewhat pompously) "only for the Sultan." Presently Said Beg appeared, came straight over to me, kissed my hand with all the courtesy of a French gentleman, and, asking leave to sit by me, conversed with me for some time. This comforted the Kawwass, who thought I had been grossly insulted by the sub.; he came forward and saluted the Mir Alai, and told him how I had been received. The little man was ordered out of the room at once. I conclude he misbehaved elsewhere, as shortly afterwards Said Beg refused to employ him. I invited the Beg and all his suite to breakfast with my husband and myself. This was accepted, and I told him my trouble about Bludán. "Only twenty-five men," he remarked, gaily; "well, it would be a shame to touch them—and then they are your *protégés;* when I pass your village I will turn a blind eye to it." And so he did.

I did not then know what I learned afterwards, that Bludán being a Greek village, Said Beg could not have taken recruits from it. This is a fair sample of how Syrians like to keep you constantly at work using your influence in their behalf, usefully or uselessly, to bring themselves into notice. Said Beg's courtesy was not less pleasing on this account. He knew I was deceived, and under either aspect he would have behaved like a gentleman.

About this time, Miss Wilson sent to fetch away her Syrian girl; but an hour after we left Zahleh she had told me that she never meant to go back there. I assured her that it was against all rule for an English lady to go to the house of another and tamper with her dependants, and that it would put me in a very awkward position. She replied that she was determined to remain with me, or go home to her father. I explained the affair to Miss Wilson, who was naturally hurt, she having been like a second mother to the little girl; and I greatly admired the temper and

resignation with which Miss Wilson met her disappointment. So she became part of my establishment. I have discharged my duties, in every detail, to the best of my power and with sincere affection for four years. I little knew when I undertook it what an awful responsibility it was to take an Eastern girl—another man's child—from under her father's roof and protection, away from her own land and the laws she has been accustomed to, to bring her to England, and a life in Continental towns. My attempt at benevolence is, I believe, rewarded by a faithful affection. It has taught me what the emancipation of the Syrian woman means, and what results it would bring to the world. If I am the means of her making a happy marriage, and I live to see her doing good in her own land to her own people, my object will be attained, and I shall be well repaid for my labours and anxieties.

September 13th.—Rain fell, and we were so unused to it, that when the animals in the garden felt it they began to gallop as if mad with fright. A day of ill-luck. We expected a muleteer with a load of provisions, some bottles of porter, found with great difficulty at Beyrout, and some fruit, eggs, and wine. He did arrive, but alone. He told us that his mule had dropped down dead, and all the things had been lost. It seemed so improbable that we detained him, and sent a Kawwass on horseback to the spot described; and true enough the mule was dead upon the road, the bottles of porter and wine were broken, and the eggs and fruit were all a pulp. He was too unfortunate to punish, so we had to bear this gift of the "unlucky thirteenth" as best we could, and help him to buy another mule.

Although it may be said that everything was quiet, still there was a lurking ill-feeling between Moslems and Christians ever ready to boil over. I made a point, since the 27th of August, of always riding down to Mass at Zebedani with a large train, as our presence encouraged the Christians, and gave them a little security. The Moslems were particularly respectful; they always rose up to salute in passing, and the Shaykhs even asked to accompany me to Mass. When they entered a murmur arose amongst the Christians — such a foolish proceeding on the part of fifty miserable dependants, among so many thousands. I said to my co-religionists, "The Shaykhs pay us a great compliment by wish-

ing to attend our Church and hear our service. If you have the bad taste to object, I shall remain outside also." What seemed to elicit the loudest Máshálláhs was that the small Christian acolyte boys could read, sing, and chaunt the epistles from the book. They carried their good taste so far as to watch everything I did, and do the same, even to the eating of the "brioche," the "bread of peace," not the Sacrament. I make this explanation because even so educated a lady as Miss W., when asked to dip her hand into the brioche basket, thought she was being invited to partake of our Sacrament. To the fanatical and uneducated Catholics her refusal meant, "I will not eat the bread of peace and good will with you." One Moslem woman asked to have the gospel read over her son's head. I fancy the idea was that the child would become my god-son.

Every now and then there was a fight between a Moslem and a Christian. If my husband was absent they used to come and ask me to settle the differences. "We would rather come to you than go to the Diwán with our quarrel, for you have only one eye (meaning you see straight and justly), and one tongue, and you don't want bakshísh to back up the richest." My reply was, "If I settle your quarrel, will you promise to abide by my decision, even if I punish one or both of you?" "Yes, we will; we have tried you, and you have always been right." Then I used to settle it. This was made use of against my husband by some official enemy, "that I set myself up as a justice." I did no more than I would have done if I were Lady Bountiful at Grundy Castle-on-the-sea, in England, and were asked by villagers to settle a dispute, instead of going to the local magistrate. It is as charitable and useful an action to be a peace-maker as to feed the hungry or nurse the sick.

I will give a few samples of the sort of quarrels that took place. One day, at this time, a Moslem let his cows into a Christian's orchard. I asked the Christian what his orchard was worth.

"So much."

"Is that your only means of subsistence?"

"Yes."

To the Moslem: "You know that what this Christian says is true?"

"Yes; I do."

"How many cows had you?"

"So many."

"What are they worth?"

"So much."

"What are your means of living?"

"So many cows, so many orchards, so many vineyards."

"How many cows were in this poor man's orchard?"

"So many."

"And the damage done is so much?"

To the Christian: "Is all this true?"

"Quite true, Sitti."

To the Moslem: "Well, then, you must give so many cows to this poor man, the equivalent of what you have deprived him of."

It was done, and they both went away content.

Witnesses are sometimes necessary, but, as they can be bought for twenty piastres, or less, it is much better to make both enemies agree, if you can, upon the truth of each other's statements.

One day a Moslem woman and a Christian man fell out about a chicken. The man tore off the woman's ear, stole her gold ornaments, and beat her black and blue. They both arrived covered with blood—she, also, had managed to injure his features with a stone whilst she was being beaten. They accused each other so violently that at first I could not understand them; but as they asked me to settle their quarrel, and promised to abide by whatever punishment I chose, after hearing all sides, and the swarms of witnesses who crowded up out of the village, the man proved to be evidently in fault. It was so cowardly, and such provocation from a Christian to a Moslem woman at such an awkward moment. I asked the Shaykh of the village, who has the power of punishing, to give the offender a week's prison, but to see that he was fed at my expense. And he went to prison willingly, because he had consented to abide by my decision. When he came out he had to apologize to the woman, to restore her ornaments, and to give her some money, which I supplied for the purpose. They were the most quarrelsome people, up in that peaceful looking village, I ever saw, and sometimes our

garden was like Bedlam; but my acting "justice of peace" prevented small affairs becoming big ones, and saved long and troublesome petty trials at the Diwán.

Their ideas of equity were amusing. Zubaydah, the widow of a deceased Kawwass, a curious woman, for whom I have a regard, considers herself a British subject. She owns a share of a garden worth 950 piastres, out of the total value of 1200; and a poor Fellah has another part of 250. Neither can afford to buy the whole garden, so they offer it for sale, each to receive his or her own portion. She wants me to get somebody to put the Fellah in prison till he can pay her the 950, and take the garden off her hands. He wants me to compel some person, by force, to buy the garden from them at 1200 piastres. If I were the harím of an Eastern, they would manage it by expending much of it as "bakshísh." If I let them go to the Diwán, in one week they will own neither piastres nor garden; so the shortest way is to give the Fellah work, and to let him earn the 950 piastres to pay to Zubaydah, to keep the garden, and to make a livelihood out of it for his family.

One day, when my husband was away, they brought me a wild boar. I was sorely tempted, being in want of meat at times, but I had been too well trained to risk our reputation by eating pig in the sight of Moslems and Jews. So I exclaimed, "Take away that unclean food from my pure home," and I had the place washed where it had lain. Nevertheless I hungered and thirsted after brawn and rashers of bacon. We gave in entirely to these prejudices, a proceeding which may do good, and which cannot do harm. Besides, Moslems sometimes punish Christians by subjecting strange meats to strange indignities.

September 27th.—All my household, and the principal people of Bludán and Zebedani, went in a body for a pic-nic to the sources of the Barada. We had a Jerid in the plain. We stayed during the great heat in the black tents of the Arabs, who danced and sang, and made impromptu verses in our honour—a practice in which they excel. They have the art of saying the prettiest things in your praise without seeming to wish you to hear it.

When Bedawin dance for you, the men will either form line or

a squad, like soldiers. They plant the right foot in time to tom-tom music, with a heavy tread and exclamation like that used by our street menders when the crowbar comes down with a thud upon the stones: when they are numerous it sounds like the advance of an army. At last they burst out into song, which is impromptu, and varies every time, but I give a literal translation of that sung to-day.

"Máshálláh! Máshálláh! At last we have seen a man!
Behold our Consul in our Shaykh!
Who dare to say 'good-morning' us (save Allah) when he rules?
Look at him, look at the Sitt!
They ride the Arab horses!
They fly before the wind!
They fire the big guns!
They fight with the sword!
Let us follow them all over the earth!"
(*Chorus.*) "Let us follow, let us follow," etc., etc.

September 29th (Michaelmas Day).—We had no goose nor any meat, except a hedgehog which the dogs caught and killed. The Arabs roll it round in the mud, dig a hole, put hot braise into it, and bake it; the mud and the prickly skin come off, and the flesh is as tender as a young partridge's. In England it is gipsy food, and I can only say that the Rommany knows what is good. The flesh, however, like porcupine, is somewhat dry, and requires basting with butter or mutton fat.

September 30th.—Our cook fell ill. One of the dogs had snapped at his finger, and his hand and arm swelled up to a fearful size. He would not see any but an Arab doctor. I sent for the best quack and a priest, and sat up night after night trying to keep down fever. The case was beyond my skill, and he became worse and worse. I implored him to let me send him in a litter to Beyrout, but he would not hear of it.

It is now the vineyard harvest, the prettiest possible sight; it is so pleasant to sit amongst the vines, to eat grapes, and to talk to the people. When I think of the difficulty of the poor little bunch of grapes in England, and I look upon these baskets the size of a bath, dropping over with large, luscious ripe fruit, each berry as big as a damson, both purple and white, with a

crisp taste, and the bloom on, I long to send a balloon full to you in England. The people give me a basket constantly. Here the vines are pegged down to the ground, and cover large tracts. The owner or his family live with them night and day, and make loud noises to keep off wild beasts. This is done by striking a kind of jar, with a bit of parchment or skin drawn tight over it, like a drum.

Whilst the ill-feeling was simmering between Christians and Moslems, I rode down as usual to Zebedani to hear Mass, attended only by one servant, Habíb el Jemayl, a strong, brave boy of twenty, a Maronite of the Lebanon, who was devoted to his master and to me. I should not have feared to go alone, because, from my husband's position and his influence in the country, anybody knowing that I belonged to him would have been afraid to molest me, even had they wished. Moreover, I had acquired the love and respect of the people, by my daily devotion to their necessities. My chief difficulty was to pass through the crowd that came to kiss my hand, or even my habit. This is a boastful saying, and would I were not bound to say it, but it must be, because my husband's official enemies misreported the facts home, and it has gone forth to the world that I flogged and shot the people. Many men despise a contemptible foe, but he was a wise man who said, "If you knew the value of an enemy, you would buy him up with gold." I have now an opportunity of stating what did occur, to lay bare the cocoon from which some person has spun for me a mantle full of thorns. If I am over sensitive, pity me, for it hurts nobody but myself.

Zebedani, I have said, is divided between two houses, who, after a small fashion, may be called the local Capulets and Montagues—the Bayt et Tell, the good and friendly Shaykhs, and the Bayt el Z., a rich and lawless house. Between these two exists a blood-feud. You do not realize in England what that means. There is a quarrel between two families in which blood is drawn: after that it is a point of honour that one should watch the other in order to kill one every time they go out, on the principle of retribution, like "having the last word." This is called "Thár," and it not only involves families, but sometimes villages and tribes. The blood-feud, renewed after long intervals,

and on all great occasions, may last for centuries. It is sanctioned by the Korán: "O! true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you for the slain: the free shall die for the free." The Arab regards this revenge as his most sacred right and duty. His saying is, "Were hell fire to be my lot I would not relinquish the Thár." As the Bayt el Z. was a turbulent family, who killed the mules, destroyed the vineyards, worried the poor, and were the general bullies of the country, they were very troublesome to the Government, and it has been an old custom for the British Consulate to be friendly with the Tell Shaykhs.

One day I sent Habíb on an errand by another way, and rode alone through the village. As usual, every one rose up and saluted me, and I was joined by several native Christians. Suddenly Hasan, one of the Z.'s, a young man of about twenty-two, put himself before my horse and said, "What fools you Fellahín are to salute this Christian woman; I will show you how to treat her." This was an insult. I reined in my horse; the natives dropped on their knees begging of him to be appeased, and kissing my hands, which meant, "For Allah's sake bear it patiently, we are not strong enough to fight for you. We are afraid of him, and yet we like you so much we don't want you to be insulted."

By this time a crowd had collected. "What is the meaning of this?" I asked. "It means," he replied, "that I want to raise the devil to-day, and I will pull you off your horse and duck you in the water. I am a Beg and you are a Beg. Salute me." You in England cannot comprehend the extent of the insult when an Eastern says this much to an Englishwoman. Fortunately Habíb had heard some noise, galloped up as fast as he could, and seeing how I was engaged, thought I was attacked, and flew to the rescue. Six men flung themselves upon him, and during the struggle his pistol, or rather blunderbuss, went off, and an ounce ball whizzed past our heads to lodge in a plaster wall. It might have shot me as well as Hasan. The natives all threw themselves on the ground, as they often do when there is shooting. The brother of Hasan, a steady fellow, dragged him away. I rode on amid the curses of the Z. family upon Habíb and myself. "We will follow you," they said, "with sticks and stones and

guns, and to-night we will come in a party to burn your house, and whenever we meet an English son of a pig we will kill him." "I thank you for your warning," I said; "and you may be quite sure I shall not forget you." I went home, and waited till night to see if any apology would be offered, but none came. But the Shaykhs came up, and the priest, and a Christian *employé* who was collecting the Ushr (the tenth), and nearly all the Christians with one appeal said, "If you do not notice this, God help us; we must leave our homes—we are too few, and dare not stay there."

Having waited a reasonable time, I wrote an account of the affair to Damascus. The Wali, who at that time was not ill-disposed towards my husband, behaved like a gentleman. Next day, when it was too late—I suppose they had wind of my last step—Saleh Z., the father of the youth Hasan, accompanied by the Emir Harfúsh and by fifty of the principal people, came up to beg my pardon. I treated them with the honours due to their several ranks; but I stood, and kept the others standing, and offered no pipes nor coffee. I observed that the young culprit and some of his male relatives were far from being sorry, but that his father and brother, well-disposed men, had forced him and others to come and apologize. I therefore coldly replied that had they come yesterday the insult might have been atoned for, but that now the affair was in the hands of others, and must take its course.

I then dismissed them, but invited the Emir Harfúsh to remain with me, which he did, and discussed the matter over coffee the best part of the afternoon.

At night arrived at Zebedani a company of soldiers and two officials—Hanna Shalhúp of the Diwán, and Isma'íl Beg, Chief of Police; all quartered themselves on the Z.'s, already a punishment. I knew nothing of it in Bludán till the morning, when our old Afghan Kawwass told me that they had arrived with orders from the Wali to burn and sack the house. I was in my saddle in five minutes, and accompanied by all the men servants and the people of Bludán, hastened down to Zebedani. Before I reached the town I found the soldiers drawn up in a line to salute me. The two officials were more than kind and courteous. Every soul in Zebedani turned out on foot or on horseback to greet me, and all the surrounding villagers who had heard the

news flocked in. I asked Mohammed, the Kawwass, the object of this grand ovation. "That is for you, Sitti, because everybody is so pleased with you, and because everybody is glad at the discomfiture of the Z.'s."

We went to the Shaykhs' house, where I remained with Hanna Shalhúp and Ismaí'l Beg. I told them exactly what had occurred, and I expressed great regret that the pistol had gone off in the scuffle, as there had been no intention of using firearms. Isma'il Beg replied, "I only wish you had shot him; you would have rid the country of a bully, and the Government of great anxiety." Then I said to him, "Our Kawwass has told me that you have come to burn and sack the house. You surely will not do so; I could never get over such a thing. The Wali has, I am sure, sent you only to teach the people that his friends—and strangers too—are not to be insulted with impunity. I had an apology yesterday, and am quite satisfied, but in order to calm the fears of these Christians, and that the Z.'s may not boast that no notice was taken of their insult, I hope you will administer some slight punishment, for example's sake, to Hasan, who began the quarrel. They will have had fright enough at seeing how seriously the matter has been taken at Head-quarters."

The officers demurred very much at doing so little, but at last they assented to my request. But instead of taking only the original culprit, they led off eleven who had excited the people. The villagers gave information only too gladly, and then they departed with their prisoners, who were condemned by the Diwán to six weeks of jail. I shall finish the story to the end, for it has a happy *revers de la medaille.* The term of punishment, during which the family often interceded, passed away. My husband would not move in the matter; he said the affair was the Wali's, not his, and that he would not be justified in interfering. The Governor-General added, "I don't care to let them out to begin all over again." At the end of some time, however, at my repeated entreaties, he discharged them. They confessed their fault, saying, "We even did more than what you accused us of."

To finish the story, the following summer I went back to Bludán, and the Z. family called upon me, and asked me to be friends with them. I saw a chance of doing one good thing for

that neighbourhood, so I said to them, "We will be friends with you, and very staunch friends, but I must make a condition—perhaps the hardest I can ask you." They swore by the Prophet that whatever I asked them they would do. Then I said, "Make up your quarrel with the Shaykhs' house. Bury your Thár, and on such a day you will both come to our house and embrace, and we will all eat bread and salt together." They agreed, and I had no difficulty with the Shaykhs. The meeting took place three times—first at our house, neutral ground, then at the Z.'s, lastly at the Shaykhs'. Before I left Syria they were on the most comfortable terms, which, I hope, lasted after our departure. All the turmoil of that neighbourhood was at an end, and both vied with us in being good to the poor and protecting the handful of Christians. They often said, "If in future times any disturbance occurs, we will remember you, and save them for your sake."

Hasan and I also became great friends. After doctoring him for weak eyes, I asked, "What made you want to hurt me, O Hasan?" He replied, "I don't know—the devil entered my heart; the excitement of all that was going on made me want to begin a quarrel, and I was mad to see you always with the Shaykhs and never noticing us, and Kásim (an unruly relation) set me on, but since I have got to know you I could kill myself for it." This is the sense of what he said, though in his own language it was much prettier. The youth had an excellent heart, but was misled and intoxicated by the troubles of the times. When my husband was recalled there were none so sorry, none more anxious to obtain our return, and were the first and foremost with all their people in coming forward with a letter of sympathy, signed and sealed with their seal.

My own mistake in this case, for I was also in fault, was the over attention paid to the Tell Shaykhs and neglect of their rivals. Syrians have the susceptibility of children; nothing easier than to hurt their feelings, and a chance word is rarely forgiven. The native proverb is—

> "There are drugs for the hurt of lead and steel,
> But the wounds of the tongue, they never heal."

My excuse is that the Bayt el Z., justly or unjustly, bore an ill-name, and that it was said to pride itself upon its hatred to, and

persecution of, our Christian neighbours. Still, had I to live my life in Bludán over again, I should sedulously avoid all display of partiality.

I related the circumstances to our Consul-General, who had been told the story in this form:—That I had seen a poor Arab beggar sitting at my gate, and because he did not rise and salute me I had drawn a revolver and shot him dead; to which he wisely replied that it was very extraordinary if true. It was no poor Arab beggar who told that falsehood. They knew too well how they were received by me. When Mr. Eldridge heard me he said that it was the right thing to do at that particular crisis of feeling in the Anti-Lebanon, that I had done perfectly right, that he was glad that I had acted as I had done, otherwise it might have been a very troublesome business. I also told Mr. K., of the Foreign-office, who visited Beyrout and Damascus; and he said the same, and so I hope will my reader.

We now prepared to leave Bludán, which was (October) becoming cool and windy, and we knew that ere long our mountain home would be blocked up with snow, fit quarters only for bears and wolves. The fifth was an unfortunate day. Our poor Jibrún (the cook) became so much worse that I had to send for the priest of Zebedani, to give him the last sacraments of the Church. As is often the case, after the mind is at rest, his illness changed for the better, and, after a narrow escape, he recovered sufficiently to return to his family. This same day we had a very high wind, and my English maid was blown, entangled in her crinoline, from the top of the stairs to the bottom. She received several injuries, and was also on the sick list for some time.

CHAPTER XXI.

BREEZY TIMES—STRUGGLES BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG—"FAIS CE QUE DOIS, ADVIENNE QUE POURRA."

UNOFFICIALLY speaking of official things, we had rather a lively time, in an unpleasant sense, during these summer months. I always say "we," because I enter so much into my husband's pursuits, and am so very proud of being allowed to help him, that I sometimes forget that I am only as the bellows-blower to the organist, or the little tug to the splendid three-decker. However, I do not think that anybody will owe me a grudge for it, except the gentleman who complained to the Foreign-office that I had been heard to say, "I had finished my despatches"—meaning that I had finished the task of copying them. Imagine what sort of a mind the man must have for a post of trust and responsibility, what fitness to be an awarder of justice, who could find this nonsense important enough to note down against a woman, and twist the wrong way.

Captain Burton's appointment was conferred upon him by the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, in November, 1868. He was absent in South America on "sick leave" after a severe illness. As soon as the news reached him he hurried back, and on arriving was desired by Lord Clarendon, who had succeeded in office, and who was most considerate about the unhealthy season, to arrive at Damascus in October.

During Captain Burton's absence, a few persons who disliked the appointment, and certain missionaries who feared that he was anti-missionary, and have since handsomely acknowledged their mistake, took measures to work upon Lord Clarendon on the plea

that he was too fond of Mohammedans, that he had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, and that their fanaticism would lead to troubles and dangers. On becoming aware that he had lived in the East, and with Moslems, for many years after his pilgrimage, Lord Clarendon, with that good taste and justice which always characterized him, refused to change his appointment until that fanaticism was proved. He had the pleasure of reporting to him a particularly friendly reception.

He wrote before he left London :—

"I now renew in writing the verbal statement in which I assured his Lordship that neither the authorities nor the people of Damascus will show for me any but a friendly feeling ; that, in fact, they will receive me as did the Egyptians and the people of Zanzibar for years after my pilgrimage to Mecca. But, as designing persons may have attempted to complicate the situation, I once more undertake to act with unusual prudence, and under all circumstances to hold myself, and myself only, answerable for the consequences."

Though he had not received his Barat (*exequatur*) and Firman till October 27th, he exchanged friendly unofficial visits with His Excellency the Wali (Governor-General) of Syria. Then he was honoured with the visits of all the Prelates of the Oriental Churches, as well as by a great number of the most learned and influential Moslems, and of the principal Christians. Amongst them were his Highness the Amir Abd el Kadir, his Excellency the Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, the Syrian Orthodox and the Syrian Catholic Bishops, Archimandrite Jebara of the Russian Orthodox Church, the Shaykh el Ulemá (Abdullah Effendi el Halabi), the Shaykh el Melawíyyeh of Koniah, Ali Pasha el Aazam, and Antun Effendi Shami; Said Effendi Ustuwáneh, President of the Criminal Court of Damascus and its dependencies; Mohammed Effendi el Minnini, Vice-President of the Criminal Court of Appeal ; the Mufti Mahmud Effendi Hamzeh, Shaykh Mohammed Effendi el Halabi, member of the Lower Court, and several others.

All these dignitaries evinced much pleasure and satisfaction at his being appointed H.M.'s Consul in their City. Some of them indeed, earnestly requested him to interest the English

public in forming a company for making railways through Syria, that being the sole means of bringing about the civilization of their country.

In conclusion, notwithstanding Abdullah Effendi being the most learned, influential, and Orthodox Moslem, and though it is not consistent with his principles to call upon any Christian before being visited, he first came to the office in company with his brother, and after an interview of fifty minutes departed, with a promise to renew the visit.

The first shadow upon our happy life was in June—July, 1870. A gentleman who is an amateur missionary residing at Beyrout came up to Damascus, visited the prisons, and distributed tracts to the Mohammedans. It was the intention of the acting Governor to collect these prints, and to make a bonfire of them in the market-place. Damascus was in a bad temper for such proselytizing. It was an excitable year, and it was necessary to put a stop to proceedings which, though well meant, could not fail to endanger the safety of the Christian population. The tract distributer is a kind, humane, sincere, and charitable man, and we were both very sorry that he had to be cautioned. He has an enthusiasm in his religious views which makes him dangerous outside a Christian town. At Beyrout he was well-known, but at Damascus he was not, and the people would have resented his standing on bales in the street haranging the Turks against Mohammed. I believe this gentleman would have gloried in martyrdom; but some of us, not so good as he is, did not aspire to it. His *entourage*, also, was not so humble or so kind as himself.

Captain Burton was obliged to give the caution, to do his duty to his large district, thereby incurring most un-Christian hatreds, unscrupulously gratified. Captain Burton, with the high, chivalrous sense of honour which guides all his actions, redoubled his unceasing endeavours to promote the interest and business of these persons, amidst the hailstorm of petty spites and insults, which justice and greatness of mind on his part they themselves were obliged eventually to acknowledge, however reluctantly. We are decidedly destined to stumble upon unfortunate circumstances. Since that, a gentleman told off to convert the Jews in one of Captain Burton's jurisdictions, insisted on getting a ladder and a

hammer, and demolishing a large statue of St. Joseph in a public place of a Catholic country, because he said it was "a graven image." Why are the English so careless in their choice? and why have other foreign Consuls no *désagrémens* on this head?

The Druzes applied early in 1870 for an English school. They are our allies, and we were on friendly terms with them. As two missionaries wished to travel amongst them, Captain Burton gave them the necessary introductions. They were cordially received and hospitably entertained by the Shaykhs, but on their road home they were treacherously followed by two *mauvais sujets* and attacked, they were thrown off their horses, their lives were threatened, and their property was plundered.

Such a breach of hospitality and violation of good faith required prompt notice; firstly, to secure safety to future travellers, and, secondly, to maintain the good feelings which have ever subsisted between the Druzes and the English. To pass over such an act of treachery would be courting their contempt. He at once demanded that the offenders might be punished by the Druze chiefs themselves, and 20 napoleons, the worth of the stolen goods, were claimed by him for the missionaries. The Druzes went down to Beyrout to try to pit Consulate-General against Consulate, and refused to pay the claim. He then applied for their punishment to the Turkish authorities, knowing that the Druzes would at once accede to his first demand—a proceeding approved of by H.M.'s Ambassador at Constantinople. After three months the Shaykh el Akkál, head religious Chief, brought down the offenders, who were recognized by the missionaries. They confessed their guilt, and the Shaykh, who was staying as a guest in our house, assured Captain Burton that he was perfectly right in acting as he had done, and that every Druze was heartily ashamed of the conduct of these two men.

In June, 1870, Captain Burton prepared a despatch for our Ambassador at Constantinople, on the system of defrauding the poor and of ruining villages by the Damascus Jewish money-lenders.

I will now try to explain how these matters stood.

In former days, when not a few Europeans were open to certain arrangements which made them take the highest interest in the

business transactions of their clients, a radically bad system, happily now almost extinct, was introduced into Syria. The European subject, or *protégé*, instead of engaging in honest commerce, was thus encouraged to seek inordinate and usurious profits by sales to the Government and by loans to the villagers. In such cases he, of course, relied entirely upon the protection of a foreign Power, on account of the sums to be expended in feeing native functionaries before repayment could be expected. Thus the Consuls became, as it were, huissiers, or bailiffs, whose principal duties were to collect the bad debts of those who had foreign passports.

Damascus contained a total of forty-eight adult males protected by H.B.M.'s Consulate, and of these there are a triumvirate of Shylocks whose names I suppress. Most of them are Jews who were admitted to, or whose fathers acquired, a foreign nationality, given with the benevolent object of saving them from Moslem cruelty and oppression in days gone by. These *protégés* have extended what was granted for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and property, to transactions which rest entirely for success upon British protection. The case of No. 1, whom we will call Juda, is a fair example. He has few dealings in the City, the licit field of action. But since the death of his highly respectable father, in 1854, he has been allowing bills signed by the ignorant peasantry of the province to accumulate simple and compound interest, till the liabilities of the villagers have become greater than the value of the whole village. A——, for instance, on the eastern skirt of Mount Hermon, owes him 106,000 piastres, which were originally 42,000. He claims 5,000 purses from the B—— family, upon a total debt of 242,000½ piastres, in 1857. We have not yet passed through a single settlement where his debtors did not complain loudly of his proceedings; and to A—— may be added C——, Q——, and D——el X——, a stronghold of the Druzes. Some villages have been partly depopulated by his vexations, and the injury done to the Druzes by thus driving them from the Anti-Lebanon to the Haurán, may presently be severely visited upon the Ottoman authorities. The British *protégé* is compelled every year, in his quality of Shubasi (farmer of revenue), to

summon the village Shaykhs and peasantry, to imprison them, and to leave them lying in jail till he can squeeze from them as much as possible, and to injure them by quartering Hawali, or policemen, who plunder whatever they can. He long occupied the whole attention, though it had other and more important duties, of the Village Commission (Kumision Mahasibat el Kura), established in A.H. 1280 (1863). For about a year a special commission (Kumision Makhsus) had at that time—1870—been sitting on his case, whose intricacies, complicated by his unwillingness to settle anything, wearied out all the members. At different times he quarrelled with every person in the Court—from the Defterdar, who is its President, to the Consular Dragomans, who composed it. Even felony was freely imputed to him by various persons. He was accused of bribing the Government Khatibs (secretaries) to introduce into documents sentences of doubtful import, upon which he can found claims for increased and exorbitant interest, of adding lines to receipts and other instruments after they have been signed, and of using false seals, made at home by his own servants. One of the latter publicly denounced him, but was, as usual, paid to keep silence. He is reported again and again to have refused, in order that the peasants might remain upon his books, the ready moneys offered to him for the final settlement of village liabilities. His good management had baffled all efforts at detection, whilst every one was morally certain that the charges were founded on fact. He corrupts, or attempts to corrupt, all those with whom he has dealings.

Captain Burton wanted to inform them that British protection extends to preserving their persons and property from all injustice and violence, but that it would not assist them to recover debts from the Ottoman Government, or from the villagers of the province, and that it would not abet them in imprisoning or in distraining the latter. To such general rule, of course, exceptions would be admissible, at the discretion of the officer in charge of H.B.M.'s Consulate; in cases, for instance, when just and honest claims might be rejected, or their payment unduly delayed. The sole inconvenience which would arise to such creditors from their altered position would be the necessity of feeing the Serai more heavily; and even then they openly com-

municated with the local authorities, reserving the Consulate as a forlorn hope. The change might possibly have directed their attention to a more legitimate commercial career. Such a measure would have been exceedingly popular throughout the country, and would have relieved us from the suspicion of interested motives—a suspicion which must exist where honesty and honour, in an English understanding of these words, are almost unknown; and from the odium which attaches to the official instruments of oppression. Finally, the corruption of Damascus rendered Captain Burton the more jealous of the good name of the Consulate, and the more desirous of personal immunity from certain reports which, at different times, have been spread about others in office. He therefore wanted to post on the door of H.M.'s Consulate, Damascus, the following notice:—

Her Britannic Majesty's Consul hereby warns British subjects and *protégés* that he will not assist them to recover debts from the Government or from the people of Syria, unless the debts are such as between British subjects could be recovered through H.M.'s Consular Courts. Before purchasing the claims, public or private, of an Ottoman subject—and especially where Government paper is in question—the *protégé* should, if official interference be likely to be required, at once report the whole transaction to this Consulate. British subjects and protected persons are hereby duly warned that protection extends to life, liberty, and property, in cases where these are threatened by violence or by injustice; but that it will not interfere in speculations which, if undertaken by Syrian subjects of the Porte, could not be expected to prove remunerative. British subjects and protected persons must not expect the official interference of the Consulate in cases where they prefer (as of late has often happened at Damascus) to urge their claims upon the local authorities without referring to this Consulate, and altogether ignoring the jurisdiction of H.B.M.'s Consul. Finally, H.B.M.'s Consul feels himself bound to protest strongly against the system adopted by British subjects and protected persons at Damascus, who habitually induce the Ottoman authorities to imprison peasants and pauper debtors either for simple debt, or upon charges which have not been previously produced for examination at this Consulate. The prisons will be visited once a week. An official application will be made for the delivery of all such persons.

(Signed) R. F. Burton,
H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus.

Damascus, June 20th, 1870.

I have already related how, on August 26th, Captain Burton, received a letter from the Rev. W. Wright, and likewise one from the Chief Consular Dragoman, Mr. Nasíf Meshaka, which induced him to ride at once to Damascus (from Bludán, the summer quarter); how he found that half the Christians had fled, and everything was ripe for a new massacre; how he sought the authorities, and informed them of their danger; induced them to have night patrols, to put guards in the streets, to prevent Jews or Christians leaving their houses, and to take all measures needful to convince the conspirators that they would not find every one sleeping as they did in 1860. The Wali and all the chief responsible authorities were absent. The excitement subsided under the measures recommended by him, and in three days all was quiet, and the Christians returned to their homes. I affirm that, living in safety upon the sea-coast, no man can be a judge of the other side of the Lebanon, nor, if he does not know some Eastern language, can he be a judge of Orientals and their proceedings. Certain Jewish usurers had been accused of exciting these massacres, because their lives were perfectly safe, and they profited of the horrors to buy up property at a nominal price. It was brought to Captain Burton's notice that two Jewish boys, servants to British protected subjects, were giving the well-understood signal by drawing crosses on the walls. Its meaning to him was clear. He promptly investigated it, and took away the British protection of the masters temporarily, merely reproving the boys, who had acted under orders. He did not take upon himself to punish them. Certain ill-advised Israelitish money-lenders fancied it was a good opportunity to overthrow him, and with him his plan of seeing fair proceedings on the part of British *protégés;* so they reported to Sir Moses Montefiore and Sir Francis Goldsmid that he had tortured the boys. His proceedings were once more proved just. The correspondence on the subject was marvellously interesting, but being official I cannot use it.

The Jews from all times held a certain position in Syria, on account of their being the financiers of the country; and even in pre-Egyptian days Haim Farhi was able to degrade and ruin Abdullah Pasha, of St. John d'Acre. In the time of Ibrahim

Pasha, about forty-four years ago, when the first Consuls went there, a few were taken under British protection, and this increased their influence. Then came the well-known history of the murder of Padre Tomaso. After this had blown over, all the richest people of the community tried to become British protected subjects, or *protégés* of some foreign Consulate. In the time of Mr. Consul (Richard) Wood (1840), they were humble enough. In the massacre of 1860 they enriched themselves greatly, and men possessing £3000 rose suddenly to £30,000. Then they had at their backs in England Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir F. Goldsmid, and the Rothschilds, who doubtless do not know the true state of the Jewish usurers in this part of the world. The British Consul became the Jews' bailiff, and when we went to Syria we found them rough riding all the land. I speak only of the few money-lenders. When Captain Burton arrived in 1869, Shylock No. 1 came to him, and patting him patronizingly on the back told him he had 300 cases for him, relative to collecting £60,000 of debts. Captain Burton replied, "I think, sir, you had better hire and pay a Consul for yourself alone; I was not sent here as a bailiff, to tap the peasant on the shoulder in such cases as yours." He then threatened Captain Burton with the British Government. Captain Burton replied, "It is by far the best thing you can do: I have no power to alter a plain line of duty." Shylock then tried my influence, but I replied that I was never allowed to interfere in business matters. Then Sir Francis Goldsmid, to our great surprise, wrote to head-quarters—a rather unusual measure—as follows:—"I hear that the lady to whom Captain Burton is married is believed to be a bigoted Roman Catholic, and to be likely to influence him against the Jews." In spite of "women's rights" I was not allowed the privilege of answering Sir Francis Goldsmid officially; but I hope to convince him—even after four years—that he was misinformed. Religion certainly is, and ought to be, the first and highest sentiment of our hearts, and I consider it my highest prerogative to be a staunch and loyal Catholic. But I also claim to be free from prejudice, and to be untrammelled in my sentiments about other religions. Our great Master and His apostles showed no bigotry, and it is to them that I look for my

rule of life, not to the clique I was born in. Many amongst us old Catholics, who live amongst our own people, and are educated men and women, go forth into the world and are quite unbiased against other faiths; we take to our hearts friends, without inquiring into their religion or politics. And if sometimes we sigh because they are not of our way of thinking, it is not from any bigotry or party feeling, it is because we love them, and we wish that we could give them some of our happiness and security. I appeal to my enemies—if I have any—to say whether I have any prejudice against race or creed.* At all events, I have an honest admiration and respect for the Jewish religion. They were the chosen people of God. They are more akin to us than any other faith. Jesus Christ was a Jew, the apostles were Jews. He came not to destroy the law, but to change the prescriptions necessary for the times. The Great Reformer was the connecting link between us. He made Christianity, or Judaism, for the multitude, a Syro-Arabian creed. He parted the Creation into two great divisions—those who accepted the new school, and

* Although a staunch Catholic, I am an ardent disciple of Mr. Disraeli—I do not mean Mr. Disraeli as Prime Minister of England, but the author of "Tancred." I read the book as a young girl in my father's house, and it inspired me with all the ideas, and the yearning for a wild Oriental life, which I have since been able to carry out. I passed two years of my early life, when emerging from the school-room, in my father's garden, and the beautiful woods around us, alone with "Tancred." My family were pained and anxious about me—thought me odd; wished I would play the piano, do worsted work, write notes, read the circulating library—in short, what is generally called improving one's mind, and I was pained because I could not. My uncle used to pat my head, and "hope for better things." I did not know it then, I do now: I was working out the problem of my future life, my present mission. It has lived in my saddle-pocket throughout my Eastern life. I almost know it by heart, so that when I came to Bethany, to the Lebanon, and to Mukhtara—when I found myself in a Bedawi camp, or amongst the Maronite and Druze strongholds, or in the society of Fakredeens—nothing surprised me. I felt as if I had lived that life for years. I felt that I went to the Tomb of my Redeemer in the proper spirit, and I found what I sought. The presence of God was actually felt, though invisible.

Now that the author, who possesses by descent, a knowledge that we Northerners lack (a high privilege reserved to his Semitic blood), has risen to the highest post in England, I shall incur the suspicion of flattery from the vulgar; but my honest heart and pen can afford it, and I see no reason to omit on that account what was written three years ago, when the Conservative Government was at a discount. Rather will I congratulate my country that, with the Eastern question staring us in the face, we have at the helm one of the few men in England who is competent to deal with it.

those who clung to the old. We are of the former, and the Jews of the latter fold. It would be madness to despise those who once ruled the ancient world, and who will rule again—do we not see signs of their return to power every day? It would be more than folly not to honour the old Tribes of the chosen people of God. In Syria only the Jews, Druzes, and Bedawin can boast of their origin. In the world we know, only the Jews and Catholics can boast of antiquity of religion. An Eastern Jew cannot but be proud of his religion and his descent. As I turn over my old Damascus journal, my heart warms to think that some of my dearest native friends at Damascus were of the Jewish religion. I was on good terms with them all, and received sincere hospitality from them. At Trieste, again, the enlightened and hospitable Hebrews are my best friends. It is the Jews who lead society here, the charities, and the fashion; they are the life of the town. When I call to mind how many Jews I know, I like, and I have exchanged hospitality with, here and in the East, I do not know how to speak strongly enough on the subject.

But now let us turn to the dark side of the picture. Even those who are the proudest of their Semitic origin speak contemptuously of their usurers. And, let me ask, do we pet and admire our own money-lenders? Let a Damascus Jew once become a usurer, back him up with political influence, and see what he will become. He forgets race and creed; that touching, dignified, graceful humility changes into fawning servility, or to brutal insolence and cruelty, where he is not afraid. He thirsts only for money. The villainies practised by the usurers, especially the Shylocks in Damascus, excite every right-minded person to indignation; and if I had no other esteem for my husband, I should owe it to him for the brave manner in which he made a stand against these wrongs at every risk. He knew that no other Consul had ever dared—nor would ever dare—to oppose it; but he said simply, "I must do right; I cannot sit still and see what I see, and not speak the truth; I must protect the poor, and save the British good name, *advienne que pourra*, though perhaps in so doing I shall fall myself"—and he did. He is not what is called a religious man, but he acts like one; and if he did nothing else to win respect and admiration, that alone should

give people an insight into his character, whilst I—like Job's wife—incessantly said, "Leave all this alone, as your predecessor did, as your Consul-General does, and as your successor will do, and keep your place, and look forward to a better." If the usurers had been Catholics instead of Jews, I should like them to have lost their "protection," to have been banished from Damascus, and *excommunicated* as long as they plied their trade. More I cannot say.

One man alone had ruined and sucked dry forty-one villages. He used to go to a distressed village and offer them money, keep all the papers, and allow them nothing to show; adding interest and compound interest, which the poor wretches could not understand. Then he gave them no receipts for money received, so as to be paid over and over again. The uneducated peasant had nothing to show against the clever Jew at the Diwán, till body and soul, wives, children, village, flocks, and land, became his property and slaves for the sake of the small sum originally borrowed. These men, who a few years ago were not worth much, are now rolling in wealth. We found villages in ruins, and houses empty, because the men were cast into jail, the children starving, and women weeping at our feet because these things were done in the name of England—by the powerful arm of the British Consulate. My husband once actually found an old man of ninety, who had endured all the horrors of the Damascus jail during the whole of a biting winter, for owing one of these men a napoleon (sixteen shillings). He set him free, and ever after visited the prisons once a week, to see whether the British protected subjects had immured pauper Christians and Moslems on their own responsibility. One of the usurers told my husband to beware, for that he knew a Royal Highness of England, and that he could have any Consular Officer recalled at his pleasure; and my husband replied that he and his clique could know very little of English Royalty, if they thought that it would protect such traffic as theirs. The result of this was that they put their heads together, and certain letters were sent to the Chief Rabbi of London, Sir Francis Goldsmid, and Sir Moses Montefiore. They sent telegrams and petitions, purporting to be from "all the Jews in Damascus." We believe, however, that "all the Jews in

Damascus" knew nothing whatever about the step. They are mostly a body of respectable men—hard-working, inoffensive, and of commercial integrity, with a fair sprinkling of pious, charitable, and innocent people. These despatches, backed by letters from the influential persons who received them, were duly forwarded to the Foreign-office. The correspondence was sent in full to Captain Burton to answer, which he did at great length, and to the satisfaction of his Chiefs, who found that he could not have acted otherwise.

Captain Burton wrote:—"I am ready to defend their lives, liberty, and property, but I will not assist them in ruining villages, and in imprisoning destitute debtors upon trumped-up charges. I would willingly deserve the praise of every section of the Jewish community of Damascus, but in certain cases it is incompatible with my sense of justice and my conscience." They bragged so much in the bazars about getting Captain Burton recalled, that a number of sympathizing letters were showered upon us.*

* I quote the following verbatim:—

DEAR MRS. BURTON,

We desire to express to you the great satisfaction which Captain Burton's presence as British Consul in Damascus has given us, both in our individual capacities and in our character of missionaries to Syria.

Since his arrival here we have had every opportunity of judging of Captain Burton's official conduct, and we beg to express our approval of it.

The first public act that came under our notice was the removing of dishonest officials, and the replacing them by honest ones. This proceeding gave unmixed pleasure to every one to whom the credit of the English name was a matter of concern. His subsequent conduct has restored the *prestige* of the English Consulate, and we no longer hear it said that English officials, removed from the checks of English public opinion, are as corrupt in Turkey as the Turks themselves. As missionaries we frankly admit that we had been led to view Captain Burton's appointment with alarm; but we now congratulate ourselves on having abstained either directly or indirectly endeavouring to oppose his coming.

Carefully following our own habitual policy of asking no consular interference between the Turkish Government and its subjects, we stand upon our right as Englishmen to preach and teach so long as we violate no law of the land, and we claim for our converts the liberty of conscience secured to them by treaty. In the maintenance of this one right we have been firmly upheld by Captain Burton.

A few months ago, when our schools were illegally and arbitrarily closed by the Turkish officials, he came to our aid, and the injustice was at once put a stop to. His visit to the several village schools under our charge proved to the native mind the Consul's interest in the moral education of the country, which it is the object of

To conclude, the effect of their conduct in Damascus will fall upon their own heads, and upon their children. Do not pur-

those schools to promote, and impressed upon the minds of local magistrates the propriety of letting them alone.

Within the last few days we had occasion to apply to Captain Burton regarding our cemetery, which had been broken open, and it was an agreeable surprise to us when after two days a police-officer came to assure us that the damage had been repaired by the Pasha's orders, and search was being made for the depredator.

Above all, in view of any possible massacre of Christians in this city—the all but inevitable consequence of a war between Turkey and any Christian power—we regard as an element of safety the presence among us of a firm, strong man like Captain Burton, as representing the English interests.

When, not long ago, a panic seized the city, and a massacre seemed imminent, Captain Burton immediately came down from his summer quarters, and by his presence largely contributed to restore tranquillity. All the other important Consuls fled from Damascus, and thus increased the panic.

We earnestly hope that Captain Burton will not suffer himself to be annoyed by the enmity he is sure to provoke from all who wish to make the English name a cover for wrong and injustice, or think that a British subject or *protégé* should be supported, whatever be the nature of his case.—With kindest respects, we are, dear Mrs. Burton, yours very truly,

(Signed) James Orr Scott, M.A., Irish Presbyterian Mission.
Wm. Wright, B.A., Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

P.S.—By-the-by, on one occasion one of the most important Jews of Damascus, when conversing with me and the Rev. John Crawford, American missionary, said that Captain Burton was unfit for the British Consulate in Damascus; and the reason he gave was that, being an upright man, he transacted his business by fair means instead of by foul.

Damascus, November 28th, 1870.

My dear Mrs. Burton,

I was calling at a native house yesterday where I found assembled some leading people of Damascus. The conversation turned upon Captain Burton and the present British Consulate. One word led to another; and I heard, to my surprise and consternation, that men famed for their *various pecuniary* transactions, are boasting about everywhere "that, upon *their* representations, *the Consul is to be recalled;*" and all Damascus is grieved and indignant at them. For my part I cannot, will not, believe that Her Majesty's Government would set aside a man of Captain Burton's standing, and well-known justice and capacity in public affairs, for the sake of these Jews, who are desolating the villages and ruining those who have the misfortune to fall into their clutches. He is also so thoroughly adapted for this Babel of tongues, nations, and religions, and is so rapidly raising our English Consulate from the low estimation in which it had fallen in the eyes of all men, to the position it ought to and would occupy under the rule of an incorruptible, firm, and impartial character like Captain Burton's.

At the risk of vexing you, I must tell you what I now hear commonly reported in the bazar, for several merchants and others have asked me if it was true. * * * [Here follows the history.] Our present Consul is too much a friend to the oppressed, and examines too much everything *himself* to suit their money transac-

posely misunderstand me, O Israel! Remember, I do not speak of you disparagingly as a Nation, or as a Faith. As such I love

tions. The Consulate for an age has not been so respectable as now; and should you really go, I should think any future Consul would shrink to do his duty, for fear of his conduct being misrepresented at home. You must write me a line to tell me the truth, if you may do so without indiscretion; and people are wanting to write to the F. O. and the *Times*, so provoked are they at the lies and duplicity. The day I was with you and you refused to see Juda and the other Jew, who seemed to dodge you about like a house cat, and looked so ill at ease and in a fright, did you then suspect or know anything about all this?

With regard to the Arab tribes, they, too, have an admiration for Captain Burton's dauntless character and straightforward dealing, so different from others. You know that Shaykh Mohammed el Dhouky and Farés el Méziad openly say so in the Desert.

I had intended to scribble but two lines, and I have been led on till my note has become a long letter. So, good-bye; and I truly hope all these machinations will end in the discomfiture of their inventors.

[I also omit the signature, but keep the original.]

Damascus, November 28th, 1870.

Monsieur le Consul,

C'est avec le plus grand plaisir nous venons vous exprimer notre satisfaction et les sentiments de notre amour envers votre amiable personne, ayant toujours devant les yeux les belles qualités et les grands mérites dont vous êtes orné.

Il y a plus d'un an que nous avons eu l'honneur de vous connaître, et nous sommes en même de pouvoir apprécier votre bonne disposition pour le soutien de la cause chrétienne sans distinction de religion; et, par conséquent, nous sommes extrêmement reconnaissants au bienfait philanthropique du Gouvernement de S. M. Britannique, qui a daigné nous envoyer à Damas un représantant si digne et si mérité comme vous l'êtes, Monsieur le Consul.

C'est avec regret que nous avons appris que des gens malicieux de Damas se sont plaints contre vous pour des causes qui vous sont très-honorables.

Nous venons vous exprimer notre indignation pour leur conduite inexplicable et méprisable en vous témoignant notre reconnaissance pour le grand zèle et l'activité incessante que vous déployez toujours pour le bien et pour le repos de tous les Chrétiens en général.

Nous espérons que vous continuerez pour l'avenir comme pour le passé à nous accorder les mêmes bienfaits.

C'est avec ce même espoir que nous vous prions, Monsieur le Consul, d'agréer nos sentiments de haute considération.

(Signé) Eroteos,
Patriarche Grec d'Antioche.

À M. le Capitaine Burton, Consul de S.M. Britannique à Damas.

Damas, le 15 Décembre, 1870.

Monsieur le Consul,

Nous avons entendu avec beaucoup d'inquiet que certains gens malicieux à Damas se sont plaignés de vous pour des causes qui vous sont très-honorables.

Nous désirons vous exprimer combien leur conduite est méprisable et inexcusable à nos yeux.

and admire you; but I pick out your usurers from among you, as the goats from the sheep. You are ancient in birth and religion; you are sometimes handsome, always clever, and in many things you far outstrip us Christians in the race of life. Your sins and your faults are, and have been, equally remarkable from all time. Many of you, in Damascus especially, are as foolish and stiff-necked as in the days of old. When the time comes, and it will come, the trampled worm will turn. The Moslem will rise not really against the Christian—he will only be the excuse—but against you. Your quarter will be the one to be burnt down; your people to be exterminated, and all your innocent tribe will suffer for the few guilty.

A Druze of the Haurán once said to me, "I have the greatest temptation to burn down A.'s house. I should be sent to Istambul in chains, but what of that? I should free my village and my people." I begged of him not to think of such a crime. A sinister smile passed over his face, and he muttered low in his beard: "No; not yet! not yet! Not till the next time. And then not much of the Yahúd will be left when we have done with them." I quote this as a specimen of the ill-feeling bred over the interior of Syria by their over-greed of gain. And I only hope that the powerful Israelitic Committees and Societies of London and Paris will—and they can if they will—curb the cupidity of their countrymen in Syria.

Nous vous avons connu maintenant plus qu'un an; nous vous avons trouvé toujours prêt à assister la cause chrétienne, sans égard pour les différences de la religion at à nous appuyer quand nous aurions été peut-être traités durement.

Dans les circonstances actuelles de cette année nous aurions beaucoup d'inquiétude s'il y avait une chance même que vous nous quittiez. Nous espérons que vos bons offices seront continués pour nous dans l'avenir comme dans le passé. Nous vous prions de vous servir de notre regard pour vous comme Consul et ami aussi publiquement que possible.

Daignez agréer, &c., &c.

(Signé) L'ÉVÊQUE MACARIOS,
Le Vicaire du Patriarcat à Damas. (L.S.)
GREGOIR JACOB,
Archev. Syrien Catholique de Damas. (L.S.)
LE VICAIRE DU PATRIARCAT Maronite
à Damas. (L.S.)
LE VICAIRE DU PATRIARCAT Armenien Catholique
à Damas. (L.S.)

À Monsieur R. F. Burton, Consul de S.M. Britannique à Damas.
Damas, le 13 Décembre, 1870.

CHAPTER XXII.

GIPSYING AGAIN.

On the 10th of October half the servants, with the English maid, the pet animals, baggage, and furniture, were sent direct to Damascus under escort. Captain Burton and I left Bludán to return to our winter quarters at Salahíyyeh by a longer route. Hanna Misk attended, with four servants, nine mules, and muleteers. The Shaykhs and Begs accompanied us, and great demonstrations of affection were made, of sorrow for our departure, and of hopes of our return next year, by all the inhabitants of Bludán and Zebedani.

We had a delightful ride across the Anti-Lebanon, through a mountain defile, to Ain el Bardi, where we found Arab black tents, and flocks feeding by the water. I have so often to speak of these Black Tents; the best picture I have ever seen of them was sketched by the Viscountess Strangford, and forms one of the illustrations of her charming book, "Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines."* Here we spent the heat of the day. This tribe wear red jack-boots of soft leather, with dangling tassels, white baggy trousers, and a kumbaz like a white dressing gown, under a green cloak; a red and gold kufíyyeh, or kerchief, falling over head and shoulders, is fastened by the usual aghál, or fillet of camel's hair. The Chief has bristly mustachios, like Bluebeard's, small black peering eyes close together, and a short, sharp address, which has been so often compared to the bark of

* This book was very popular at the time it was published, and I am delighted to see a fresh edition just announced.

a dog. We rode on all the rest of the day through the rough defile, with here and there a smooth place for a gallop. We crossed the French road, and passing through part of the Buká'a plain we encamped after dark at Mejdel Anjar. Jibrún being ill, we had also made the mistake of bringing no cook, each of us fancying we could manage it ourselves; but we were so very tired that, though the horses were duly looked after, the dinner was reduced to indigestible Baydh Mukleh (fried eggs.) Next morning we inspected our country. Mejdel is a little village situated on a hillock, which stands alone. On the top is a temple, a little gem, built by Herod Agrippa in honour of Augustus. There was a graceful broken column, which I felt grateful to certain pilgrims for not having carried away with them. Below is the ruin of Herod's palace, and at twenty minutes' ride lie the ruins of Chalcis. From the temple we had a magnificent view. We could see the greater part of the Buká'a, walled in at either side by the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, dotted with its seventy-two villages. Anjar is bisected by the Litani river, falsely called the Leontes. Having feasted our eyes, we rode down to the square ruins of Chalcis in the plain. We watered the thirsty horses, but the liquid was bad and muddy. We then rode on to Neby Za'úr, and climbed up the hill, but the keepers of the Tomb refused to let us in. Captain Burton was not with us; however, by dint of bakshísh I obtained leave to measure it, and to carry off bones and skulls out of a dry well hard by, which appeared to be the local burying ground. With the sun beating cruelly on our heads, we went along the French road. At one o'clock we arrived at Shtora, the half-way house, where we pulled up and asked for a drink of water; I fainted, and slipped out of my saddle, so instead of going on I was put to bed, and all next day my head was too bad to rise. On the 12th we started again, and for a long while galloped along the carriage road, ascending the Lebanon; near its summit we suddenly turned off to our left, across a mountain called Jebel Báruk, in the territory "El Akkúb." A long scramble of six hours led us to the village of Báruk, a Druze stronghold, in a wild glen on the borders of their territory, which we were now entering. We did not find our tents; but it no longer signified, for we were amongst

friends and allies, who would treat us like brothers, so we went off at once to the Shaykh's house.

The Druzes have been so much written about by Baron de Sacy, by Colonel Churchill, and by a host of others, that it becomes me to say but little. They are, *par excellence*, *the* race in Syria. A fine, manly people, that hails us as cousins, tall and athletic, that can ride, shoot, and fight. They are honest and plain-spoken; every man is a natural born gentleman, and, without being taught, he instinctively behaves like one. The Druze house to which I first went was painted black inside; it had a flat, raftered ceiling, and straight, tall columns down the middle, from roof to ground. They conform to the national religion, the Moslem, but in speaking to you or me they would appear to be particularly taken with our respective faith; they have a secret creed of their own, which, although women are admitted to the Council Chamber, is mysterious as freemasonry. Of course, many nonsensical tales are told about them by good Moslems. Some say they worship Eblis; Christians, the bull-calf (El Ijl). Their women wear a long blue garment and a white veil; the whole face is hid except one eye. Over our coffee I asked them if it took long to decide which was the prettiest eye. This small joke amused them, or they pretended to be amused, and they repeated it one to another. They are faithful wives and good mothers, and they keep clean and comfortable homes. The whole race, men and women, are respected and feared by the other creeds, who are proud to be able to say that they are friends with or know the Druzes. The men as a rule are tall, broad, stalwart, and muscular, with limbs of iron, like Highlanders; they have good heads, which run up rather high at the back, fine foreheads, large black eyes, alternately soft and glaring, black hair cut close, long beards, dark, straight eyebrows, and curling eyelashes, brown complexions, with a little colour, straight noses, large but well-shaped mouths, with full under lips, showing white teeth and well-set throats. They have proud and dignified manners; their language is full of poetry, and they use fine similes. They are good riders and fighters, they play the Jerid well, and they lift weights after the manner of our Northerners. They wear red jack-boots, pointed at the toe, woollen socks, green cloth baggy

trowsers, brown waistcoats, buttoned up; green jackets, braided and slashed, and large white turbans—for out of doors, either a black Abba embroidered with gold, or a big, loose, fur-lined cloak, reaching to the ground.

13*th October*.—We had an easy day riding through the mountains, with splendid views. On the road we stopped at a stronghold which looked liked an ancient Convent, and visited a charming old Druze chief, Mulhem Beg Ahmad, who keeps up a little state. I have the happiest remembrance of this day. He was a splendid specimen of a greybeard, and still bears the reputation of a perfect dare-devil. When he fights he vaults into the saddle, takes his bridle in his teeth, and charges down the mountain with his musket to his shoulder.

He gave us a charming breakfast, served in the Líwán, and we were waited upon by his sons. He threw his cap in the air, and drank to my health a dozen times.

After this we road on to Mukhtára, which is the focus and centre of the Lebanon Druzes. There resides their princely family, now represented by a woman, the Sitt Jumblatt.* Mukhtára, in the territory of Esh Shuf, hangs on a declivity in the wildest mountain scenery. The house of the Jumblatts, a Syrian palace, resembles a large Italian *cascina*, nestled in olive groves that are, so to speak, the plumage of the heights. Whilst we were still in the barrens, and long before we sighted Mukhtára, we met a band of horsemen coming to meet us, in the rich Druze dress, armed with muskets and lances, the sons and retainers of the house. They were splendidly mounted, especially the sons, the youngest of whom had a black mare which made me infringe the tenth commandment. She was simply perfect.

Whilst riding along a narrow ledge with a deep drop on the right, my horse Harfúsh, who was unusually vicious and tricky, wanted to bite a mare close behind him. The ledge was too narrow for such pranks; he put his right foot over the side and trod in the air. I hardly know why both did not roll into the depths below, but I picked him up, and we righted ourselves in a second. I was very careful to show no emotion, and went on with

* I write the name as it is pronounced: properly it is Ján-pulád (Life-steel).

my conversation, which I had addressed to the man in front of me.

We descended into a deep defile, and rose up again on the opposite side. The whole way was lined with horsemen and footmen, and the women trilled out their joy-cry. Ascending the other bank was literally like going up stairs cut in the rock. Arrived at the house, we were cordially received by the Sitt Jumblatt, with all the gracious hospitality of the East, and with the well-bred ease of a European *grande dâme*. She took us into the reception-room, when water and scented soap were brought in carved brass ewers and basins; incense was waved before us, and we were sprinkled with rose-water, whilst an embroidered gold canopy was held over us to concentrate the perfume. Coffee, sweets, and sherbet were served, and then I was shown to a very luxurious room.

Next morning the Sitt devoted the time to business, and, as a token of confidence, explained her long-neglected affairs and grievances, the settlement of which, however, unfortunately did not belong to my husband's jurisdiction. The room was filled with greybearded, turbaned scribes, with their long brass inkstands. After receiving visits from all the teachers of the American and English schools, we sat down to a mid-day meal, equivalent to a dinner, perfectly dressed, and in very good taste. After this there was a Jerîd, which lasted about two hours, in which the sons and their fighting tribe displayed grace and skill. We then visited the schools. One boy, who did not appear to be more than ten years of age, was married. Imagine a married boy of ten in an English school! I also noticed one very handsome lad, with an expression that made me think he would be a trouble to his mother. We visited the village and all the premises attached to the palace. The stables, which are solid and extensive, like tunnels with light let in, contained fifty or sixty horses, mostly all showing blood, and some quite thorough-bred.

At nightfall we had a second dinner, and afterwards all the retainers and others flocked in. There were dancing and war-songs between the Druzes of the Lebanon and the Druzes of the Haurán, ranged on either side of the banquetting-hall. They also performed pantomimes; one was of a man dressed like a woman, dancing and balancing a jug upon her head, as if she were going

to the well. Then they sang, and recited tales of love and war, till far into the night.

On the 15th we mounted early, and accompanied by all our friends, we rode to Dayr el Kamar, a large village in the territory of El Manásíf. Then we went to B'teddin,* now the palace of Franco Pasha, Governor of the Lebanon. We were not less surprised than pleased with our reception: the improvements effected by this excellent Governor were quite exceptional in Syria. The old palace of the Emir Beshír Shaháb, a heap of ruins, is at present the finest building in Syria and Palestine. Franco Pasha had thoroughly learnt the lesson of civilization which preaches the gospel of the school and the road; he has opened educational establishments for adults as well as children, and besides schooling he teaches handicraft and trades—shoe-making, tailoring, and carpet and rug manufacturing; he has finished, with little expense, a carriage road from B'teddin to Baklin; he projects another to Dau Bridge, and he hopes to open a communication with the French road at Khan Mudayraj, a work begun by Daoud Pasha; he was teaching a band of music, which already played pretty well; he had planted thousands of trees, chiefly pine; he meets every case with liberality and civilization; he was a religious man, and Allah and the Sultan were his only thoughts. Everything he did for the natives' good, he told them that it came from his Master and theirs, so that "May Allah prolong the days of our Sultan" was ever in the people's mouth. It would have been happy if a few more Franco Pashas were distributed about Syria and Palestine.

This remarkable man and his family received us *á bras ouverts.* His five hundred soldiers were drawn up in line to salute us. The family consisted of his wife and seven children, an aunt, a French tutor and his wife, and several secretaries. After our reception we were invited to the divan, where we drank coffee. Whilst so engaged an invisible band struck up "God save the Queen;" it was like an electric shock to hear our national hymn in that remote place, we who had been so long in the silence of the Anti-Lebanon. We sprang to our feet, and—don't laugh at

* The word is written Bayt ed Din (House of Religion); others make it a corruption of Ibteddin.

me—I burst into tears. After this gracious and delicate compliment, they played the Turkish national hymn.

Then Franco Pasha showed us his repairs, his schools, and all the works he was engaged upon. We dined with the family, and were served in European style. Having seen everything, we parted with them to ride back to Mukhtára. That day established a lasting friendship, which existed till Franco Pasha's death a year ago, and I hope still exists with his family, though we have lost sight of one another.

As I turn over my old journal I have to notice throughout that all the good people, the upright ones who worked for Syria and wished her well, are either dead or departed; and the others are permitted to live on and flourish, amidst the scorn and hatred of the nation, suppressed and hidden through fear. I suppose this is part of poor Syria's destiny.

On the way back we met with the Emir Mulhim Rustam. We then went to the house of the principal Druze Shaykh of Mukhtára, where we were received in the usual charming manner. We washed our hands in rose-water, we were sprinkled with perfume, and we were offered coffee, sherbet, and trays of fruit and sweetmeats. We received several native Christians on arriving at the palace, and sundry Druze chiefs of the Haurán. The latter are wild-looking men; they wear huge white turbans, red or green coats, and massive swords. The Druzes, with their usual good taste, chose the chief Christians to dine with us this night, so the Sitt could not appear, as she had to veil before them; so after dinner I retired to the harím.

She has two sons, the eldest married. His wife was a pretty young creature—a gentle brunette, dressed in a red and gold skirt, bodice and sleeves of white, and a jacket of other colours, with a profusion of jewellery. She looked like a fancy picture of Zuleika. The other son was a handsome youth, ingenuous and manly. He told me that there was only one girl whom he could marry, according to his rank, race, and creed. I thought it rather "hard lines," but he seemed to take it as a matter of course.

On the 16th we received a visit from the Emir Mulhim Rustam. Young ladies of England! this is the only real "Prince

of the Lebanon" left, so remember his name; for unless he goes over to England to look for a wife you will not be Princesses of the Lebanon. I know so many Syrian "Princes of the Lebanon" who have deluded my fair compatriots into the romantic idea of marrying them. You may still find scions of old houses whose glory is departed, but you will live in a very poor and very matter of fact way, so you may as well do it in England, where you can be comfortable. At any rate, insist upon going to Syria before the fatal knot is tied, and see your future home and family. Then, if it is a real affection, carry out your romantic project, and be prepared to suffer for it. If you see a Syrian with a handsome face pervading society in a green and gold jacket, and wearing a fez, admire the costume, and be hospitable and kind to the wearer, but do not fall in love and marry. This is what will happen if you neglect my advice: you will arrive at a mud hut in the Lebanon, and from morning to night you will be surrounded by native women, who look upon you as a "dispensation of Providence." The life is so different; you must lose your English independence, and sink to the level of the Eastern rule for women. You have no person educated according to your ideas to exchange a thought with, even after you know the language; and you will sorely want, after a year, either to return home or to throw yourself into the sea. If you are unhappy enough to have children, you would not cast off the father, and you would weep yourself into a destiny very like being buried alive, and that, too, with a lord and master who has not sufficient education to be companionable.

I feel once more in the preaching vein—such is the fatal result of writing a book. After lecturing young ladies, I now turn round to English wives who may travel in the East.

Before the Eastern world, not only observe the same reserve towards your husband as you would to a stranger, but also treat him as a Master. It sounds to you absurd, but Orientals will make comments on the free and easy manners of European wives, and any one who knows the East takes not a little trouble to preserve her good name. I have seen English women who were as familiar with their husbands in Syria as if they were in England, and worse still, who rather assumed the upper hand. Both lose caste. Let it be understood by the attitude you assume towards

each other that you are his *confidante*, his *camarade*, his friend; but before others you must salute him at a distance, even if you are parting for months. You must not think of taking his arm; you must obey his slightest look, and show in every way that he is your superior. By acting according to custom, both are respected, and considered a happy couple. By acting according to the customs of the ordinary classes of Europe when in uncivilized places, the woman does not raise herself, but lowers her husband.

And now a word to the philanthropic of my sex. You who travel for a little while in Syria, and are possessed by a mania to adopt a biped sample of the Holy Land, and to transplant it to your English home, pause awhile. It may answer your expectations, far more likely it will not. If it does not, let me lay the future before you. I will suppose that you adopt, as most people do, a Christian boy. Are you prepared to accept him for a master, and to leave him all you possess, or at any rate, to provide for him for life? The Syrian Christian is one to whom if you give an inch he will take many ells. He will act the "porcupine and the snakes;" he will shortly be owner of the house, and make you feel as if you were staying there on a visit. You will find that you have invested in a most luxurious and expensive article. He will press you for money or presents, be there ever such a difficulty of gratifying him, and he will always contrive, be you ever so loving and generous, to make your gifts seem mean in comparison with those of others. He may vow affection and faith to you, and be ready to nurse you through a sickness, or swear to die with you, yet all the time he may be keeping a journal, in order to fall upon you should some accident make it his interest to do so. Worshipping you all the while, he will ill-treat you, and be rude to you, and seek a quarrel with you every day, because he says he loves you, and is "intimate" with you, and you are like a mother to him, and he will tell you it is not worth while to be on such terms unless he can do as he likes. But he will be charming, and ready to run errands for a person who keeps him sternly in order, and who would not even say "thank you" for his services. Yet you have not the heart to copy that person's manner towards him, because you brought him out of his country.

Then the climate ruins your charming boy. From being a hardy child who could rough it in mountain or desert, and sleep on the ground, Europe, especially England, makes him so dyspeptic that his life and your life are burthens. He becomes so delicate as to be able to eat or drink only the choicest and daintiest things in large quantities, to sleep luxuriously and long, to dread every breath of wind, and to imagine that he has every earthly disease. All the servants must wait upon him, and, as he treats them like slaves, nobody will stay with you. The Eastern system of intrigue is carried into your English hearth, and you come out of no friend's house without a sense of something uncomfortable which you cannot define. He also has very ill-defined ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, and grows to fancy that "what is yours is his, and what is his is his own." The transformation in the emancipated nature takes place, insensibly to you for a long time, until cruel speeches and reproaches, which make you blush for his coarseness, surprise and awake you from your dream of having one devoted, faithful thing all to yourself. All that charmed and fascinated you is gone, and a page of life seems skipped over, as if the individual had dived down a charming Eastern, and come up at a distance, after a period, a mis-shapen European, with all the faults, and without the virtues or education, of Europe. The poor boy hardly earning a living, who kissed the hand of the smallest Moslem official, who stood up before every European, will now dream that he was a prince, and that he has rather lowered himself by consorting with you. He will vote all your friends "cads," except those with titles. He will tell stories out of the "Arabian Nights" about his family position and home luxuries in Syria, which he is always regretting, and he will detail these things to strangers before your very face, and appeal to you for their truth. You may devote much of your time to educating him, giving him good example, reading to him, trying to teach him refined manners and speech, but you will ever find him more adept at copying the servants' hall vulgarities, the swearing of the stable boy, the coarse language of the sailor; he, the same lad who appeared so high-minded in Syria.* Still, there are good qualities

* It is only fair to state that I never adopted a Syrian boy, but that this is what I have always seen, and what I have ever been told by those who have done so.

left, and they might re-appear in his native land, once more brought under his own rulers, amongst his own people. Then you reproach yourself too late; you know it is your own fault, that you cannot put back what you have done for your own gratification; you are probably by this time sincerely attached to your *protégé*, and will cling to him for better for worse, and you can only patch up what you have done by devoting your life to him, by saving an independence for your victim which will place him in a good position in Syria after your death.

Love the Syrian, and work for him as much as you can upon his own soil; but do not be so cruel as to transplant him—he will succeed no better than the miserable tropical plants in our home conservatories. And may I never in my life, much as it is my duty to advocate it, see the railways and civilization carried into this country, that will destroy all that is beautiful in the Syrian nature.

The Syrian Christian has the same virtues and vices as the lower and middle class Irish. The temperament is all sunshine, or thunder and lightning within ten minutes. They are never childish; they know by instinct instead of learning. They are capable of loving and of being faithful to you, but they never forget the shadow of a slight, even unintentional. A trifle, of which you are unaware, turns a long attachment into instant hate. But they have much keener brains than the Irish—a calculation and a knowledge of business in money matters, an eye to putting themselves forward for vanity sake, in every child, that would startle a lawyer. There is a little "dodge," it may be a harmless one or not, in everything they do, in everything they say, which after living amongst them for a year or two you know as well as they do, but which at first you would never suspect. You cannot puzzle them more than by being perfectly straightforward, truthful, consistent, and careless of their small intrigues.

It is only fair to state that I know charming Christians, and Syrians of all denominations, without grave faults, and that I am now describing the race *en masse*. All the attributes which I apply to Syrians, good or bad, vary in proportion to the race and creed. The Sadád Christians and the Druzes, if one may judge, have the greatest amount of good and the least evil. The

Afghan, the Kurd, the Mogháribeh, the Bedawin, are superior to the City Moslems, and the City Moslems are superior to the Jews and the City Christians.

Living for some time amongst these races gives you such keen instincts that you seem almost to yourself to be perpetually clairvoyante. But it is as painful as too much light, and at last you would almost give anything to be deceived—to be what the Germans call "dumm." When you return to Europe, every one's thoughts and intentions are seen as through a pane of glass; their rough, honest, coarse attempts at deception are like the gambols of an elephant, the little "dodges" barefacedly deceive you, detract you, and ridicule you before your very face; whose ill-bred perpetrators say with confusion, "I did not think you would see that," only because you were too refined and well-bred to laugh and offer to help them through their clumsiness.

It is so amusing to encourage the Syrians in their own country, just to see what their nature will prompt them to. Take a Mountain or Desert native, and make him or her perfectly at home with you, just to see how soon the grand, courteous manner will wear off. In about ten minutes he or she will have asked for thirteen or fourteen things—each costing at least £50—saying, "I love you so much that I sit here thinking what more I can ask you for," in the full, child-like confidence (as we go to Allah) that all they ask they will obtain. They will then run round your room and pull everything to pieces, look in your drawers, sit gazing in the glass, playing with your powder, your perfumes, your cold cream, until they have put it all on in the wrong places, "because (they wind up) it is delightful to be so intimate with you." I have had many a half hour's amusement in this way, only I always put toilette articles on purpose. Of course, I do not allude to the people who live in towns, who are accustomed to Europeans, but to the children of Nature, of the wilds.

How very sorry we were to part this day. The Sitt Jumblatt and I formed a friendship which, if our lives last, I hope some day to enjoy again. We often met, and we used to write to each other. Her letters would begin, "My dearest sister," and were full of those pretty things which only an Eastern can say, such as, "My eyes sought you for many days till my head ached. When

will you come to repose them, that I may not see your empty place?"

We were accompanied out with the same honours as those with which we were ushered in, and at a certain point we all took different ways. Captain Burton and Hanna Misk went to visit Ali Beg Jumblatt, and I rode along a mountain path, a very fair specimen of South Lebanon. I took it very quietly, and occupied five hours in reaching Jezzín, my night's halt, arriving at 3 p.m. I passed through or by the following places—Ain Kunni, Ain Makhtúr, Harat Jendel, Bathir, where I stopped to rest by a stream with Yúsuf Beg, a distinguished Maronite chief. Then we rode past Kala'at Miyeh, a castle, Bayt Man, the tomb of Neby Mísha and his sister, and that of Islaika, a Mohammedan saint, and Neby Ayúb, and Druze prophets on two mountain sides. Ali Beg, whom Captain Burton went to see, lived at Baderhan, on the mountain tops, but I passed under it; Kassín was on my right, and Zeba'ah Niha, with Kala'at Niha, its castle.

Jezzín is a pretty village, with houses, not huts; it contains 5,000 inhabitants (Maronites), three churches, and Sisters of Charity. So far, then, it is more civilized than many a European place that has hunted them out. Every Empire, City, Town, or Village that sends away its Sisters of Charity must have a serious moral disease, that of wanting to cast off its God. Who can tell us it is an advantage to any country to suppress the Sisters of Charity—to suppress any *good* woman? The Sisters of Charity are heaven's own angels. Why not suppress all institutions for the poor and distressed, and the hospitals; tax air, light, water, sleep, and every human comfort, and tell us it is a blessing? The Sœurs de Charité de Saint Vincent de Paul are the Grand Order connected with the French Army and Foreign Missions. This army of holy women numbers sixteen thousand, who are spread all over the world, doing the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

Corporal.	Spiritual.
To feed the hungry,	To counsel the doubtful,
Give drink to the thirsty,	Instruct the ignorant,
Clothe the naked,	Admonish sinners,
Harbour the harbourless,	Comfort the afflicted,
Visit the sick,	Forgive injuries,
Visit the imprisoned, and	Bear wrongs patiently,
Bury the dead.	Pray for the living and the dead.

This is their business, with a simple, holy rule of life—an active, hard-working career for others, and total abnegation of self. Oh that this were the *Suttee* of all woman-kind! What a band of holy widows we should have!

The Sisters of Mercy are to the Sisters of Charity what the Militia is to the Army, the St. Vincent de Paul-ites being the "regulars," and having branch houses all over the world. The head-quarters are in the Rue du Bac, in the Faubourg Paris. Its officials are as follows:—the Reverend Mother, or Abbess, the Father-Superior-General, and a council of ten members and twenty-six secretaries.

These determine the arrangements all over the world. This establishment is to them what the Horse-guards is to the Army. A sister may have resided in one house for years, got attached to her convent, her cell, her *camarades*, her patients; we will suppose that to-night the "cachet bleu" (which has just issued forth from the Rue du Bac) arrives, and, within two hours' notice, she and her habit and breviary are on their way to Chinese Tartary, or Central Africa, with a small detachment.

The discipline and obedience are perfect. A sister may be ordered to wash up plates or darn linen for ten years, at the expiration of which she may be suddenly ordered on board a plague ship, or under the fire of an enemy, or between hostile armies, to bind up wounds and whisper the consolations of religion to a dying man, and she must obey with equal calm and willingness. Is there not a charm about the uncertainty of the morrow in these active orders, far superior to the contemplative order, whose members know that should they be alive this day fifty years, they will be doing at this very same hour what they are doing at this moment? The Sisters of Charity, when professed, take the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and charity.

"J'ai vu l'éclat du monde et sa richesse;
J'ai contemplé sa gloire et ses honneurs;
Mais, à ta voix, ô Divine Sagesse,
Je repoussai ses biens faux et trompeurs.
La croix devint ma sainte jouissance,
La pauvreté le trésor de mon cœur;
Ma liberté la douce obéissance;
L'humilité mon unique grandeur.

"Ah ! que j'exerce un touchant ministère !
Je dois du pauvre adoucir la douleur.
De l'orphelin essuyer la paupière ;
Faire couler les larmes du pécheur ;
Je l'affermis à son moment suprême,
En lui montrant son divin Rédempteur,
Qui s'est fait homme et qui mourut lui-même ;
Pour expier sa faute et son erreur.

"O grandeur de la charité !—
Oh ! que Jésus la récompense !—
Il ennoblit par sa présence
La douleur et l'infirmité ;
Et le haillon sur le pauvre jeté
Couvre à nos yeux le Dieu de Majesté."

BY A SŒUR DE CHARITÉ.

The Káim-makám, or local Governor, is a scion of the house of Sheháb. The Kadi, the priests, and all the notables came out to meet me, and when the others arrived we had a merry dinner and pleasant evening, with the best of hospitality, in the house of Yúsuf Beg.

October 17th.—I started next day separately with Yúsuf Beg. We rode over a very bad country for four hours, crossing the mountain Jebel Ríhán to Mashgharah. It was oppressively hot, and I was so overcome with drowsiness, that on reaching a fine shady walnut tree I dismounted and slept. It was all hard work, ascents, windings, descents, as steep as a bank, and narrow ledges with deep drops, and pointed rocks, which always tired the horses severely. Mashgharah is a pretty village, with good water. The two mountains are covered with green up to a certain height. On the side of that to our left the village is situated, and the river runs in the hollow between them. The water is delicious, and we went straight to the Ain, for the benefit of our thirsty horses. In this poor little place there were actually three shops, where we bought pottery, baskets, and gaudy handkerchiefs. The Shaykh begged of us not to pitch our tents, but to go to his house, where we had a supper of rice and chickens. *We*, were Captain Burton and I, Hanna Misk, three Begs, a deputy from the absent Káim-makám, the priest, the Shaykh, and several others. I saw

forty intrigues around the bowl of rice that night, all dipping the hand into the same dish, and silently making plans one against another. All the men of the party slept on the divans of the reception room, and I returned to the harím.

October 18th.—Captain Burton was in the saddle betimes, with Hanna Misk. I rose at leisure, breakfasted with Yúsuf Beg, and then had a slow ride of five hours over bad country, across El Shuf el Biyad, Jebel ed Dahar, and Wady et Tame, to Rasheyyah. This town is situated on two high hills, where there is no water. Scarcely were our tents pitched when, without any provocation, the Greek Orthodox party fastened on our Maronite boy, Habíb. About two hundred of them set upon him, and I saw their priest cheering them on from the roof of a house. Druze chiefs came from all parts to visit us, and thus we were able to settle the assault on conditions highly favourable to us.

On the 19th we rose before daylight to ascend Mount Hermon. It was easy enough at first, but gradually became more difficult. I was well-mounted, and rode up three-quarters of the way. We reached the summit at 10.30 p.m., when we breakfasted, and inspected the three-headed mountain. The highest, which shares with Tabor a claim to be the scene of the Transfiguration, we made our resting-place. We put up a Kákú, or pile of stones, for a remembrance, and we found a cave. The view was beautiful. We could see the outlines of Damascus, and Jayrúd, Nebk, Kutarfi, the Lejá'a, the Haurán, Kunatra, the sea of Galilee, Tiberias, the mountains of Samaria, Ajlún (Gilead), Balad es Sikíf, B'sharah, Carmel, Acre, Tyre, Saida (Sidon), and Beyrout.

The only live animal was a large hare startled from its form on the ascent. We read and wrote, slept and smoked, and talked over plans of camping up here in the cave for a week, the only difficulty being water. Later in the afternoon we came down sliding with poles, tumbling over loose stones, and laughing proportionately at our disasters. We had hardly a shoe left in the party, and our garments were torn to rags. When the steepest part was over, we diverged slightly to the left, and came to a little piece of water bordered by stones and wild thyme, where

our poor horses drank their fill, it being their first chance to-day. My second horse, Harfúsh, had a cholic, and nearly died. We rode down in the dark, and only reached our tents at bed time.

October 20th.—We rose late, as it rained hard, and breakfasted with Druzes, and Hamad Nofal of El Kufayr arrived—a good specimen of his race. We paid a number of calls, one to the Greek Bishop, Matran Misaíl, of Súr and Saida, a very charming and civilized prelate. We saw all over Rasheyyah, and attended to School business for the Missions.

Shaykh Yúsuf Zacki, a funny little old man, and Hamad Nofal dined with Captain Burton, Hanna Misk, and myself, in the school-room, where they also slept. I preferred the tents, though it was very cold. I will never sleep in a house when I can find a tent, unless the wind is too high.

October 21st.—Captain Burton started early by a route of his own. The Greek Bishop called upon me, so politeness obliged me to set out late.

We had a very painful mountain descent. Poor Jiryus, the Sais, a burly fellow from Nebk, walked by my side for a mile, and then kissing my hand with many blessings, for I had always been good to him, and made him the good groom that he was, he threw his arms round Selím's neck, and kissed his muzzle; then he sat down on a rock and burst into tears. He had been dismissed for disobeying orders. My heart ached for him, and I cried too. Shaykh Ahmad and I descended the steep mountain side, and then galloped over the plain till we came to water, and Bedawin feeding their flocks. He gave one fine savage a push, and roughly ordered him to hold my horse and milk his goats for me. The man refused, and made a stand just as sturdily. "What!" I said very gently; "do you, a Bedawin, refuse a little hospitality to a tired and thirsty woman?" "O lady!" he replied, quickly, "I will do anything for you, you speak so softly, but I won't be ordered about by this big Druze fellow." I was pleased with his manliness. He took my horse, ordered the others to milk the goats, and let our horses drink at the stream; and then we all sat by the water in good humour again. I left them with a good Bakshísh, and galloped on for four or five hours, till we came to a pretty spot below Hasbeyyah.

Our camp was by a river fringed with green and bushes, and on the hill above us stood the town.

Early in the morning (22*nd*) our divan was arranged under the trees near the river, and Salím Beg Shems came to visit us, with two fine gazelle dogs, which my bull-terrier showed a disposition to worry, though they were fourteen times his size. He breakfasted with us, and we amused him by showing him our guns and pistols. We then rode up to Hasbeyyah with him. The soldiers turned out to salute us. We visited first the Serai, where we had coffee and pipes. Then I visited the harím of Salím Beg Shems. A number of schoolmistresses and teachers came to see us, this being a branch of the British Syrian establishment, and we visited the schools in return. The roads or paths were exceedingly bad. We then went to look at the sources of the Jordan, which are under a rock projecting like a slanting slab, a water about the size of a minute garden-pond. The place is green with figs and oleanders, growing in extensive clumps upon the sand strip, and were now covered with their beautiful pink flowers. The Sources of the Jordan are usually marked on maps and guide books at Banias. I wonder why? We then visited the bitumen mines belonging to Hanna Misk. It is wonderful how much he does with very poor resources. His arrangement for letting men up and down was very dangerous. It consisted of a rickety basket, with a single half-worn-out rope. My husband, in spite of my entreaties, insisted on going down, but the proprietor was much too wise to do likewise. There was no ventilation below, and the whole thing was worked as it might have been 500 years back in England. Considering all things, the accidents were few. The little bits were all put into large boxes and melted down; there were large cauldrons simmering night and day, and nothing appeared to be wasted. We gave the Miners a sheep, and there was great merry-making.

Our camp was curious and not uninteresting. This time, being pitched upon a low ground close to a river, with burning heat by day, and cold dews by night, I got fever, and next day, when they made an excursion to the village of Hamad Nofal, I was unable to move. They put a divan under the trees by the water, where the shade was pleasant and refreshing,

and I lay in a kind of stupor all day, until they returned at night.

October 24th.—By dawn I heard a noise as if of quarrelling, and thinking it was some of our servants, I called out from my tent, "Uskut ya hú" ("Hold thy tongue, O he"); but it appeared that it was Shaykh Hamad and Hanna Misk quarrelling about the corn.

Shortly after the Shaykh came to my tent, asked leave to enter, and informed me in a very dignified tone that he wished to go home. A hint had been given to me of what was going on, so I laughed and explained, refusing to allow him to depart. We rode slowly for five hours along the Wady et Tame—slowly, for I was really very ill—breakfasting under the trees; and as soon as our camp was settled at Banias under a grove of olive trees, I went to bed with ague and fever, which lasted all night. I was very glad to find our tents there—roughing it on the ground would have been very trying.

October 25th.—We were not idle to day, for much was to be seen: the ruins of the old town, the present village, the castle on a height, the Cave of Pan. The temple which Herod erected to Augustus Cæsar is demolished, but there are traces of it. The Cave of Pan is large, and has a fig tree growing out of a crevice. The ground is covered with dry, cakey mud. Here the sources of the Jordan appear for the second time. The first I have mentioned near Hasbeyyah. The water trickling from beneath this cakey mud disappears under big stones; then it bubbles up, separated into eight or nine streams. We bathed and drank, and brought water away in bottles. Above the cave is the tomb of a daughter of Jacob (?). When we returned to the tents, we beheld at no great distance some other tents, flying the English flag. We immediately hailed each other, and paid mutual visits. We accompanied the new comers to the cave and fountain during a magnificent sunset. They gave us an invitation to dinner, which we accepted, and enjoyed our evening very much; but I paid for my dissipation by a night of fever. My sleep was partially broken by a foal which would remain in my tent nibbling in the sacks of corn, and lashing out her little hoofs at my bed every time I ventured to remonstrate.

October 26th.—We were both of us up and off early. Our new acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, kindly sent me "Lothair" to take on my way. We saluted each other with a discharge of small arms from our camps as we went our ways. Ali Beg Ahmadi and his cavalry came to escort me, and Shaykh Ahmadi and many others remained with me. Captain Burton, Hanna Misk, and the Christians, rode off by another path betimes.

We had a delicious gallop over the plain of Ghyam, which is part of the Ard el Húleh, through which runs the Jordan, and over the plain of Abbs, another portion of the same, cultivated and rich, but full of swamps. This river valley of the Jordan is flanked by the mountains. Before us was Mount Hermon and the Kunayterah, and the waters of Merom, and beyond that—though we could not see so far—we knew lay the lower Jordan and the sea of Galilee. The ride did me good. At last we came to the tents, an encampment of thick matting and sticks, guarded by the most uncouth, bearish, hyena-ish dogs I ever saw. Here we stopped and drank milk with the Bedawin. I found a man at death's door; I gave him some Warburg's drops, and a little bottle with directions. He afterwards came to me strong and well, and with a heart full of gratitude.

It was a tantalizing day. The lake appeared at no great distance, and instead of riding straight to it, we diverged all day, up and down, in and out, to avoid the marshy, rushy places. This, too, under a burning sun, without a breath of air till night, and I actually found my good strong horse flagging. What a rich land this would be if properly drained and planted; now it teems with luxuriant rankness, as does all the valley of the Jordan, and fever and death. We pitched our tents under a large tree, divided from the lake by papyrus swamps, a most unwholesome spot, where we were punished by flies and mosquitoes, and the tents were full of crawling things. We all got headache at once. However, we pitched and prepared our tents, and groomed our horses, meaning to move on next day.

Bahret el Húleh, the waters of Merom,* also called Lake Semachonitis, a small, blue, triangular lake, is the first of the three basins of the Jordan.

* The waters of Merom are chiefly mentioned in Scripture in Joshua ii. 5, 6, 7.

Our dinner was amusing. We had all sorts of people at it. We sat round the dish of rice and chicken, plunging our hands into it—Bedawi fashion—all at once. They are very dexterous in rolling balls of rice in their hands, and then they shy them at their mouths, catching them and swallowing them as a dog does a bit of bread. They vie with one another who can make and toss the largest ball; in the same manner they feed their camels. At first I used to leave the dinner hungry, which taught me to use my hands better. Many choice morsels of fat were put into my mouth by those who were privileged to pay me the compliment.

We passed an awful night, and could not sleep for many reasons, the stifling heat being one. Then came a hurricane of wind, torrents of rain, and thunder and lightning, which discomforted me, because we were camped under the only tree in the plain. It was very dark, and the mosquitoes and fleas were legion. We spent the dark hours in holding our tent pole against the wind, and in digging trenches outside to let the water off.

October 27th.—The same weather continued all this day, with fearful storms of thunder and lightning. There was no food for man, and none for the horses, which was much worse. Every one was ill, and nobody was able to move or work. I turned all the mares, mules, and donkeys loose, to pick their own living, and muleteers and Saises led the horses with long halters to green patches. We spent the day reorganizing our baggage, and tidying the tents. The beds were filled with water, and everything became a mass of unsavoury black mud. The trunks had constantly to be removed, the crevices filled up, the tents made "taut" with ropes and waterproofs. No dry clothes were to be had. I piled up some trunks and sat at the top of them, and devoured "Lothair" at all the times that were free from work. I remember how curiously the descriptions of the refined houses of England read, whilst sitting amid black mud in the centre of desolation, surrounded by feverish swamps. Yet the life was of my own choosing—my own seeking; it suited me, with all its drawbacks. We must have some moments of inconvenience, and I would not have exchanged it for the old life.

October 28th.—We were up betimes, and finding the encamp-

ment so unpleasant I begged of my husband not to abide there. Leaving tents and baggage to strike, pack, load, and follow, we collected a few followers, saddled our horses, mounted, and waded them through the water, scrambled over stones and slippery rocks, in and out of mud and slush for two hours, till we touched the mountain roots and began to ascend the sides. We climbed for two hours and a half, and arrived at a large Arab encampment of seventy-two tents under a rich Shaykh, Hadi Abd Allah. He instantly gave us hospitality—barley for our horses, and food for ourselves. The Bedawin were all yellow and sickly, and, even up at this height, dying like sheep of fever, from the miasma arising out of the plain. They had lost many children—a doubly deep sorrow when sons. One boy was dying as I entered. Our tents came up to us that day with all our belongings; we stayed with the tribe, and I doctored them all round with quinine and Warburg's drops. For those not too far gone I left remedies and directions. To those who were incurable—especially children—I gave the only benefit in my power—I baptised them. I never use my water flask till the last moment, as I know that who is born in a faith will live in it. But when the last moment arrives, I endeavour to give to all our hope of heaven.

Our next encampment was also very interesting. The Emir Hasan Faghúr, of the Fazli tribe, is really an Arab Emir, and I believe the only Bedawi Emir in Syria. He heard of our being in the neighbourhood, and came with some of his tribe to invite and escort us to his camp, about five hours away. We had a delightful ride, ascending the Jebel Haush, through a forest of stunted bushes, and at last we arrived at its summit—a plateau with a camp of three hundred tents. The Bedawin came out to meet us, mounted, and armed with their lances. The reception-tent was about fifty feet long, and contained two divans, each twenty-five feet long. The retainers immediately cleared a space for our camp; corn was brought, and our horses were picketted. There was an excellent dinner on a large scale in the Emir's tent that night, lambs and kids roasted whole, stuffed with pistachios and rice, bowls of leben, unleavened bread, honey, and butter of their own making. Bowls of clear, sparkling water stood for us to drink. Wine or spirits they do not know. We were divided

into several groups, the principal people composing ours, and every group having their own dish.

I often think with regret of the strange scenes which became a second nature to me: of those dark, fierce men, in their gaudy, flowing costumes, lying about in various attitudes, the fire or the moonlight lighting them up; the divans and the pipes, the narghílehs and coffee; of their wild, mournful songs, of their war dances, and of their story-telling, in which love and war are the only and blending subjects. There is something in an Eastern man's voice peculiarly seductive. The women's are shrill, discordant, and nasal, they put your teeth on an edge, and *vous agacent les nerfs.* The commonest Moslem, Druze, Kurd, Afghan, or Bedawi, has a soft yet guttural accent, that comes from the chest, in which there is passion and repose—it is rich and strong, but restrained; it becomes music when reciting, and tells upon the ear like the soughing of the distant wind, or like the gondolier serenades of Venice as they come floating along the water, under the shimmer of the harvest moon. I have heard that rare voice but once or twice in Europeans, and that was because they had lived in the East, or had Tuscan mothers; and there is a laziness and yet a virility in the Spanish voice that reminds me slenderly of the Oriental.

The Easterns have also a magnetic power which they fortunately ignore, as a horse his strength, or they would use it dangerously. It is natural to them to exhale electricity, and those susceptible to mesmerism should be aware of it. This is also a rare European quality, but I have met with it, in which case I often suspect Semitic blood.

Bedawi women dress in a long blue skirt with large hanging sleeves; the long hair floats down the back; some tribes tattoo blue patterns on their lips, faces, and bodies, but the tribes paint differently, as all have their separate device. They wear nose-rings—generally in one nostril—and all the ornaments they can get—chiefly of glass—bought in the towns. If a woman has a child, a husband who can afford it gives her a camel to suckle the babe, which she returns when the child is weaned. The women rise with the light, feed the sheep, milk the camels, and do all the work. In the morning the shepherds and slaves drive

off the flocks; the women make bread by turns, and it is eaten hot, with draughts of camel's or goat's milk. In the evening the food consists of a hodge-podge of rice or "burghol" flour and milk. Some are told off to repair the tents, and spin the staff of sheep wool, or camel hair. The fighting men are lazy, but if news of a Ghazu (raid) approaches the camp, they spring to their horses, and are gone in an instant. The shepherds, who are the outposts, give a Sihar, or peculiar cry, and they scud away in all directions. The women catch the colts, and then begins a life and death struggle, with a general "bolt" for the vanquished, especially if it is a "Thár," or blood feud. A quiet Rahíl, or march, follows sudden news of an approaching danger. The order is given for to-morrow, to collect their stragglers. They strike tents, pack up, and move in close line by night without speaking; and unless a baby cries or a colt whinnies, they would pass an enemy close and never be heard.

They are very romantic, and have desperate love affairs. It is their invariable custom, which, curiously enough, does not spoil the race, to marry first cousins, counting only on the father's side. The eldest male first-cousin claims his eldest first cousin as his right. He will, however, allow her to marry if he does not want her, especially if he gets a mare, or some camels, as a *douceur*. Foster brothers and sisters become blood relations.

The woman of the settled Arab, in all classes of life, as a rule lives thus:—the husband rises in the morning, she brings his soap and water, and he washes his hands and face. She gives him his breakfast and narghíleh, and then he goes out. If he is good he will look after his fields, his vineyards, his silkworms, his shop, or whatever he has. If he is not a steady man he will lounge in the bath and smoke with his friends, neglecting his business. She cleans her house, prepares the evening meal. On his return she must bring him water to wash his hands and face, and she will sit on the floor and wash his feet. She gives him his coffee, sherbet, and narghíleh. Then she brings his dinner, and whilst he eats she stands and waits upon him, with arms crossed over the breast, and eyes humbly cast down. She dares not speak unless he speaks to her, and does everything to please him. She then gives him his coffee and pipe, and leaves him to spend the

evening as he pleases. This sounds cruel, but when the pressure of the master's presence is taken off the Eastern woman, she is not half so nice in the common classes. Then she sits in a corner of the room on the floor, and takes the remainder of the dinner with her children, and most probably she sleeps with them. Besides all this, the poorer orders must not only do the whole house work —lighting fires, boiling water, and cooking dinner—but clean the house, attend to the children, wait on the husband, draw and carry water on her head, break the wood for three or four hours, milk the cows, feed the sheep and goats, drive them to drink, dig the fields, cut the corn, make and bake bread—in fact, all the hard drudge of both man and woman.

The higher classes of large towns who have grown sufficiently rich, and scraped up a European idea or two, pride themselves on doing nothing but dress, paint, lounge on divans, with narghílehs and coffee, sweets, scents, and gossip, and spend several hours in the Turkish bath; they grow fat and yellow, waddling and unwieldy. There is much of this in grand Syrian life. They only see the men of their family, just like the rest, unless they love *en cachette*, and then, if they find an opportunity, may converse with uncovered face; but woe betide the lovers if the police or the relatives get wind of it, through a servant or an enemy. If a husband comes back to a home made uncomfortable by a careless, foolish wife, he will apply the stick to her without remorse, but not brutally or injuriously, and if she answers or uses foul language, he will pick off his shoe and strike her on the mouth. But do not be squeamish, my British readers—read our own police reports, and think the Syrian husband an angel. There are no gouged-out eyes, no ribs broken by "running kicks," and no smashing with the hammer and the poker. This is simply a neglected man asserting his rights with a few stripes in the privacy of his house—not a shameful street brawl under the influence of drink.

The Bedawin pride themselves on having much more intelligence and refinement, romance and poetry, than the settled Arab races; they have an especial contempt for the Fellahín. One day a Bedawi threw this in the face of a Christian Fellah. They had some high words about it, upon which the Bedawi said,

"Well, thou shalt come to our tents. I will ask my daughter but three questions, we will note her answers. I will accompany thee to thy village, and thou shalt ask thy daughter the same three questions, and we will compare her language with my daughter's. Both are uneducated. My daughter knows naught but nature's language. Thine may have seen something of towns or villages, and passers by, and have some advantage over mine."

They first went to the camp.

Bedawi father—"O my daughter!"

Girl—"Here I am, O my father!"

Father—"Take our horses and picket them."

The ground was stony, and she hammered at the peg.

Girl—"My father, I knocked the iron against the stone, but the ground will not open to receive her visitor."

"Change it, O my daughter!"

At dinner her father knew he had rice on his beard, and that the girl was ashamed.

"What is it, O my daughter?"

"My father, the gazelles are feeding in a valley full of grass!"

He understood, and wiped his beard.

"Wake us early, O my daughter!"

"Yes, my father."

She called him—"My father, the light is at hand."

"How dost thou know, O my daughter?"

"The anklets are cold to my feet—I smell the flowers on the river bank, and the sun bird is singing."

Thence they went to the Fellah's village. It was now his turn.

Fellah—"My daughter!"

Girl—"What do you want, father?"

"Take our horses and picket them."

The ground being hard she hammered uselessly, and losing temper threw down the stone, crying—

"I have knocked it so hard, and it won't go in."

"Change it then, girl!"

At dinner he purposely dropped some rice on his beard. She pointed at him, began to laugh, and said, "Wipe your chin, my father."

On going to bed he said, "Wake us early, my daughter!"

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Father," she called at dawn, "get up; it is daylight!"

"How do you know, my daughter?"

"My stomach is empty, I want to eat."

The Fellah was obliged to acknowledge the superiority of a Bedawi household over his own.

I wrote a very literal specimen of a few of the verses that used to be recited in camp on these delicious evenings; but as the Arabic lines will be useless to an English reader, I give only the translation.

"Ali, all the Bedawi girls love you;
Their first-born and even the camels want you;
Ah! they would still love you if you goaded them,
So offerings from Homs and Hamah came to you.

"Ali, the glory and the Lion of our Desert,
Who spread our grounds with silk and velvet;
Ali, who rules the lion and the tiger in peace,
And who put the mustachios on a level with the beard.

"The eyes—O Allah!—longing after him,
Full of sorrow—my heart after him;
Accursed be the sleep of my eyes after him;
He fled, and left me no happiness.

"The tears flow down my cheeks like two rivulets,
A little ship sailed on my tears;
Right he who couples death and exile,
The longing eyes find not their lover.

"Tears fall down my cheeks like a stranger's,
And my tears sailed the little stranger ship;
I want thee not, O life! in this strange land,
The longing eyes find not their lover."

To continue my story of travel. When we went to our tents we lay down on our respective rugs, and I had put out the light, when my husband called to me from the other side, "Come quick, I am stung by a scorpion!" I struck a match, and ran over to his rug and looked at the place he pointed to, but there was a mere speck of blood, and I was convinced it was only a big

black ant. He did not mind that, so I lay down again. Hardly had I done so when he called out, "Come quick again, I know it is a scorpion!" I again struck a light, ran over, plunged my hand inside the shirt near the throat, and drew it out quickly, with the scorpion hanging by its crab-like claws to my finger. I shook it off and killed it, but it did not sting me, being, I suppose, unable to manage it a third time. I rubbed some strong smelling salts into his wounds, having no liquid ammonia; he was very pale, so I ran off to the provision-box, where I fortunately found some raki. I made him drink it, to keep the poison away from the heart. He then slept, and awoke in the morning quite well.

The harím was numerous. They all had brown faces, tattooed blue, and their lips dyed blue. From them I learnt the "skeleton of the camp," which the men were too proud and self-concentrated to show grief for before us. The Emir's daughter, a beautiful girl, aged seventeen, and engaged to be married, had died the day before our arrival of fever. Yet, true to his Eastern stoicism, philosophy, or fatality, he had been able to smother his grief, to summon his best men, and come out with all that pomp to invite and escort us to his camp, to prepare this reception for us without ever letting us suspect a trouble; and he and the brothers and the lover were the most prominent and attentive to our comforts and amusements. I then learnt that the Bedawi of this encampment were dying in their tents of fever, like the others, though they were in the purest air. So I got out the medicine chest, and performed the same offices for them that I did for Hadi Abd Allah's encampment.

Our next move was to Mejdel Esh Shems, in the district called Iklim el Bellan, passing Birket er Ram, or Lake Phiala, a little round lake, of which more hereafter. Our cavalcade was large, and we had a splendid ride. Mejdel is a village beautifully situated, high up on the declivity of a mountain defile. It is a Druze stronghold, fighting and turbulent. We were, as usual, received and treated like relatives. Our next move was a ride of three hours over stony mountains to another mixed Druze and Christian village—Bayt Jenn—where we pitched our camp at sunset on a cold bit of ground. Captain Burton went to a house,

because it would have offended the Shaykh to refuse his hospitality. I always preferred the tents to the "stuffiness" of a room. After supper I asked leave to return to my own quarters, and slept well, in spite of damp and wild dogs.

The women here wore antique earrings of gold and stones, and many-coloured beads and coins. The head was covered by a fez or tarbush, and to it were attached long, black, silken braided plaits, to look like hair, ending with knots and piastres and chains below the waist. It looked very nice, especially on a pretty girl or a young child. Whilst here we received an invitation to a Druze wedding at Arneh, only two hours farther, a village at the foot of Jebel esh Shaykh (Mount Hermon), and just above which rise the sources of the Awaj, which waters El Kunayterah. Captain Burton went off a different way. Whenever we separated, the object was to get information of both routes to our meeting-place, and thus to save time and to learn more. On meeting we used to join our notes together.

Shaykh Hamad and I and others did our work very leisurely, walking and riding, and after two hours we descended a steep, and beheld Arneh in a hollow at the foot of Hermon. From afar we could see and hear the festivities. It was the marriage of the Shaykh's daughter. All the fighting men came out of the village with guns to meet me, and we came in for a very gay affair. Firstly, all the surrounding Druze villages, about ten in number, arrived by troops, and each was received with honour. The different costumes and coloured dresses were very interesting. We had dancing in the open air, and then some wandering mountebanks performed. Next the bridegroom, a boy of fifteen, was carried by two men, who made a cat's-cradle with their hands, upon which he knelt, putting an arm round each neck. When the sword dance was over, I was invited to the bride's house, where all the harims were assembled. Every woman was dressed in her best costume and jewellery; all were singing, dancing, and snapping their fingers like castanets. The bride came to receive me very naturally, and with a modest simplicity. She was a pretty Druze girl of fifteen or sixteen. The long black hair fell down her back, surmounted by a red fez and silken plaits. She had on a Damascus embroidered jacket, a white silken skirt, showing the

bosom and black bodice, a broad red belt, which descended behind like a modern pannier, or little tunic; Turkish trowsers of white linen, clasped at the ankle; a short black tight-fitting skirt surmounted them, covered with silver dangling things, so that whenever she moved she jingled like a charger in his trappings.

The bridegroom was a small, plain boy in red boots, black tunic and surtout; purple waistcoat, a fez tied on with a silk bandanna, and a huge cotton comforter round his neck, as if he had a cold; in the girdle were a Tasbih, or Masbaha (Mohammedan rosary), and a dagger half a yard long. She was very picturesque, and though he was rich he decidedly had the best of it.

The other women wore white veils and "wedding garments," which were over their ordinary robes, and were of bright and different colours. The men were a blaze of fezzes, jackets, silk belts, large trowsers, and boots, all as red as red could be. I need not say that there were no men in the harím, even the bridegroom was not admitted. Whilst we were in the midst of our harím fun, the girls blew out all the lights, and we were left in the dark. The bride ran and threw her arms round me—for protection perhaps—and then commenced such a romping and screaming, and pinching and pulling one another about, like school-girls. This was evidently considered a great frolic. Then after a few minutes they lit the candles again. At last the bride, robed in izár and veiled, mounted the horse *en cavalier*, and went round to pay her last visit to her neighbours. Coming back, the bride and the bridegroom met in the street, both parties from opposite directions. She stood up in her stirrups three times, but still veiled and covered, to show herself to the people; and he was carried between two men as before. Then we returned to her father's house, where she sat on a kind of raised daïs in the fainting attitude which I have before described. Every few moments she slowly raised her hands to her veil, lowered it, showed us her face, and replaced it. After this had been done three times, she came down, and a space was cleared. The women sang to music, and she danced for us with great grace, and told us whole pantomimes. There was a brusqueness in her dancing equal to the Spanish women's, yet poetry and passion were there too. We all

know that Arab dancing can be made vulgar, but it is only the low who do this, to amuse their fellows; and this girl's dancing was beautiful.

I was curious to see how they would comport themselves towards each other if the pair were allowed to meet, and thought it a pity that the bridegroom should not see her to such advantage. I do not think that Druze or Moslem wives dance before their husbands after marriage, so I asked if it might be allowed on account of my being there. This great privilege was conceded; the bridegroom was allowed to come into the harím and to see his bride dance. She modestly went up and kissed his hand, and then, averting her face, they never looked at each other again. I could see that she was glad of the chance of showing herself to advantage before him; but, dancing with a handkerchief in either hand, she always contrived to hide her face from him. He returned in about an hour to his father's house and men friends.

At midnight we formed a procession to take her to her bridegroom's house, with music, singing, dancing, snapping of fingers, and loud cries of "Yallah! Yallah!" which lasted till 2 a.m. Then the harím proceeded to undress the bride. We were up all night, watching, and joining different branches of the festivities.

Eastern domestic usages appear to us very public, even in the most private matters. The greatest fun seems to be preparing the bride for the wedding, which lasts several days, perhaps a fortnight. The Turkish bath, the diet, the plucking of the eyebrows, the henna, and the hosts of cosmetics, are studies in which the harím takes the greatest delight. Old women are always employed in these matters, and it is wonderful how they can have learnt or imagined all they know.

The next day the bridegroom paid us his farewell visit at a very early hour. We set out again, and breakfasted at a small Druze village, Rímeh, where it was very cold, with wind and rain. We found in a stable a stone with an inscription, which Captain Burton thought worth a visit. We then had a mountain ride, and arrived at Búkkásim, a small settlement on the borders of the Druze territory. Here our escort were to take leave of us, and one of the Shayhks, as fine a specimen as could anywhere be seen, ex-

pressed their universal sorrow. What would be almost a love speech in Europe, is in their language only an honest and affectionate expression of good fellowship; it is said between man and man, and before a whole tribe. "Allah be with you and your house," they said to me when they kissed my hand; "I would we had never seen you, for the sake of this parting. If you loved a stone I would put it in my bosom, and if you hated the moon I would not sit under its rays." This meant, in our prosaic tongue, "Your enemies are our enemies, your friends our friends." As we rode away I could see them for three-quarters of an hour, standing on a high rock to watch us out of sight, one or two of them with their faces buried in their mare's necks. These are the manners that make Europeans seem boorish and cold.

Jendell is perched on a height, and we had a dreary ride over never ending hills, and finally reached the skirt of the Damascus plain, El Ghutah. Katana is a Moslem village, with a brook and trees, a little patch of verdure, surrounded by far-stretching wastes. We took our *siesta* by the water, and were sorry to be out of the Druze country.

We now had three hours' gallop, without drawing rein, over the barren plain, which brought us to Mizzeh, the village I have before mentioned as being on the borders of the Damascus oasis, with one side looking on the sand.

There I lost Kubbi, my donkey, who was running loose like a dog. We constantly passed caravans outward bound, and as I never looked after him I did not miss him. He probably recognized some old friend in a passing troop, and turned to follow. Our Afghan Kawwass tracked him, and brought him back next day, though the man who had taken possession of him did not want to give him up under £20. No matter what Mohammed had to do he did it thoroughly. If Captain Burton wanted a culprit that had run away, he said, "Bring me so and so, Mohammed!" "Eywallah, ya Sidi Beg!" ("Yes, by Allah, my Lord Beg!"); he would go off saying, "If he were in Jehannum I will have him out." Once he brought a man struggling and kicking under his arm, and put him down before his Consul, saying, "There he is, your Excellency."

We reached Mizzeh with burning eye-balls, and throat, chest,

lips and tongue parched with feverish thirst. You who hunger and thirst for a face you love, think you behold it, and you may form some idea of the sensation of gliding out of the furnace of the waste into cool shades and bubbling waters. My house seemed a palace, and my welcome was warm.

2nd of November was the usual day of settling, unpacking, paying off troops of camels, mules, donkeys and hired horses, of cleaning weapons and saddlery, of drawing horses' shoes, of bran mashes, and of littering the stables with soft bedding. Kubbi now relieves guard, and does the town work.

END OF VOL. I.

Caxton Printing Works, Beccles.

00085434

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018